TRUE WEST

August, 1962

35¢

SAVE OUR GHOST TOWNS!

$100,000 Loot • Plot of Earth, by J. Frank Dobie • Tiburcio Vasquez

Some Notes on Jesse James, by his daughter-in-law • Teddy Roosevelt's Wolf Hunt

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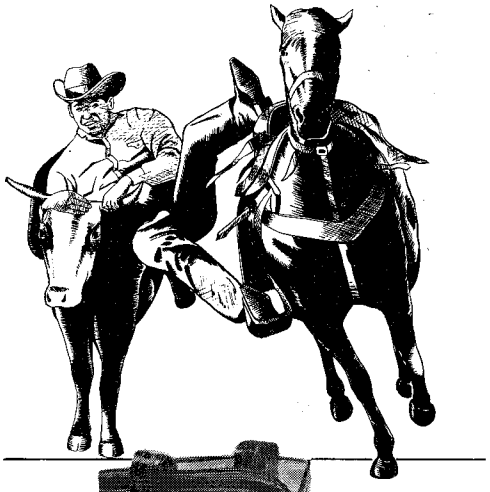
"The Rougher the Going... The Better They Are!"



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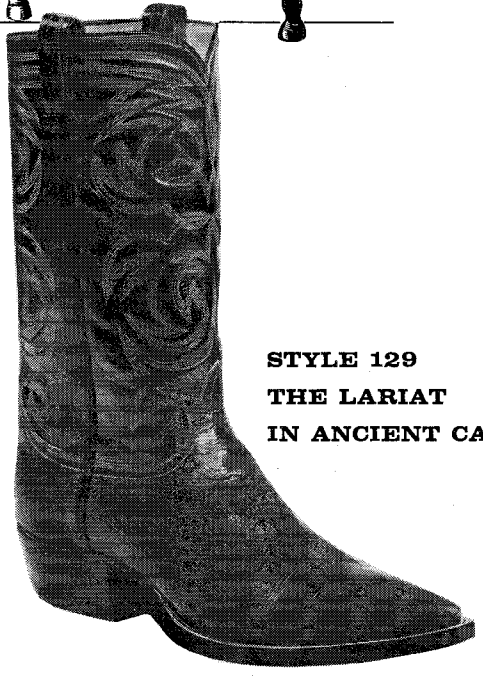
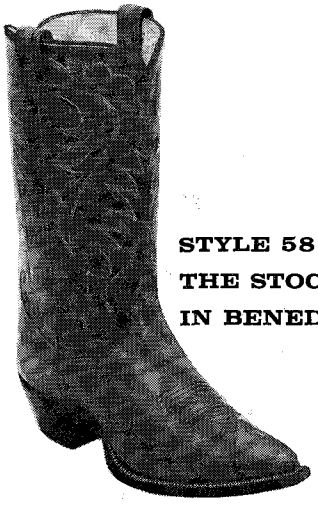
HARRY CHARTERS

WILBUR PLAUGHER



STYLE 129
THE LARIAT
IN ANCIENT CARIBOU



STYLE 58
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BROTHER! At first you wouldn't accept it. You wrote in that they were two different magazines because as any blamed fool could see, they had different titles! Well sir, we explained that the articles came from the same file, that the same staff put them out, that they were THE SAME MAGAZINE IN EVERYTHING BUT NAME—still, you folks were slow to come around. We even took one issue of FRONTIER TIMES and switched it at the last moment to TRUE WEST, taking the contents of TRUE WEST and switching it to FRONTIER TIMES. Nobody ever noticed the difference!

What I am trying to say is that you folks have just about accepted FRONTIER TIMES as TRUE WEST put out ofterner (good word!) and I will say again—EVERY ISSUE OF FRONTIER TIMES THAT YOU MISS, YOU MISS AN ISSUE OF TRUE WEST!

Here's a partial look into what we have packed into Summer FRONTIER TIMES:

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ARICKAREE! Forsyth's scouts were hired specifically to destroy Indians. On the banks of the Arickaree they fought for their lives against a Sioux fighting force equally determined to wipe them out.

DEVIL'S ISLAND ON THE DESERT. The Arizona Territorial Prison was as cruel, ruthless and destructive as those sentenced to live behind its walls.

WHITE KILLER. Marooned, hungry, in danger of losing his horse, Bill Ritchie rationed his food and planned to meet the struggle head-on. Had he known he would spend twenty-two more days of hardship and near-starvation, he might have given up all hope of survival.

FRIEND OF PRESIDENTS. The town clerk thought old Joe was addled when he dictated a letter to President Hayes. When a personal reply came back from the White House, she wondered if her own bonnet wasn't bugged.

PUZZLE ON THE PINE. Both men lay sprawled beside their campfire. The two heavy packsacks of gold ore were gone, but the murderer could not have carried them far. If only a man could decipher a mysteriously-carved message on a tree nearby, a fortune would be his!

INDIAN PEYOTE CULT. A physician recounts the strange ritual of Sioux adherents to a semi-civilized religion.

There just isn't enough room to list all the dad-blamed articles in the Summer issue of FRONTIER TIMES, which also includes BETWEEN THE COMANCHE AND THE RATTLESNAKE by J. Frank Dobie; TENSLEEP RAID by Bill Judge; THE DAY HENRY STARR ROBBED OUR BANK; WHEN THE BUFFALO RAN; DAY WOMAN; YAQUI GOLD, by Hart Stilwell; JULIA BULETTE; LAST TRAIN TO YESTERDAY and THE FIRING SQUAD FOR PATRICK COUGHLIN, by Glen W. Perrins. The NUGGETS section brings you OLD JUAN; HE ESCAPED TORTURE; FORGETFUL PIONEER; HIS KILLERS KICKED AIR; BOOM IN THE BLACK HILLS; and ROBIN HOOD OF THE HIGH-LINE. Don't miss this Summer issue of FRONTIER TIMES—it's a reading experience you won't forget!

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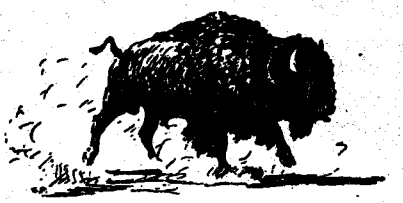

July-August, 1962
Volume 9, No. 6
Whole No. 52

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Historical Consultant

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In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4
SAVE OUR GHOST TOWNS! ..... By Kenneth Sherwood Roe 6
A PLOT OF EARTH ..... By J. Frank Dobie 12
THE THING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT .. By Nell Murbarger 18
VANISHED TRIBE ..... By Gay Randall 20
THE WHEN DAYS ..... By Milt Hinkle 22
THAT $100,000 LOOT IN THE MALPAIS COUNTRY .... By Kit Carson 24
HOOFBEATS WEST ..... By Robert Michael Duffy 27
SOME NOTES ON JESSE JAMES ..... By Stella James 28
FRONTIER SISTER OF COURAGE ..... By Amy Passmore Hurt 30
THE LEGEND THAT WAS VASQUEZ ..... By J. R. Bradley 32
TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S WOLF HUNT ..... By Wayne Gard 34
CHEYENNE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE ..... By Bill Judge 36
MURDER AT TOULON ..... By Mollie Madden 38
BATTLE OF BIG DRY WASH ..... By Dan L. Thrapp 40
WILD OLD DAYS! 42
COMING OF THE IRON MONSTER ..... By Glen W. Perrins 44
WHERE THE OUTLAWS HID ..... By Homer Croy 47
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 67

Cover: "Old Town"—Helena, Montana
Courtesy of Western Ways Features

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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"And he said THIS time it wasn't going to be a crying editorial!"

Help! We're Defulgiated!

AFTER the two or three of you who stick it out finish reading this epistle —if you wonder why it was written at all —I had better explain in advance that all ten of our undiscerning readers have written in saying that they miss Old Joe's crying editorials! They got so accustomed to wringing the water out of their magazine before reading it that the strange sensation of reading print unblurred by tearstains is simply too much for them!

I, too, have felt the depression and utter hopelessness of this lamentable situation. The prospect of continuing down a smooth path of publishing without uncertainty, torture and downright desperation dogging every footstep is so shocking to my constitution that I'm afraid it may not hold up under the strain. My doctor has advised tranquilizers but I am afraid this is a poor substitute for the genuine ten-carat boogers I have fought off at every bend of the trail these past nine years. There are days when life just doesn't seem to be worth living . . . .

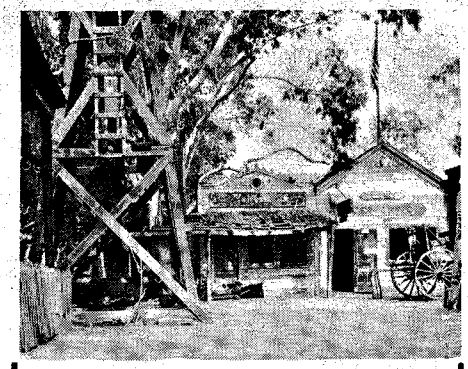
Of course, there are other little things connected with growing up that are beginning to take the place of the "flip a coin" uncertainty as to whether or not we would get out the next issue and they seem to be growing at a rate that someday may make us look back on those days of stark financial desperation as our happiest years! Then there is also the pleasant thought that the constant and seemingly irresistible advance of overhead may bring us back to the good old days of financial desperation! Like, for instance, that mud pie the post office is cooking up now. Over a dozen well-known magazines have already announced that they cannot stand the gaff (if this bill is passed) and even some of the powerful publishing companies are doubtful. So it appears that the good old days of strife, blood and tears are not altogether gone and may come back before my constitution is completely shocked into permanent ruin by these comparatively easy in-between days!

ACTUALLY, the break you have had by my being silent these past few issues has been caused by our mail's almost doubling. We're defulgiated! (For some reason I have never been able to understand, that word is not carried in the average dictionary but I've used it all my life. It means "snowed under" and can be applied to most any situation, but Webster didn't contact me!) The "Bigger And Better" TRUE WEST has made a fine success (thanks to you old faithfuls and some new faithfuls as well) but I haven't had time to tell you much about it because I am roughly 500 letters behind right now! We are told that we get more mail than magazines with five times the circulation of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES because of the nature of our publications.

A tremendous mail is a wonderful, healthy sign and we want it to keep growing but we sure do want you folks to understand the situation and not to feel insulted if it takes a little time to answer your letters. It has been my policy from the very first to answer every single letter that the letter-writer wanted answered and we are going to do that until the cows come home, but there is a great percentage of the mail that you can't simply turn over to a secretary or a stenographer and say, "Take care of this, hon, while I get out another issue of these turrible rags!"— it simply requires personal attention and when she pours in like a gully-humping rain, then we sort of have to build side planks on our desks and put off answering until we can get another magazine out.

You should have seen Bob Stout's desk after the last two issues! You couldn't talk to him in *front* of his desk because you couldn't see him! Honestly, he had manuscripts, letters and all the other stuff that pours into the mails stacked on his desk so high that he looked a little like a frustrated tumblebug behind a too-high roll . . .

(Continued on page 52)



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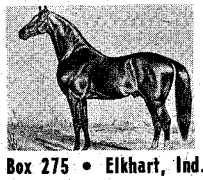

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Truly Western

$5.00 For More "Baloney"

Dear Sir:—

I had no intention of renewing my subscription to TRUE WEST for I got to thinking your articles were mostly fiction. But that story of "Three Years' Gamble" hit me right in the middle. Here's $5.00 for some more of your "baloney."

I knew H. E. Dugan well. The slim man in the photo on Page 11 is Charley Roth. I talked to him about ten years ago when he was working as a carpenter in Loveland, Colorado.

My dad died March 1, 1894. Soon my mother married again; by the time I was seven years old I was kicked out into the world. I have made it on my own ever since.

Labor Day, 1908, my brother and I hit Sterling, Colorado, and took "The Try Weekly" mentioned in the story, landing in New Raymer. We stayed in the hotel in New Raymer. It was just as Dugan described it. Curtains divided the one big room into smaller rooms; just as we went to bed, a man and his wife and two little girls came in. I heard the man ask, "Ain't you going to take off your clothes?" "You go to hell," his wife answered.

When I got back from the war, I worked for Jack Dugan (H. E.'s dad) delivering tractors. I and my partner got lost in that same snowstorm Dugan wrote about. We started for Stoneham, thirteen miles northeast of New Raymer and when the wind switched, we were blinded. But we heard the train whistle in the distance and headed that direction. We hit the tracks two miles east of town and followed them in.

My partner (he was from Sterling, Nebraska) lost his hat crossing the street and never found it. He said, "I am never coming back here!" and he never did. Since there were no more trains out for a month, we walked back to Sterling after the storm. The snow was so hard it was like a floor. The cuts were all drifted full, making the surface level. We diverted ourselves by counting coyotes—during the thirty miles we saw thirty-six of them.

I got a job skinning those cattle that Dugan mentioned had drifted into the Point of Rocks Lake. They did not all belong to Bill Reagan. Some were the Mackendaffer brothers' cattle and some belonged to J. T. McRoberts and others.

I was working for Carl Davis at the time his family drowned. It had rained the night before, so we could not work in the field. I walked home—nine miles (my wife was holding down our homestead while I worked out). I never saw so much rain. That night when I got home I took a gallon syrup pail and fed the chickens. When I shut the pasture gate I put down the pail and forgot it. The next morning it was full of water and running over—it had rained that much.

M. A. Tappy came over, asking, "Did you hear about Davis?" "No, why?" "They all drowned." I borrowed Tappy's horse and rode down there. It was sure a different looking place than I had left the day before. (His death cost me $783.00—the amount he owed me at the time.)—Albert G. Kasper, Rt. 1, Box 77, Dubberly, Louisiana.

S-o-b Stew

Dear Ernest Ashcraft:

Your letter to Mr. Small was forwarded to me. You had a good idea when you stated, "Some of you fellers look up and see how to make s-o-b stew and print it in TRUE WEST." So, old-timer, here goes for you and TRUE WEST the recipe of how to mess up s-o-b stew.

(1) Take all the sweetbread from the neck of a steer, clean it and cut it up small. (2) Cut up the heart into small pieces. (3) Take about half the beef's liver, clean it and cut it up in small pieces. (4) Cut up a good portion of the beef into chunks. (5) Cut up about half-a-pound of the tallow into small chunks. (6) Cut up three or four Irish potatoes. (7) Add one can of corn. (8) Use what water is needed to boil.

Now comes the main part (be sure not to leave this out as this is what makes the taste so good). Take the marrow gut from the beef, clean it and cut into strips about one-inch long (don't be afraid to use plenty of the marrow gut). Salt to suit your taste, add black pepper and red pepper. In order to thicken, add a cup of flour after the stew has cooked awhile. It will take about one hour and fifteen minutes to cook.

The above recipe is the way Buttermilk Smith, the best darned chuckwagon cook who ever followed a cow outfit, made it. Buttermilk always had sourdough biscuits to serve with s-o-b stew.

To make sourdough, you need an earthenware crock, one-gallon size. Dissolve one cake of yeast in one quart warm water, add three tablespoons of sugar, one quart of sifted flour. Mix well and let sit until the mixture is light and slightly aged (thirty to forty hours). Do not let it get too sour and don't let the sponge chill.

Next, sift some flour into a mixing pan and hollow out the flour. Pour two cups of the sourdough "starter" into the hollow, add one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one or two tablespoons baking powder. Just sprinkle this over the sponge, then mix well into a soft, firm dough.

Sprinkle quite a bit of flour on your board and roll out the dough with a rolling pin or bottle, then form the dough into biscuits. Pat the dough to a thickness of about one-half inch and put in a well-greased pan or Dutch oven. Be sure to grease the tops of the biscuits good and let sit for a full four or five minutes before baking. Bake at 500 degrees—it should take about ten or twelve minutes for the biscuits to brown. Remember that the closer the biscuits are crowded into the pan, the higher they will rise.

To keep the starter always going add a cup of warm water and whatever flour is needed. If a larger amount of starter is going to be needed, add more warm water and flour, then set aside until biscuit time again (on the range, it was three times a day). You never have to add yeast after your first mix or starter but for the best results your starter should be used once a day—if not, it will turn sour and "die."

With patience and practice you should become as good a cook as old Buttermilk Smith!—Milt Hinkle, P.O. Box 228, Kissimmee, Florida.

As Big As An Ox

Howdy:

I don't like the tendency of some authors to take a deprecatory attitude about the physical size of men. According to one distinguished author, a man is not a man unless he is big as an ox. The theory that a man has to be a big man to be a good man is not true.

I have known cowboys who were not large physically but who could ride, rope and handle cattle with the best. I worked the spring round-up for a man—the boss for a big outfit—who was a small man physically. He was a fashion plate, with his big white hat, Angora goatskin chaps and black leather saddle built on a Brown-Bloomquist Portland tree. That old boy was always in the right place at the right time.

Another rough country man I know wasn't over five-feet-six with his boots on, but most cowpunchers couldn't even sit up on a pinnacle and watch him go down across the rough brushy country, let alone follow him.

I also knew two peace officers who couldn't have made a present-day police force because they didn't have the height and beef. But they were good officers and their courage was proved more than once. In addition to their courage, they were quiet-spoken and honorable men.

I think the quality of writing in most of your stories has improved. You are presenting stories of men and events that haven't been repeated over and over through the years. The subject matter may be really old but it's new and fresh to your readers. The photographs published are good, although I can't say as much for some of the illustrations. However, the drawing by Gene Shortridge in the June issue of TRUE WEST is a good one.—Tom Moss, 6212 Mount Angelus Drive, Los Angeles 42, California.

Editor's Note: After seeing reader Moss' letter, we thought you-all would enjoy this "broadside" by J. Frank Dobie which originally appeared in the *Dallas News*, July 11, 1926.

Cowboys Are Real Men

In his remarks on the cowboy as a "brawnyman" quoted in the literary page of the *Dallas News* for June

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27, one reviewer seems to think that in order to have brawn a man must be "a bully tough." He complains that the cowboy is really no match for the team hands with their "pickhandle and bottle-throwing battles, and the gun and knife play of the gamblers and yeggs who infested the headquarters town of the big railroad jobs."

People who know something about the range and the men of the range have of late years been expressing their contempt for the spurious fiction and the Tom Mix pictures that have red-lighted the cowboy as a fire-eating Alkali Bill with a six-shooter in each hand and another one in each bootleg . . . .

The yeggs and teamsters he knows have realized that ideal and he wants them to have the credit; if a man of the great outdoors is to come up to his ideals of heroism he must be a cave man, a regular section-crew blackguard. For him the man must not only be strong, but display his strength in a brutal way . . . .

And he goes farther. He asserts that the cowboy is not only lacking in brutality; that he is "stooped, flat-chested, thin-shouldered and bowlegged," and that "his spirit is meek and mild." An old-time range man—and the term includes both cowboy and cowman—would probably ride off in silence if he heard these accusations, for if he were a top hand, a superior cutter, a genuine bronco buster, a fine judge of cattle, he always left it to someone else to say so. In making this retort, I want to be considered as "someone else" and not as a rodeo star or a "Saturday evening cowboy."

The genuine old-time cowboy—not the occasional one who has done most of the talking—was, it is true, somewhat bowlegged. But his legs were strong; if he held onto a pitching horse he held with his legs and not with his hands. It is also true that he did not like to work on foot, but even fifty years ago he was beginning to build fences and to work with mules and scrapers in making tanks. When it came to "mugging" yearlings and throwing down bulls and cows, he had to out-wrestle the world on foot.

Moreover, he often prided himself on his running ability. Lee Russell of Fort Worth is one of the best-known cowmen of Texas. If any doubting reader will sometime get one of Lee Russell's friends to tell of the time out on the Texas-New Mexico line when Russell ran afoot 100 yards against a race horse and won the bet, he will at least have a concrete illustration. Lee Russell is around six feet tall now and must weigh over 200 pounds, but there is not an ounce of surplus flesh on him.

It is true that the old-time cowboy frequently had a "saddle stoop," but the use of the shoulders in riding and roping and constant living out-of-doors made cowboys as nearly "leather-lunged" as any class of men in America has ever been.

Fayette

Howdy!

I noticed in your magazine a photo of an old sod postoffice and thought you would be interested in this one in Fayette, North Dakota.

This postoffice was established in May, 1898, with Isabell S. Little postmistress, a position she held until January 31, 1940. The name Fayette honored Dr. Fayette S. Kendrick. A mail route was in operation between Dickinson and Oakdale and supplied Fayette enroute. The first mail carrier drove a horse and one-seat buggy.

Isabell Little and her husband, Frank A. Little, felt a store would be a convenience to their neighbors and in the fall of 1900 built one of prairie sod. The heavy ridge timbers were hauled from the Little Missouri River.

The post office, which occupied a space in the living room of the Little home, was moved to a corner of the store. The store and the Littles home became a popular stopping place for ranchers traveling to Dickinson. When the increasing number of travelers became too great to accommodate in the home, a two-story log building was erected nearby.

Following Mrs. Little's retirement, Annie Fisher was appointed postmistress and continues to serve and keep a small store.—Eyra Rhoades Sievers, Box 141A, Route 1, Libby, Montana.

City Slicker Now

Dear Editor Joe,

I am a city slicker for the present, but was not always such a man. I have a little comment to make about your fine publication.

(Continued on page 60)

GENUINE Joe Hall BOOTS

Wood Pegged
Brass Nailed
Steel Shanked
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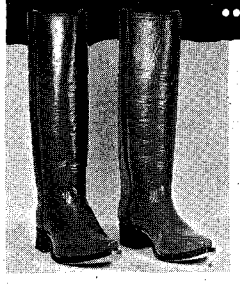
Hand Lasted
Leather Lined

"WESTERN MARSHAL"



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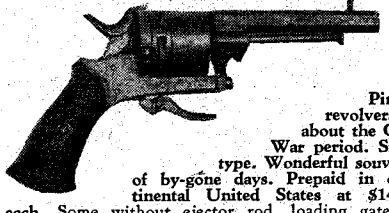

Pinfire revolvers of about the Civil War period. Small type. Wonderful souvenir of by-gone days. Prepaid in continental United States at $14.00 each. Some without ejector rod, loading gate or both. These priced at $9.00.

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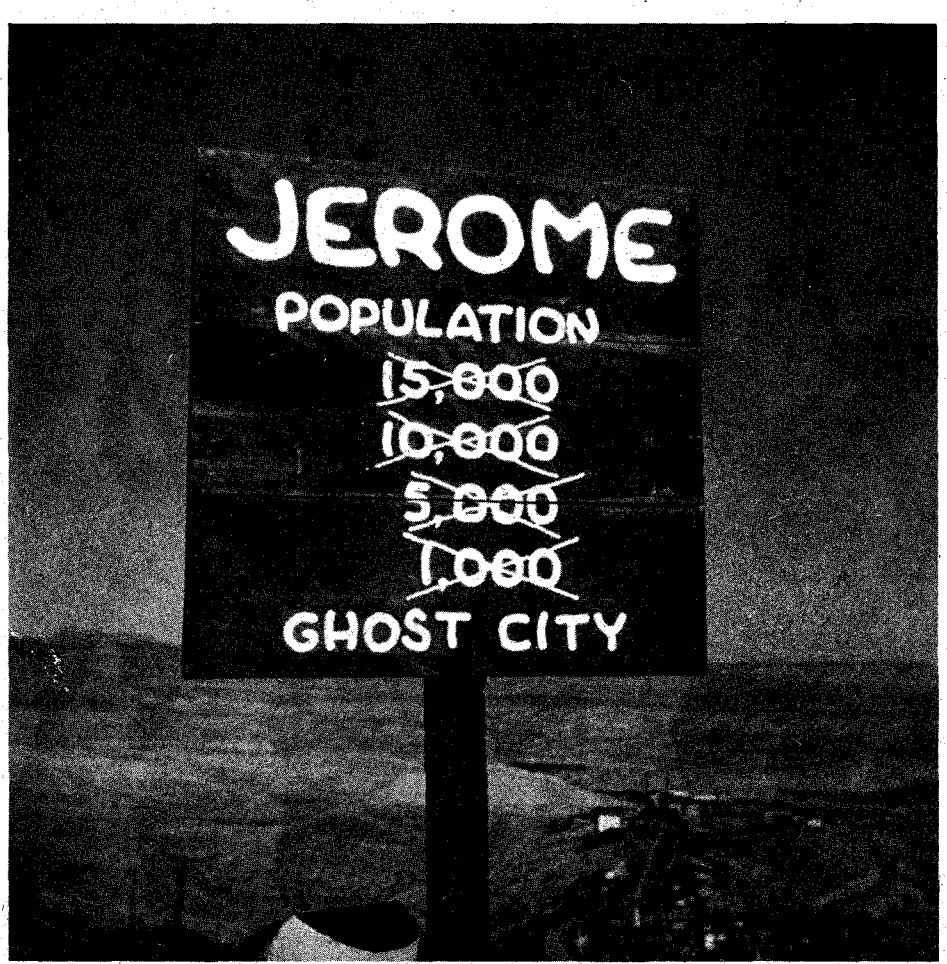
Scenic reminders of the days when gold and silver filled men's pockets and the West was lusty and alive have blende back into the deserts and mountains, their buildir and burned, their mementoes forever lost. of us to preserve this priceless part

Save Our Ghost Towns!

BY KENNETH SHERWOOD ROE



Revitalized Jerome, Arizona, has a sense of humor. (*Nell Murbarger Photo*)

MY CAR bounced down the High Sierra road and around the canyon rim. Below, in a vale, a rickety fence and a few old cabins stood decaying in the sun. Scattered around the crumbling brick foundations were wagonwheels, twisted buckboards and ancient liquor bottles shattered from target practice. With a sick surprise I drove into a wasteland of debris that ten years before had been Last Chance, a well preserved and historic ghost town.

The wake of a human hurricane told the story. Tire ruts led to carefully piled bricks, boards and beams. Dead campfires enclosed the remains of window sills and door jambs. Flattened walls attested that "Kilroy was here." Several shanties had been painstakingly pushed over the canyon to make a glorious crash. Someone had bulldozed a dozen homes, either for lumber or for devilment. What had recently been a rare and colorful city was now a needless shamble.

The destruction of towns like Last Chance is repeated year after year throughout the West as improved roads and ghost town travel entice swarms of explorers. Hunters, wood salesmen, souvenir gatherers, junk dealers, pranksters and brick companies destroy an irreplaceable heritage. Unless some protection is soon provided, our few remaining ghost towns will be only names on a map.

Surveying the remains of Last Chance, I was glad that the late James Smith of Auburn, California, stagedriver, prospector and historian, was not beside me as he had been ten years before when I'd first seen the town. He told me how his parents had met and married in the church, and how as a boy he had played in the wagon-filled streets.

He showed me the old hotel where, on

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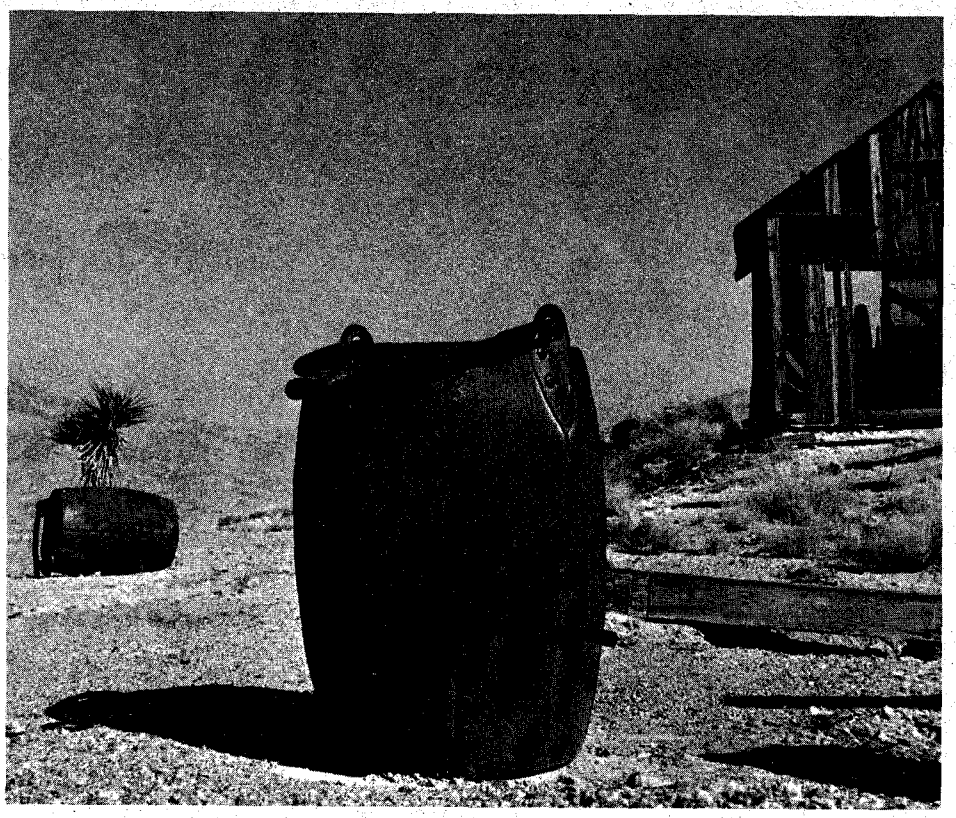
›ted
› to all
r national heritage.

Saturday nights, after sneaking out of bed, he had nosed against the windows to watch the young miners and their Spanish girls dance and whoop and drink.

Recognizing the Wells Fargo building, he described a violent gunfight that had occurred there. He recalled the restless eight-horse teams and the dusty, thundering stages that drew throngs of excited people. Inside we had found newspapers and faded letters that hinted that the town was on the wane.

Later by a pool where the rocks were worn smooth from decades of clothes washing, he told me how his mother had toiled over that spot. Smith had said, "We owe those people something because they built this country. That's why I'd like to see this town preserved as a park someday." Then, with bitter insight, he had added, "Before the public finds it."



A lonely scene in Vanderbilt, California. (*Nell Murbarger Photo*)

EVERY western state has a few remaining towns that are conveniently located and worth immediate attention as future recreational or historical attractions. They hold an exciting potential both for commercial enterprise and as state or county parks.

Nell Murbarger, eminent ghost town authority, writes, "The ghost mining towns have become one of the big tourist attractions of the West—but to retain them we must regard them as a memorial to our pioneering forefathers." To retain them is to act now. Unfortunately, in an overwhelming number of cases, it is already too late.

Aurora, Nevada, was big, gaudy and promising in the 1860's. Here Mark Twain mined his first nuggets and was offered his first job as a cub reporter in a city that soon roared out and died. As late as the 1940's, however, over 100 substantial dwellings of brick and stone remained. I remember the lonely homes, saloons and stores that still held old furniture, clothes, paintings and posters. Surely Aurora was an unequaled queen of Nevada towns.

But, in the early 1950's, this magnificent city was razed. The buildings were thought hazardous to prowlers and the post-war shortage of construction materials made the salvaging of used bricks a profitable business. Today the "Golden City of the Dawn" is a memory. The "most perfect ghost town in the West" is a lost legacy.

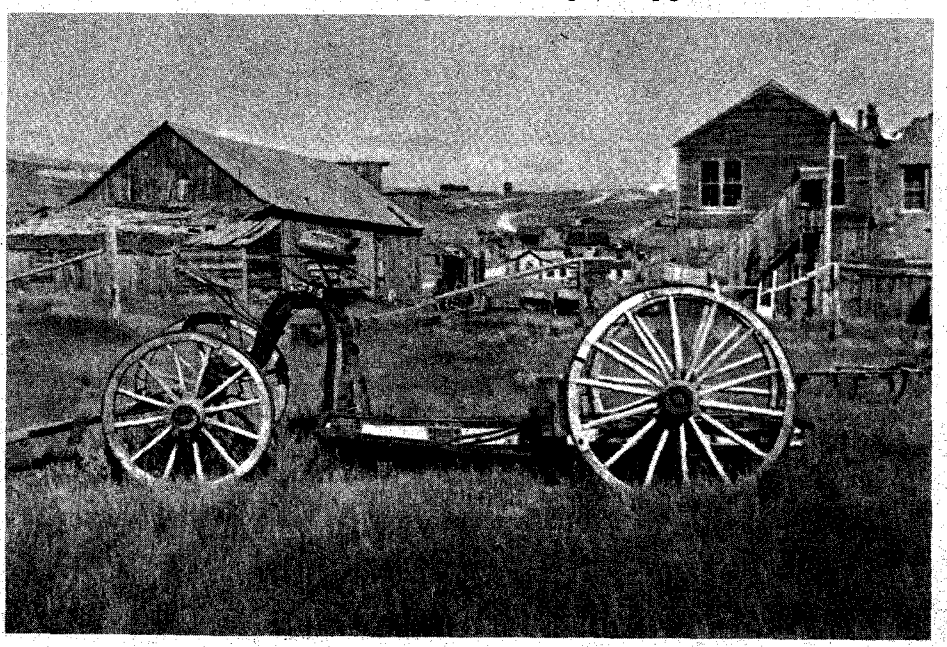
Two years ago, in Auburn, California, much of the historical section was demolished, including the Orleans, the oldest hotel in the state. Its walls had shared the triumphs of the Comstock moguls, the soliloquies of Shakespearean actors and the secrets of numerous highwaymen. Despite the protest of a few indignant citizens, the site became a greasy gas station. The lumber was used to patch a few dilapidated chicken houses. What a sad and ignominious end for a landmark that, with insight and forethought, might have been remodeled into a family inn rich with color and history! It would have been popular, situated as it was on a cross-country highway thirty-five miles from the state capital.

Hamilton, Nevada, was another of the exciting ghosts of the West. As late as 1947 her homes held walnut beds and marble tables. The livery stable had sleighs, buckboards and high-wheeled freight wagons. Sadly, time and visitors have left only crumbling walls to mark her glory.

Cerro Gordo, California, mothered early-day Los Angeles with an endless supply of bullion. In latter years her empty walls stood proudly as a tourist attraction. Today, little remains. Bully Hill, Michigan Bluff, Melones, Tuscarora, Rhyolite, Bullfrog, Goldfield, Treasure Hill and countless more have been lost to posterity.

"Boot Hills" fascinate most people. The lonely, forgotten graves evoke wonder and nostalgia. Respectful browsing is a pleasant pastime for ghost-towners of all ages. But unfortunately, even the sanctity of Boot Hill is becoming a joke. Cemeteries are ruthlessly trampled and

This is what remains of the red-light district in Bodie, California. Old wagons like this one remain as they were abandoned many years ago—but each year they grow fewer.



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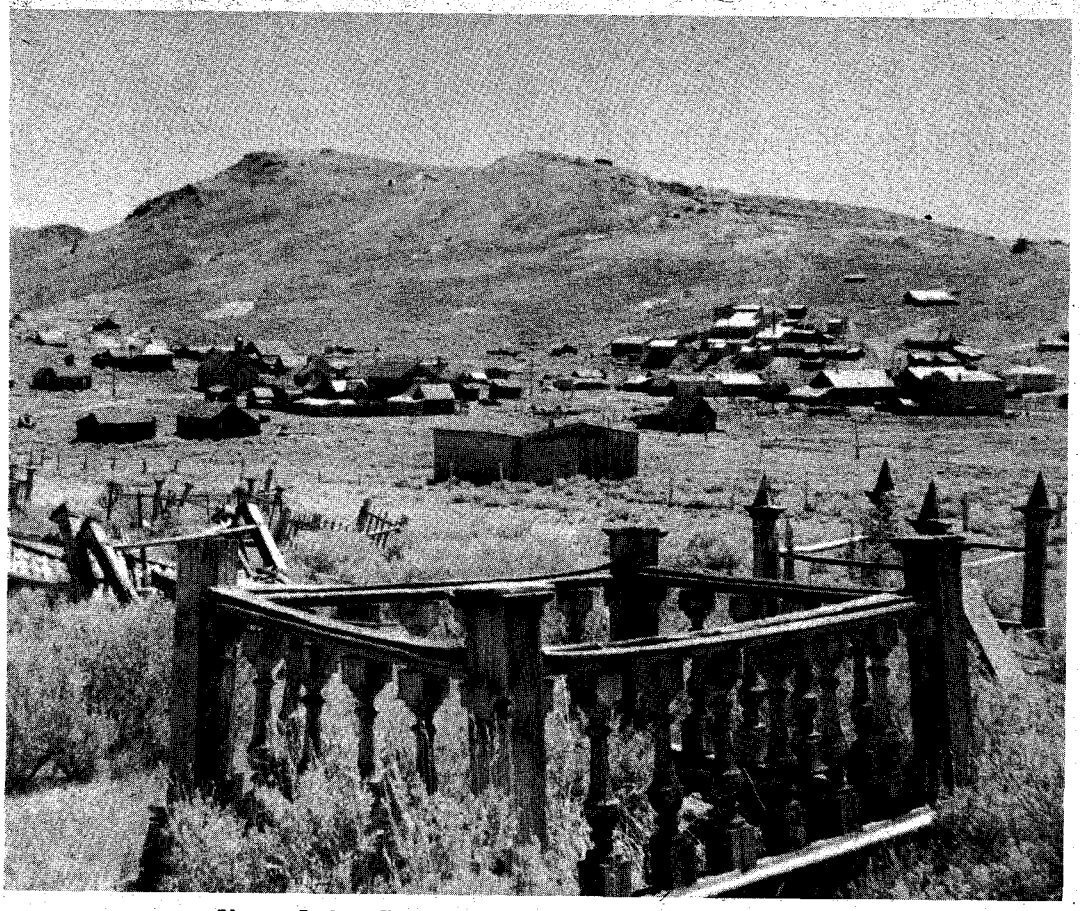

Above, Bodie, California, in 1950. Below, deserted store buildings in Gold Point, Nevada, as they appeared in 1949. (*Nell Murbarger Photos*)

stripped. Writer and historian Carol Strom of Reno, Nevada, said, "It is unbelievable what people will do when they want souvenirs. We will probably have to either barricade our Boot Hills or guard them with caretakers." Not long ago a noted southern writer aroused the citizens of Virginia City when he lifted a choice tombstone for his den back home. Later, the pride of Gold Hill, Nevada, was stolen—a lovely marker that paid tribute to a child. In San Andreas, California, the famous Boot Hill had to be locked because of the ravage to such gems as the marker that read, "Murdered cruelly at Chilean Gulch July 18, 1851, by three Mexican assassins for the sake of gold."

As Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, stated, "From one border to another, America's irreplaceable historic places and buildings are being threatened with impairment and destruction on an unprecedented scale. More and more Americans must awaken to this threat and take effective action to preserve all that we still can of our historical heritage."

AT PRESENT, what are the major obstacles to preservation? First is isolation, which encourages vandalism but prohibits state or private development because of cost.

Second is indifference. Udall has commented, "Some, of course, may ask why is it important to save these old places, these ancient buildings? Part of the answer must be found in the value of history itself. History is the cumulative memory of mankind and without it neither individuals nor nations can fully understand the present or wisely plan for the future. History shows us how much we owe to the past sacrifices of others. It kindles in us a quiet pride in the accomplishment of our forebears and makes us determined to put the future in debt to us. This resolve is true patriotism without which no nation nor people can survive."

Third is the lack of capital and initiative because governments and investors are too slow in realizing the potential in recreation and business.

Fourth, time and the natural elements have left many ghost towns beyond restoration.

Fortunately, a few have been saved. Perhaps the most desirable means is through the county or state park system. California, for example, has 160 state parks, a satisfying proportion dedicated to historical attractions. Shasta, once the largest gold town in the northern part of the state, is now a historical site with a ranger, a museum and an interesting assortment of old buildings.

More exciting is Columbia, "Gem of the Southern Mines," which once came within two votes of being chosen the state capital. As a spirited town, she enjoyed champagne, squid, and bear-and-bull fights. Today she is a beautifully restored city of shady streets and impressive buildings. One can stand at Martha's Saloon and envision the Barclay lynching, one of the West's most shocking incidents of mob violence. One can prowl the streets, sensing an exciting nearness to history. During the summer, the University of the Pacific presents melodramas and Shakespearean tragedies in the Fallon House Theatre.

Historian Remi Nadeau writes, "The throbbing life that surged her streets may be gone, but since 1945 the state has been restoring her faded charm as a monument to California's golden era."

Possibly the best preserved ghost in

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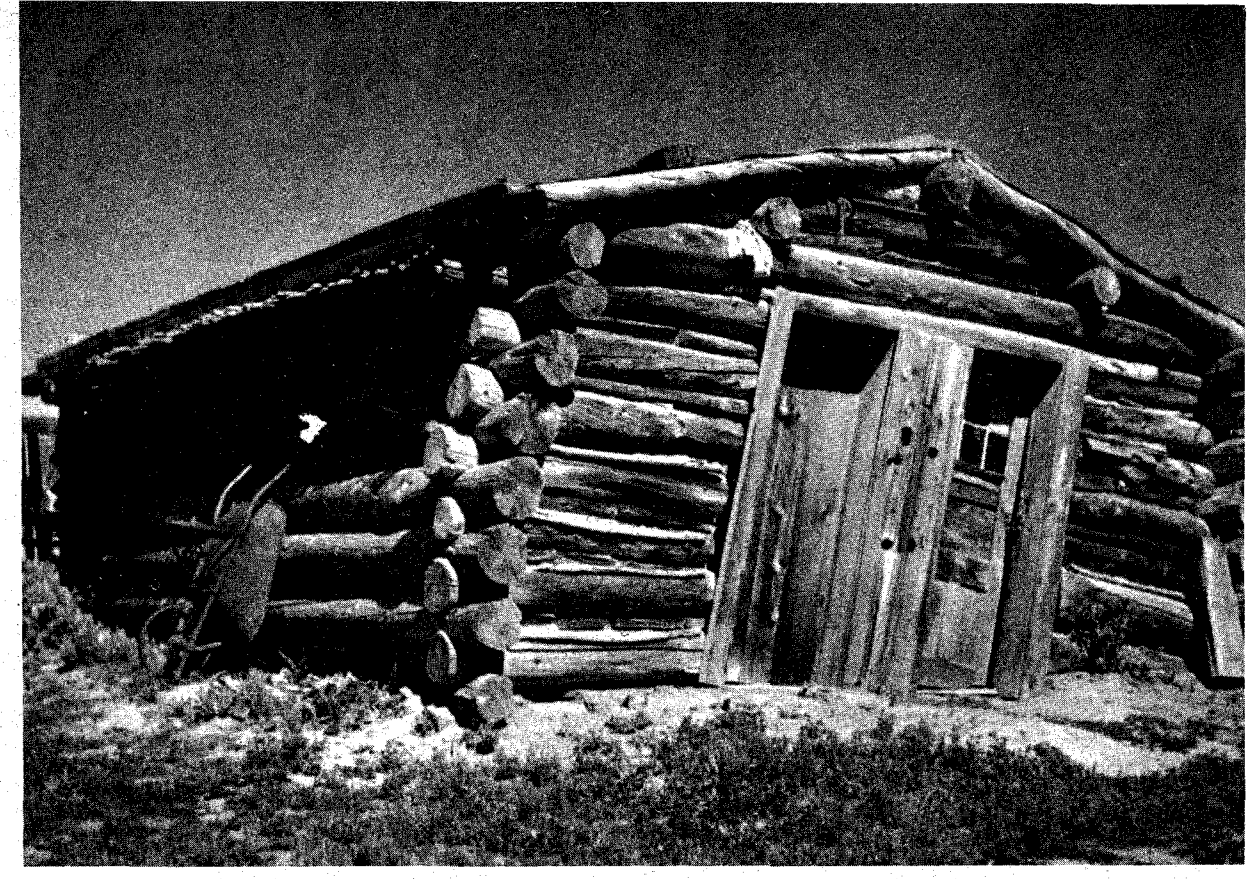


Right, this old building was a Charleston, Nevada, saloon. Below, right, an old mill boiler stands in the sun in Leadville, Nevada. (*Nell Murbarger Photos*)

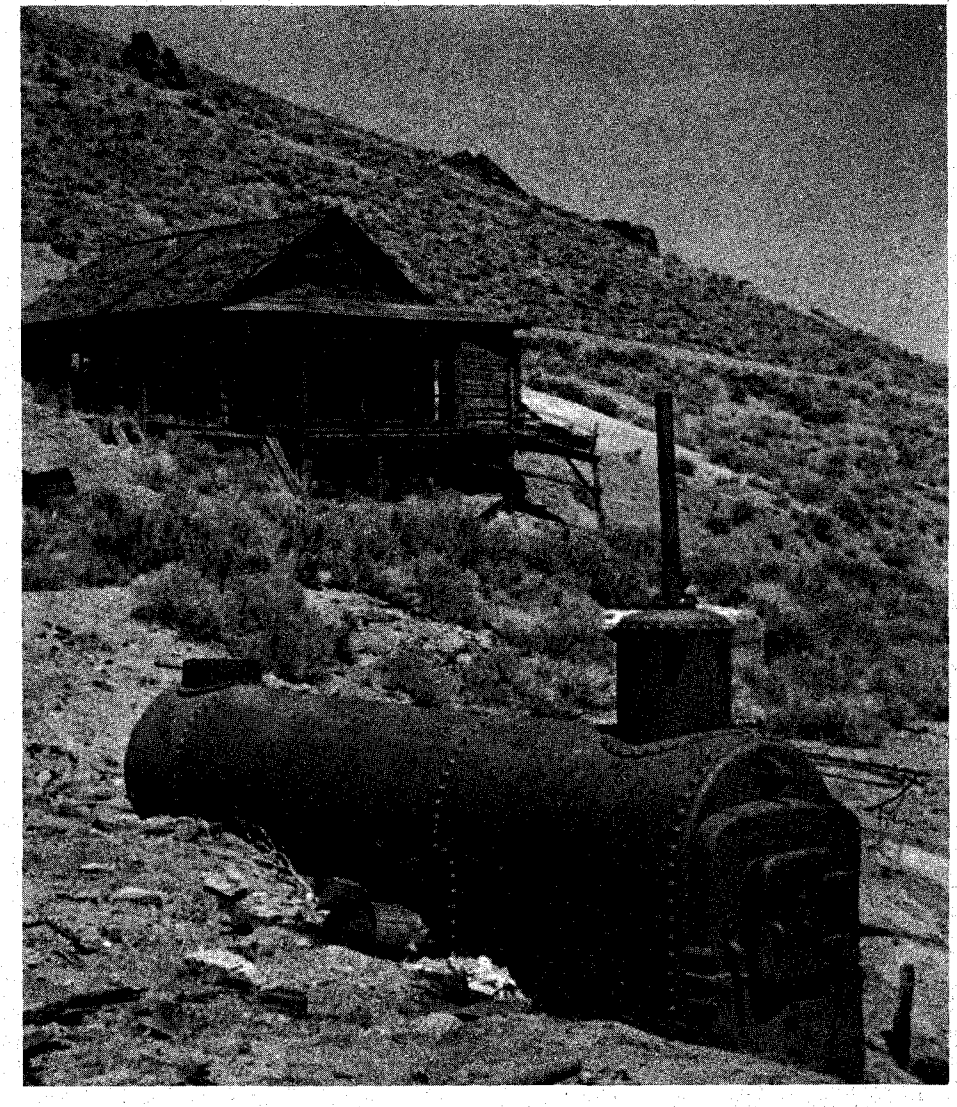
the West is Bodie, California. Despite a devastating fire in 1932, much of the town stands resolutely "too tough to die." Several years ago author Jesse Stuart and I visited the remains. Stuart was so upset by the obvious vandalism that he wrote state officials pleading for action.

Although Bodie is now a park, many charming assets—wagon parts, building sections, etc.,—are still carried off at an alarming rate, which indicates a need for tighter supervision. Noted for her killings, cold weather and good beer, Bodie has been featured in national magazines and on television as the ultimate in ghost towns.

THE SECOND most practical method of rescue is through private enterprise which, with ingenuity and imagination has turned numerous ghosts into profitable investments. Lately, an eastern magazine publisher, Charles A. Penn, and his wife, bought Old Bumble Bee, located sixty-three miles north of Phoenix, Arizona. The venture incorporates pleasure with business and Old Bumble Bee is now a ghost town and dude ranch combined.

Virginia City, Montana, rivals Glacier and Yellowstone as a tourist attraction since it has been restored by Charles Bovey, farmer and senator who saw the buildings being torn down for firewood. After bargaining, buying and rebuilding, he opened the city, free to the public, and has been rewarded by as many as 3,000 sightseers a day.

The Queen of the Comstock, Virginia City, Nevada, is presently maintained by prosperous businessmen who keep stores, saloons, opera houses and old homes "alive" twenty-four hours a day during the tourist season. Patrons visit by the millions. If the city's old-timers could step from their graves, they would be stunned by the gaudy array of banners, neon lights and tourist mementoes. Undeniably, their city—the "nation's live-



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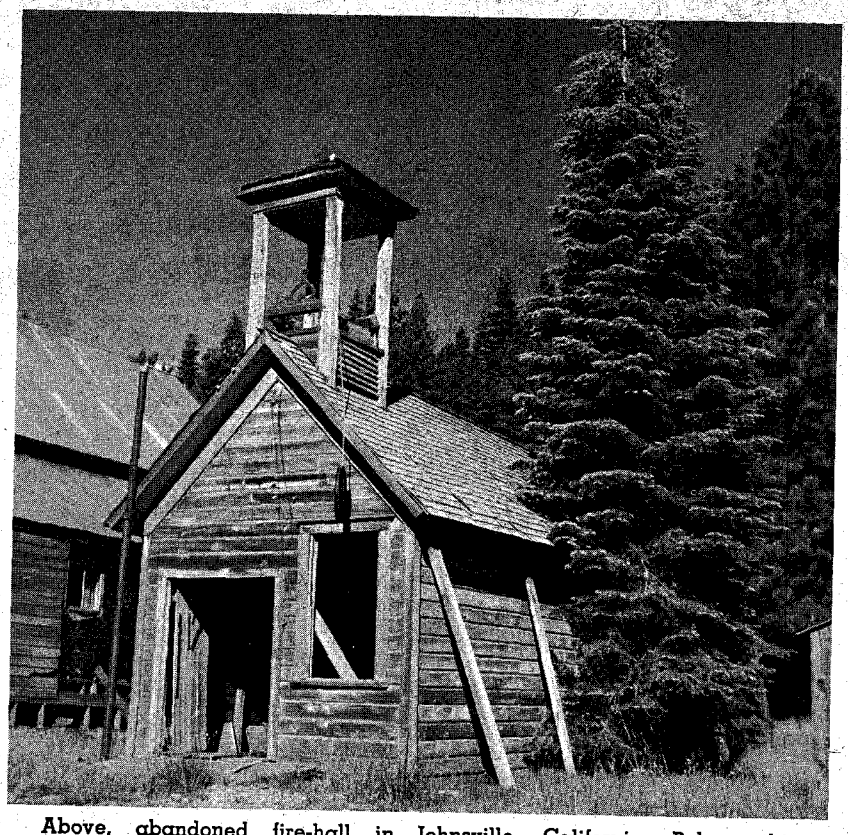
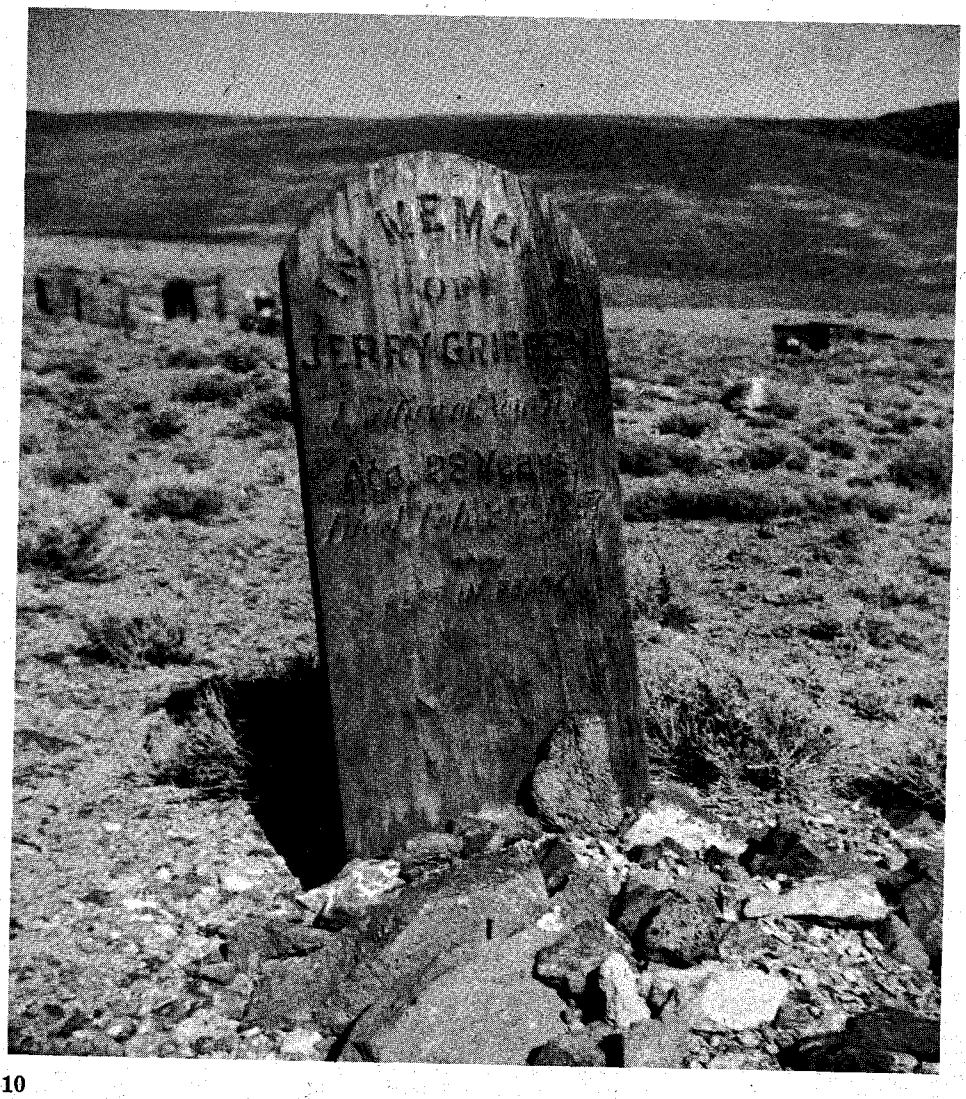


Above, abandoned fire-hall in Johnsville, California. Below, this weathered marker was in Candelaria, Nevada. *(Nell Murbarger Photos)*



liest ghost town" has recovered remarkably from the decay of thirty years ago. Today it rivals Reno and Las Vegas as an attraction and as a producer of interest and wealth.

Here and there are other examples of utilization. Grafton, Utah, was bought by Hollywood for motion picture sets. Murphy's, California, is effectively promoting its quiet charms, especially the Mitchler Hotel. At the latter, which hosted Black Bart, U. S. Grant, J. P. Morgan and Mark Twain, visitors can enjoy an old-fashioned meal within battle-scarred walls still containing lead balls. At this writing, slumbering Helena, California, is being considered as a recreation center by Bing Crosby Enterprises.

Most impelling is the story of Jerome, Arizona. In 1952 the Phelps-Dodge mines closed. The picturesque "sliding city on a hill" withered into a hopeless ghost until its courageous citizens used foresight and a western spirit to gamble on its recovery. People interested in the town's past, present and future, organized the Jerome Historical Society, proclaiming Jerome "America's newest and largest ghost city." With a rent-free building they created a mining museum which opened on June 20, 1953, displaying equipment, paintings and old photos. Since then the spirited populace has decorated the town with lively signs

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Al Taylor's old livery stable in Aurora, Nevada. (*Nell Murbarger Photo*)

like "Drive Slowly, Spook's Crossing" or "Not a ghost post office. We're here to serve you." The local restaurant is "The Spook's Roost."

One bar claims its setting is all original, while a Chinese eating house maintains traditions that date from the town's founding. For certain, Jerome will survive as a tourist attraction because ingenuity and courage were combined to create and maintain a historic shrine.

Then there is Silver King, Arizona, where Mrs. Grace Middleton has barricaded all roads and charges $1.00 for a peek at the camp. Last report? Business is great!

Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town in Southern California is one of the nation's most successful and attractive showplaces. Walter Knott, its creator and owner, believes that the more complex the world becomes, the more people turn to the past and its simple pleasures. "Here at the ghost town," he says, "we try to give them some of these things."

Apparently people do enjoy the atmosphere of false-fronted saloons, hitching rails and friendly burros for 3,500,000 visitors pay $10,000,000 per annum for a look at yesteryear.

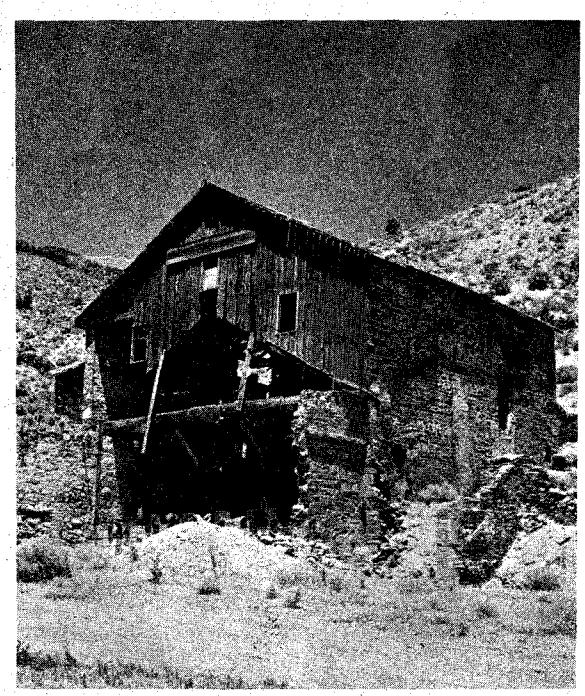
Buying the old ghost town of Calico in 1950 for nearly $14,000, Knott took a bold venture 130 miles in the desert. At the time, his family seriously questioned his desire "to keep alive the memory of the pioneers." His risk is bearing results and ultimately, the old roaring town will relive in a nearly exact reproduction. The newest dream promises to be the biggest strike yet.

Finally there is that backbone of the Old West, those mining towns that to all appearances are dead but hang on faithfully through the stubbornness of their citizenry. Local pride and cussedness have kept French Gulch, Dutch Flat, Johnville, Downieville, Jamestown, Volcano, Sutter Creek, Manhattan and numerous others alive.

Nevada City, California, has struggled to retain its charms. Now, in addition to tourists, wealthy city folk are retiring to her gracious dignity. The future for these feeble ghosts glows brighter, thanks to awakened interest.

HOW, as citizens, can we encourage future preservation? First, nearly everyone interested in western history and lore knows about some town or landmark worthy of attention. Therefore it is up to each of us to enlighten the public by writing letters to local and regional newspapers. We should encourage editorials and articles supporting our efforts. We can write our state and national representatives, expressing how imperative the need and precious the time.

(*Continued on page 66*)



Ruins of an old mill in Kingston, Nevada, as it was in 1952. (*Nell Murbarger Photo*)

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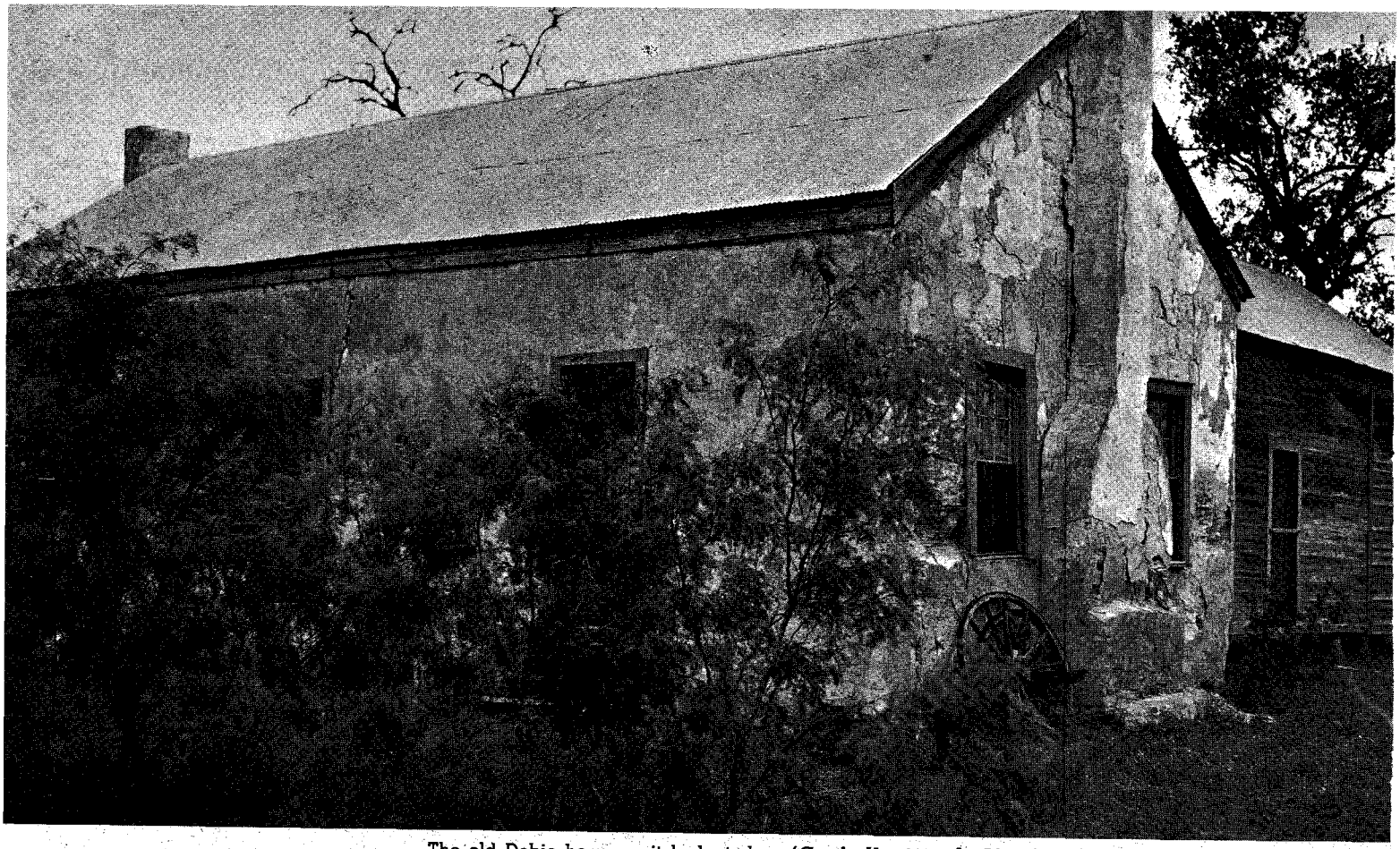

The old Dobie home as it looks today. (*Grady Harrison, Jr. Photo*)

A Plot of Earth

By J. FRANK DOBIE

ON THE twenty-sixth day of September, 1888, I was born in a three-room rock house with wooden dining room and kitchen added, on a ranch in Live Oak County, Texas. My father owned the ranch before he and my mother were married. They added to it and added to the house while rearing six children, I being the oldest. As ranches went then, it was small, approximately 7,000 acres. My father, a very modest man, sometimes called it a "place." He leased additional acreage and pastured cattle on other ranches. Not long before he died in 1920, he sold off three thousand acres to an adjoining landholder. My mother kept the remainder until her death, November 22, 1948.

In 1951, as one of six heirs, I signed a piece of paper passing ownership of the inheritance to alien hands. Time with its unending changes may see another human being on this plot of earth with roots into it as deep as mine, but not soon, I think. No one of the six men who bought it has any idea of living upon it. They are oil men, not ranchers; they bought it as a hunting ground and as an investment. It has become a piece of property and little more. In a little while I shall become a clod of earth. Until then, no matter who holds title to the ground, my roots into it, invisible and unmaterial, will be ineradicable.

In a way, I feel that for a piece of money I have betrayed the soil that nurtured me, though the purchasers, with means and with modern ideas of conservation, will probably do more to restore it than my family did. As a matter of fact, we did absolutely nothing to restore it.

For forty-five years we ourselves were absentee owners. In 1906 my family moved to the town of Beeville, twenty-seven horse miles over a weary road to the east, where we used to trade. That fall I left for college, never to reside again in the region. Nevertheless, for years after I left, I spent summers on the ranch, and have never ceased returning to it with eagerness. It has been a place where I belonged both in imagination and in reality, a place on which I felt free in the way that one can feel only on a congenial plot of earth that is his own. This plot has said more to me than any person I have known or any writer I have read, though only through association with fine minds and spirits have I come to realize its sayings.

It is not a rich land. Caliche hills and thorned brush make a section of it forbidding. The remainder is sandyish. Yet the sweep of hills and valleys, wooded Ramirenia Creek, open prairies, and live oak trees scattered singly and clustered into groves make the ranch gracious. One of the live oaks, eighteen feet in circum-

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It was great to grow up by Long Hollow and Ramirenia Creek—to have a horse herd of spools, a pocketful of dollars made of melted tin, an old fort to play in and one's own personal vaquero for "best friend."

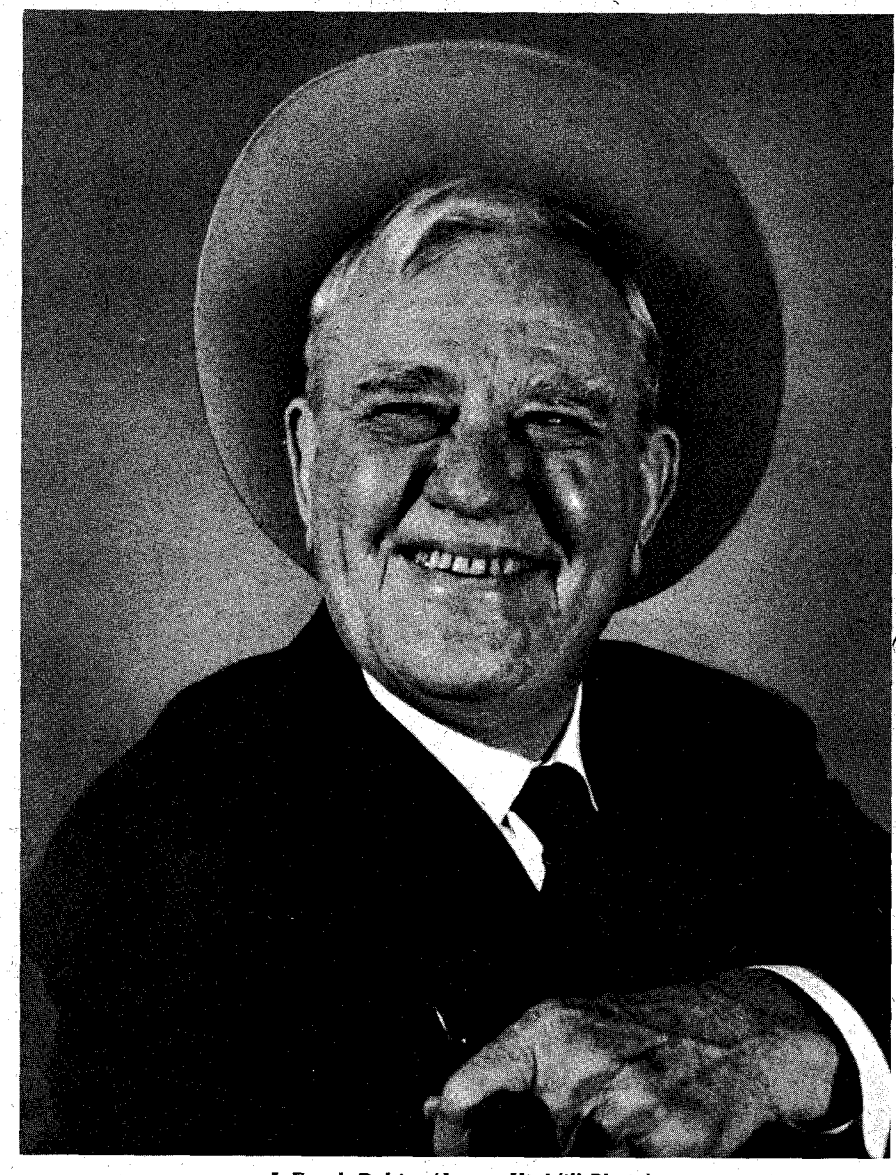
ference, has the largest spread in all that part of Texas—120 feet. Chilipiquines, the little red Mexican peppers, always grow wild under it. It is near what used to be called Alligator Waterhole; alligators lived there before I was born. In a seasonable spring all the land is beautiful with growing grass, fresh leaves on all the trees and brush, wine-burnished hollyhocks in the valleys, pink phlox and Indian paintbrushes on the hillsides, splashes and stretches of the lupines called bluebonnets, and scores of other wild flowers everywhere. Some of the mesquites along Ramirenia Creek are noble. One has a circumference of thirteen feet.

I DID not know it at the time, but I began listening to this piece of land talk while I was the merest child. When my father settled on it, Ramirenia Creek ran clear water the year round. When I was a youth, it held lasting waterholes that supplied the cattle in two pastures with water. Since 1912 or 1915, however, the creek has been bone dry except after rains. Erosion.

Yet I stick up for the old ranch as a ranch. Cattle thrive there if it is not overstocked and if droughts are not too prolonged. As a result of popular ideas on game conservation, it has far more deer and wild turkeys than it had when we left it. A widow and her two sons and daughter lived on a half-section of land joining us. At times they must have subsisted mainly on wild meat and cornbread. One son was a constant hunter, and one year he killed about twenty deer on our ranch. In time almost none was left to kill. When I was not more than six years old, my father rode in one day with a wild gobbler tied to his saddle. He had roped it on a prairie. By the time I was grown no turkeys were left at all and much of the prairie land had grown up in brush. This taking of the land by brush was going on over tens of millions of acres in southern Texas, a result of grazing off and trampling down the turf.

When my father began ranching, he raised horses, traded horses, and drove a herd or two to Kansas. I used to hear talk by him and other men about mares trailed northeastward from our country to Arkansas or some other faraway land that showed up in the spring to have their colts on ground where they had been raised. This was before barbed wire fenced the country. The instinct in me is the instinct that was in those homing mares. The difference between them and me is that I can think and use words beyond horse power. For all that, words do not make clear what I feel. I am unable to make the tie clear to myself, much less to others. It is not sentimentality, not even sentiment, that I feel. Something of instinct, strengthened perhaps by cultivated sensitivity, lies beyond rationalization.

I do not wish to go back there to live. The summers are scorching; for six months of the year the air is enervating. Clouds drift up from the Gulf of Mexico, barely fifty miles away and not more than a hundred feet lower, but they seldom bear rain. One can waste his heart out there vainly hoping for rain, and during the frequent droughts the unyielding land is a desolation. If I were wealthy, I should buy the ranch, modernize the house, and live there during the hunting season with books, typewriter, some pictures, and mesquite furniture beside the fireplace in the room where I was born. The fire in that fireplace would talk to me as no other fire in any other fireplace can talk.



J. Frank Dobie. (*James Highfill Photo*)

THE RICHEST days of my life have not been spent on this ranch, not at all. The hymn-singing we had on Sundays at home, while my mother played the piano and my father enjoyed his good voice, give me a depressed feeling to this day. I was afraid of God, prayed Him to help me find a lost pocket knife, and in time found that the personal God of my forefathers is for me as mythical as Jupiter and not nearly so plausible as Venus. I believe in a Supreme Law of the Universe.

There were two or three youths in the country with whom I felt congenial, but I remember little from my boy schoolmates but vulgarities and stupidities. Puberty brought wretchedness—the payment of adult Puritan refusal to face physiology. I was too tame.

All ranch work was congenial, even doctoring wormy yearlings by day and skinning dead ones by lantern light after dark, but the year we boys tried raising a bale of cotton remains a dark blot. Ab Blocker, a noted old trail driver, spoke for me when he said that after he had farmed for a year, "I got down on my knees and promised God Almighty if I ever planted another seed of cotton I'd boil it first for three days so it could never sprout." Picturesque talk and characters like that were not cultivated in our home. Itinerant preachers were favored above all other company. They specialized in eating fried chicken, potato salad and lemon pie, and in long blessings at the table, longer prayers in the evening.

But no play world could have been hap-

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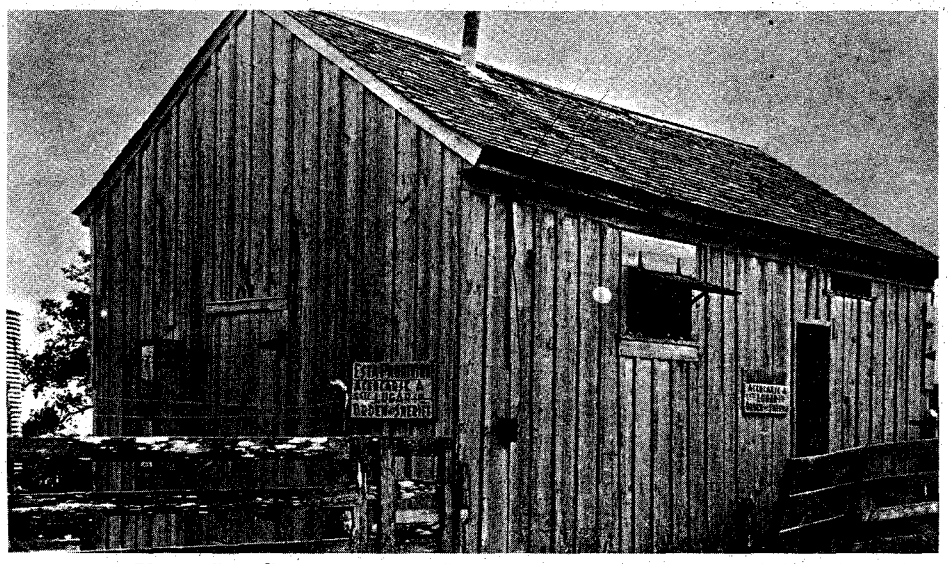
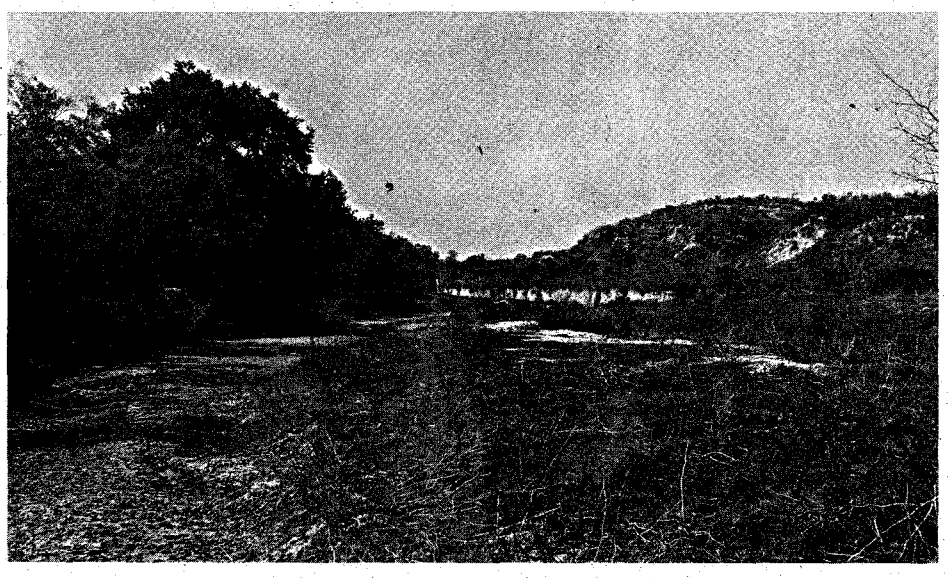


Above, Bee County jail in Beeville, built prior to 1900 and used until the late 1920's. Below, old road crossing at Ramirenia Creek on the south part of the old Dobie ranch. (*Grady Harrison, Jr.*)



pier than ours. With pegs, twine and sticks we built big pastures and stocked them with spools, from which my mother's sewing machine had used the thread, for horses; with tips of cattle horns, sawed off in the branding chute in the ranch corrals, for cattle; and with oak galls for sheep and dried snail shells for goats. The goats could not be branded, but we branded the other stock with pieces of baling wire heated red-hot. Trains of empty sardine cans strung together hauled the cattle from ranch to ranch. We sold cattle to each other for dollars molded in the bottoms of round wooden bluing boxes. Our metal was solder melted from tin cans and rifle bullets gouged out of oak trees, into which they had been shot for practice.

I became a knight in the image of Ivanhoe and with my brother Elrich set up a tournament course, which we ran on horseback, spearing rings. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* put me into a world where for months wan lights flickered on plains farther away than Troy. I had heard or read of the music of the spheres, and riding alone one night I thought I heard it; after that I would go out at night to listen to it until I discovered that the sound was made by a variety of katydid. Nevertheless, a certain pulsation of night has continued to seem to come down from the stars rather than to go up from the earth.

OUR ranch house, the main part of which stands, is in an extensive grove of big oaks on a kind of plateau overlooking the valley of Long Hollow. For most of its distance this hollow used to be a mere drainage way, its bottom grassed over in places, carrying water only after hard rains, though it could get on a boom. Now it is a deep, wide gulch of waste. Erosion. When I first knew it, the valley was a cornfield. Then it was turned out as a part of what we called the Horse Pasture, where the milk cows as well as saddle horses were kept. That old field is now a dense thicket of mesquites and huisaches. The huisache came to our land about 1930. It is beautiful in bloom and beautiful, too, in its grace of green, but it usurps soil without paying anything at all to it or to the livers upon it.

Thousands of times I have looked across Long Hollow Valley, and something from those vistas remains deep inside me. In the early morning wild turkeys now and then gobbled from the woods on the far side, and the cheerio call of the bobwhite came from every direction. On the slope coming down the valley, about half-a-mile away, stood a hollow, whitened live oak in which buzzards raised their young every year. "Puke like a buzzard" was a common expression of the country, and I used to ride my horse up close to the tree to observe the young white birds, frightened and unable to fly, verify the saying. Every day nearly I watched buzzards sail. Nothing in the sky is more serenely graceful. Whenever I see a buzzard sailing now, the sight takes me back to the sky over our ranch. One spring the bluebonnets on Long Hollow were up to my stirrups. They bloom that high inside me every spring. In my study hangs a little painting of Mexican primroses. It speaks to me of the Mexican primroses I knew as a child.

In spring and early summer I often awoke hearing the quick, bright cry made by diving scissortails. They nested in mesquites in the Calf Pasture just north of the house, Long Hollow being to the south. Countless times in these later years a glimpse of the salmon-hued underpart of a flying scissortail has brought back to me those morning awakenings.

The house had a paling fence around it, and in the yard were more flowers—roses, chrysanthemums, cannas, violets especially—than any other ranch in that part of Texas had. The garden, very prolific, was where vegetables grew. They and the flowers were irrigated from a cypress cistern and a supplementary dirt tank into which a windmill, just back of the kitchen, pumped water. The yard was bare of grass, in the pioneer tradition that guarded against snakes. Rattlesnakes were frequently killed near the house. At the corner of a wide L-shaped gallery—"porch" being a literary word that I never heard spoken—grew a cape jasmine. It happened that at the close of school one year I received as a prize a copy of Owen Meredith's *Lucile* with *Il Trovatore* appended.

And I swear as I thought of her thus in that hour
And how, after all, old things are best,
I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

When I read those lines in "Il Trovatore," the jasmine by our gallery became affixed to them. Its aroma has never left me.

MY MOTHER had some sort of help a good part of the time but often none. With or without help, she was too busy cooking sewing, raising children, and keeping house to garden. Men might come at any hour of the day or night. All had to be fed and bedded. My father tended the flowers as well as the vegetables. He set out orange trees, which never bore. He laid out a croquet ground in the shade of oaks. He could do anything from repairing a windmill to making a coffin for a Mexican child that died on the ranch. He was *patrón* for some Mexicans who did not live on the ranch. He liked cutting up meat, and the meat he butchered was all we had. Like many other ranchmen, he never hunted. He hoped his eldest son would choose a career better than ranching—that of a clean-collared banker perhaps. He paid eight and ten per cent to his banker and liked him.

Back of the house was a rock smokehouse, long ago crumbled down, for the rock was caliche, not true stone. Every winter my father, aided by Mexicans, killed hogs and cut them up for curing. The only balloons we children knew were the blown-up bladders of hogs and cattle. No child could ask for better. The way to make a bladder expand is to warm it slowly by a fire, gradually blowing air

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into it through the quill of a turkey feather.

The Mexicans cut the long, strong-fibered leaves of bear grass (a yucca), heated them lightly over a fire to make them more pliable, and then used them to tie the hams, shoulders, and side bacon to poles across the smokehouse. They were cured by smoke from a fire of corncobs kept smoldering for days on the dirt floor. We had no hickory, needed none. Bear grass will always for me mean homemade hemp, also thatches for Mexican huts.

Back of the smokehouse was a big stable combined with corncrib, hayloft, and rooms for tools, saddles and buggies. Along the near end of it grew a row of pomegranates, so hardy that after fifty years, and through a recent drought that killed many oaks, one still exists. Their fruit was a treat. Near them a stout mustang grapevine twined up into the Coon Tree, an oak in which a coon had been seen. High up across its branches, we children had a platform—the "house in the Coon Tree," we called it—to which we ascended by the grapevine and on which we often sat reading books or playing and in season drinking (without ice, of course) pomegranateade.

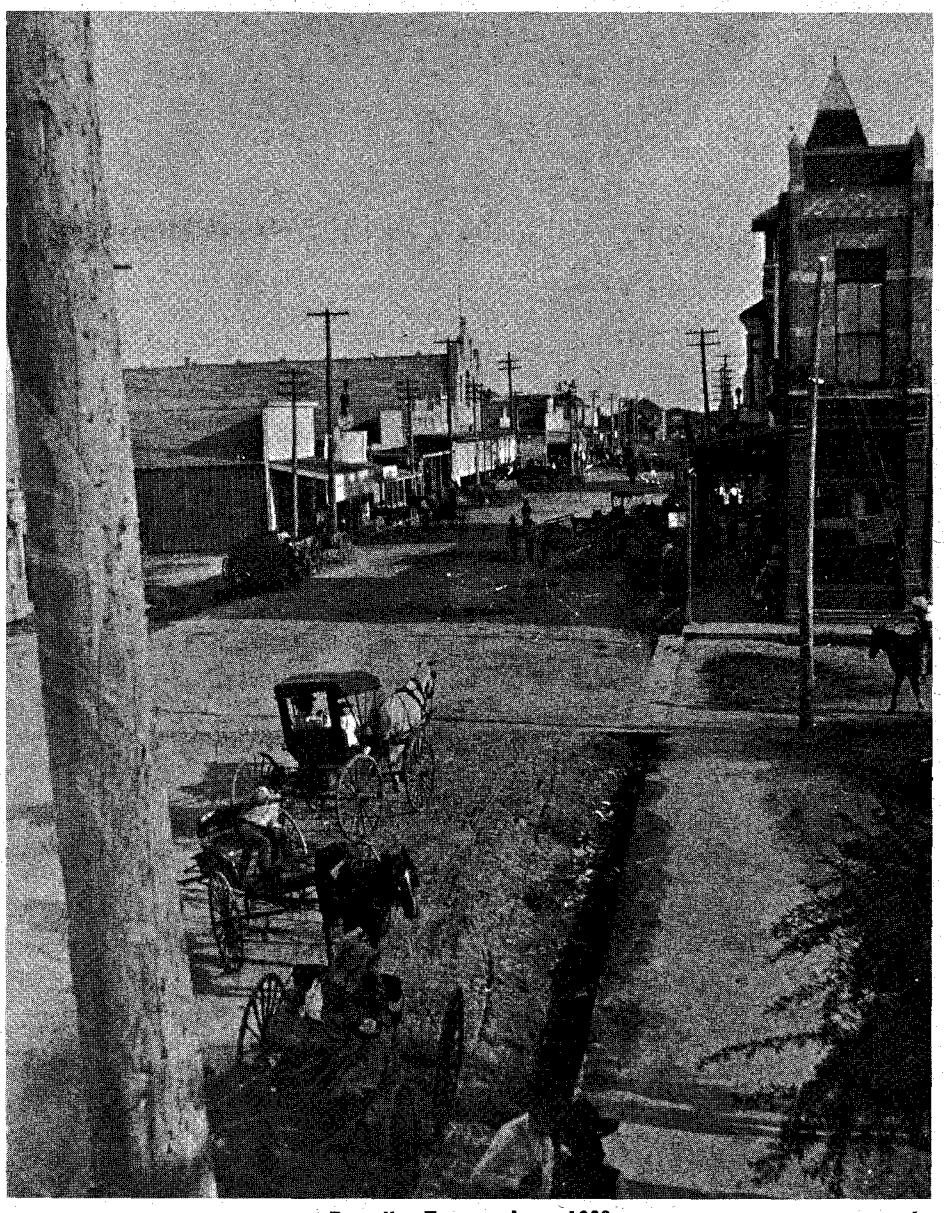
Near the Coon Tree, and adjacent to the barn, were a shed and three pens. The smallest was for the milk calves, which we boys rode; the largest for driving the saddle horses into, and for the milk cows. Except in winter, when two or three were fed, there were twelve or fifteen cows, all of range breeding, more various in color than productive of milk. Two or three of the mildest-natured cows were willing to adopt dogie calves, and as the dogies were given to us children, we took a special interest in these foster cows.

THE THIRD pen held hayricks and fronted the horse stalls, but only the buggy horses and work teams were fed. Before daylight somebody—and in time that job was mine—caught the night horse out of the little pasture in front of the house and rode to bring in the remuda from the Horse Pasture. Many a morning I walked stooping over to the ground every few steps trying to skylight a night horse taking his sleep standing up. He always had a drag-rope around his neck, and I would try to get hold of it before waking him. One dewy morning while I was hunting the saddle horses, the cobwebs were so thick between all the mesquite bushes that I had to keep brushing them away in order to see. Cobweb was our remedy for staunching the flow of blood from a cut or a jab in boy or horse.

The sandy ground in front of the stalls for buggy, hack, tools, harness and saddles had been paved with caliche. Red ants bored through the caliche and colonized below. They are very plentiful in that country and during warm weather work night and day. They have a vicious sting, the pain of which is alleviated by application of wet soda.

We saddled our horses on the caliche or close to it. My father was an early riser, always having coffee boiling long before dawn. When we were running cattle, as the phrase for working cattle went, he had his men away from the house before there was enough light to see by. While we were saddling, the horses would stamp the caliche in order to knock off the red ants crawling above their hoofs.

For several years after I went off to college I half-awakened before daylight every morning to the sound of those horses stamping their feet on the caliche.



Beeville, Texas, about 1900.

I could hear the low voices of Mexicans saying indistinguishable words, the plopping down of saddles on horse backs, and the metallic clicking of cinch rings and spurs. I never hear those sounds before daylight any more, but the memory of both the actuality and the half-dream is a part of me.

The cattle pens were on down the hill from the ranch house, about 200 yards away. The well there was one of the oldest in the country, hand-dug and rock-curbed about fifty feet deep, amid magnificent oaks. When the wind did not blow during the dog days of August and the big cypress cistern ran empty, water for stock had to be hauled up by pulley. One end of the rope was tied to a large wooden bucket, the other end to the horn of a saddle. Then a boy or a Mexican rode Old Baldy back and forth, back and forth, hour after hour, over a fifty-foot stretch, drawing water. I can see my father standing on a wide plank over the well curb and hear his hearty "Whoa" as the bucket came up and he reached to pour the water into a trough. In time the well was sunk deeper by a driller and cased with iron up even with the rock curbing.

No cattle ever died on our ranch for want of water, but they died on Tol McNeill's bigger ranch west of us, and on the Chapa ranch up about the head of Ramirenia Creek, where my father frequently bought steers. They died on other ranches. I have heard them bawling all night long and all day long for water. No more distressing sound can be made. Men driving herds through the country frequently held them overnight in our pens. If a thirsty herd came when there was no water, it made too much noise for peaceful sleep. My mother saw no romance in ranching. The women of her day had no part in riding, scant time to "stand and stare" like cows and watch buzzards sail into infinity. After she moved to Beeville, I heard her express thankfulness that she would never again have to listen to the bawl of thirsty cattle. Remembering thunder as the voice of hope, I understand how the Hopi Indians worship rain and have little affinity for a religion which uses water merely as a symbod for a theological rite in a medicine-man ceremony.

It was thirst in summer and hunger in winter for drought-starved cattle. The main reserve of the land is prickly pear. It is composed of about 10 per cent fiber and 90 per cent water and defends itself

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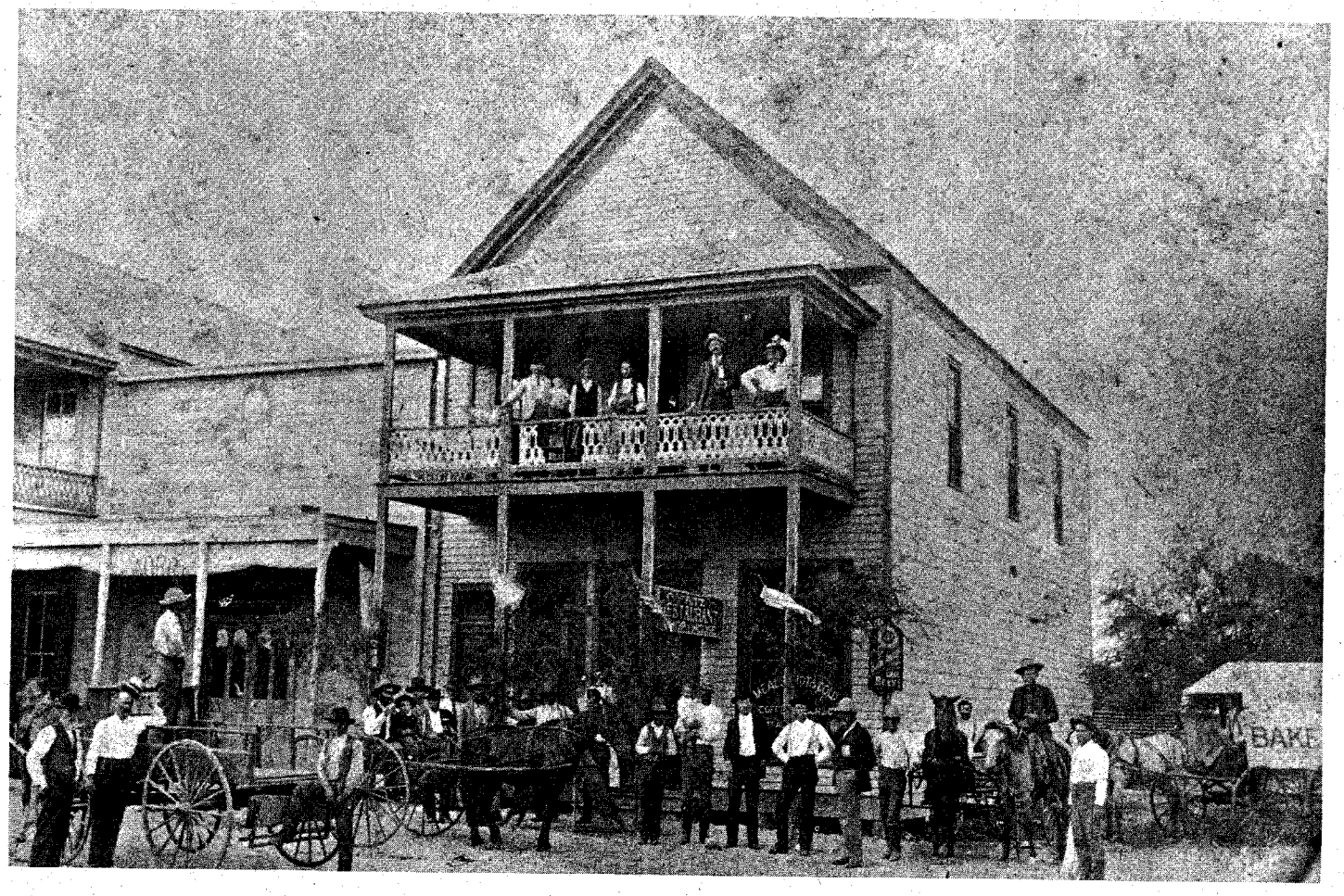

The first business building built in Beeville, Texas. (*Grady Harrison, Jr.*)

by an armor of thorns. Before the portable pear-burner—a flame-thrower fed by gasoline and airpump—enabled one man to singe the thorns off enough pears to feed 100 cows, or 200, men fed a few of the poorest by chopping the pear down, dragging it to a fire in the open, holding it on the end of a green pole over the flames, and then pitching it to the slobbering animals. In January of 1899, Mexicans feeding our poor cows reported that the frozen prickly pear pads were shattering like glass.

ABOUT THIS time my father and Uncle Jim Dobie, the big speculator and operator of the family, went into partnership and bought several thousand cows. They leased a ranch for them on the San Antonio River. During the winter that followed the cows died like sheep. The next summer I rode with a chuckwagon and a "crowd"—as an outfit was called—of Mexican vaqueros, led by my father, to gather up the remnant of cows. My chief memory of the excursion is the deliciousness of washing myself and my saddle blanket in the San Antonio River, at which, under the shade of pecan trees, we camped a half-day.

This cow venture so nearly broke my father that he decided to farm. About six lumber cabins were built for Mexican families along Ramirenia Creek, and the men plowed up several hundreds acres of open sand hills that never should have been disturbed and that within a few years were turned back to the field mice and the ground squirrels and the hunting hawks. The Mexicans grew enough corn and beans to live on, shooting rabbits and trapping quail to supplement the fare, but the landlord made no money out of four-cent cotton. When we were running cattle, the men quit the fields to work for four bits a day and found. They were better vaqueros than they were farmers. It was a torture to me that I could not quit school and ride with them for nothing a day.

One of them entered my life. He is still living, old and nearly blind, on a little piece of land in San Patricio County that my mother deeded to him for a small sum. As long as she lived, he brought her a turkey every Christmas and received his "Christmas." From the time the family moved to town he looked after the ranch. He is little, wiry, quick, with a reddish complexion betokening more Spanish blood than most Mexicans have. He has a Spanish irony. His name is Genaro del Bosque and his people once had land in Texas. His wife Emelia learned to read English in the school my mother taught at Lagarto before she married. Genaro was the best trailer I have ever known. His intelligence, energy, cow sense, and sense of responsibility would have made him a first-class manager of a big outfit.

I and my brother Elrich felt freer with him than we felt with our father and delighted in staying on the ranch with him. He ruined an eye running in brush after a Rio Grande steer of enormous horns and lankiness that had jumped out of our corral while Stonewall Jackson Wright was receiving a herd there. After his men tried on two or three works to catch the steer and couldn't, I bought him range delivery. Genaro roped him but we never did drive him away. He would jump fences and leave the country when he heard brush popping, and I finally sold him range delivery to a ranchman who reported him in his pasture fifteen miles away.

Genaro del Bosque "had a *mano*," a hand. When a horse threw me on my back across a ridge, injuring a vertebrae that still gets sore sometimes, he rubbed the pain down sufficiently for me to ride to town in a buggy. After the ranch was leased he did not remain on it long under the new employer, but he did not want to leave. "*Yo tengo raíces aqui*, (I have roots here)," he said. Following the fancies of tradition, I have often fancied that if I were doomed to the everlasting fires of a traditional hell, could be redeemed by a substitute, and were such a churl as to call on another man to take my place, Genaro, of all men I know, would without a quiver of hesitation plunge into the furnace. In him and in what he represents, as well as in the land to which we both belong, *yo tengo raíces*.

THE DAY before Christmas all the Mexican men on the ranch would come to the house for gifts. My father would have made a trip to Beeville not long before and would have brought back a wagonload of supplies and "Christmas"—sugar and flour by the barrel, molasses and lard by the keg, canned tomatoes, salmon and peaches by the case, bushel sacks of coffee, potatoes, onions, and beans. Christmas meant apples, oranges, nuts, raisins, lots of stick and mixed candy, along with special presents. Each Mexican family received a new blanket

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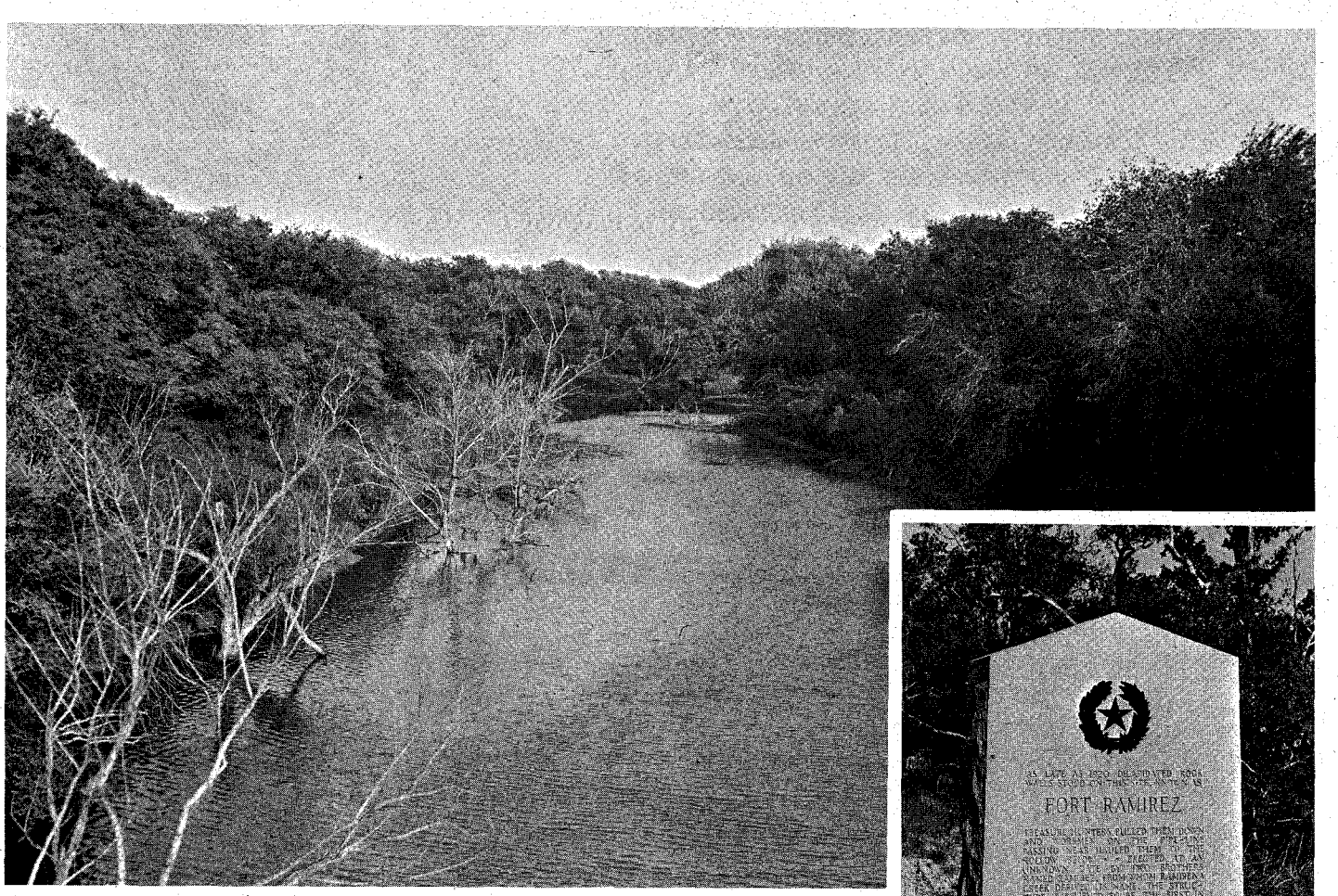

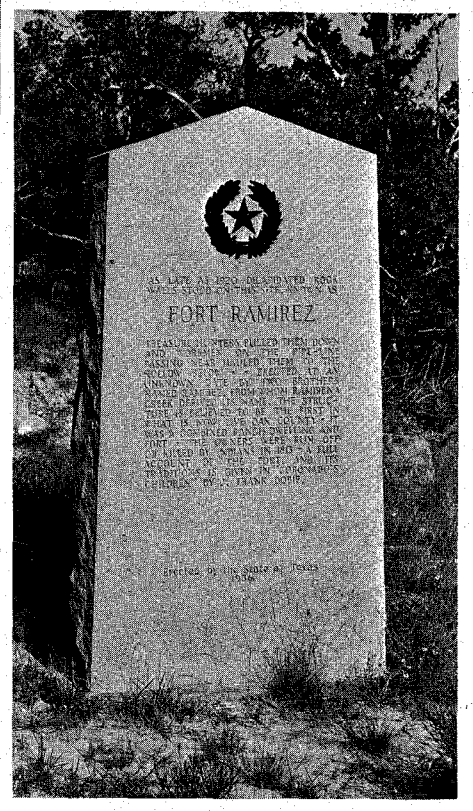

Above, Nueces River crossing at Mikesha, used in the early days by settlers going to Oakville. Right, the Fort Ramirez monument just south of Ramirenia Creek on the Dobie Property. (*Grady Harrison, Jr.*)

and a bag of apples and candy for the children. To this day, as common as they are now, I associate oranges with Christmas and its inevitable—and inevitably delicious—ambrosia.

My mother, an eager reader herself, taught me to read and tried to teach me to play the piano. One year after my sister Fannie and I were old enough to be in school we had a governess. The next year my father, with Mr. Tol McNeill, who was "a sinner," and Cousin Dick Dobie, who improved his mind by reading law and arguing on religion and politics and who begot a child annually, built a schoolhouse. It was about a mile from us on our land. The teacher always boarded with us; only two Mexican children attended the school and they were ostracized. The progress of Mexicans in the Southwest and the progress of English-speaking whites in decent attitudes toward them are among the improvements in life I have seen.

In time the schoolhouse was moved to another site on the ranch, a little farther away for us but located so that three more families to the northwest could attend it. My father organized a Sunday School that met in the schoolhouse. About a mile from it, on our ranch also, were the campmeeting grounds, where, at the time watermelons ripened, two preachers and a dozen or more families camped for ten days annually and were "revived."

So far as religion is concerned, I derived more from my father's nightly reading of the Bible and praying aloud than from the sermons at campmeetings and, every third Sunday in the month, at the Ramirenia church house, eight miles away. Everybody had dinner on the grounds. This church, a store that was also the post office, and a stark frame house occupied by the English storekeeper and his common-law Mexican wife, composed the place on the map named Ramirenia. Everybody called it La Posta, for it had been a stage stand where horses were changed. The people who got their mail there were, with a few exceptions, more frontierish and backwoodsy and less worldly-minded than those of the Lagarto community, where we got our mail twice a week.

I usually went after it on Saturdays. The coming of the *Youth's Companion* was a red-letter day. I might gallop all the way home in order to read at once "Trail's End" or some other continued story. During the Spanish-American War I read the semi-weekly newspaper from the saddle while riding slowly. The newspaper account of Queen Victoria's death could not have been so beautifully written as Lytton Strachey's, but without historical background other than Dickens' *A Child's History of England*, I sensed the end of a great drama. Also, we had a kind of family connection with Queen Victoria. My youngest brother, still in curls at the time, was named Gladstone—Henry Gladstone—not because Gladstone was a great prime minister but because in his great office he was a "militant" Christian of great goodness. The name of Disraeli, his worldly and witty opponent, was unknown to me.

BEFORE my time a railroad, built ten miles away, killed Lagarto. It had had a "college"—a public school of several rooms—in which my mother taught and the village had three good stores. In my boyhood several families with back yards opening into small pastures still lived on the perimeter of the town. Perimeter, besides a store, a schoolhouse and a church, was about all left to the town.

The house in which my father's mother lived had the coolest hallway for a summer nap, after dinner, that I knew. Two of her sons would let nothing interfere with their naps, but my father and Uncle Jim napped only when they had nothing pressing to do. Uncle Jim had a ranch not far off. Uncle Frank Byler, my mother's brother, lived on the perimeter and operated a ranch beyond.

The Lagarto people had dances, for which my father had played the fiddle before he married and before he became adamant against dances. The Ramirenia crowd had *bailes*, the Mexican name for dances, and my parents hoped that their sons would never debase themselves by

(Continued on page 46)

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Trapped!
Within a few hours the oxygen would be used up.
Unless help came quickly, the two miners were doomed to death by suffocation!

The Thing at the Bottom of the Shaft

By NELL MURBARGER

VISITING with Ed Dyer at his home in Fallon, Nevada, is better than taking a postgraduate course in Western History. He has lived in Nevada for all but four of his ninety-one years and his repertoire of stories ranges from whimsical recollections of his boyhood in the mining camps of American Flat and Virginia City to his experiences as a boomtown merchant in Yerington, Schurz and Rawhide and his days as a miner and millhand in Silver Peak, Bodie and Pioche.

In 1898, Ed and his partner, Jim Burns, were exploring the possibility of finding ore in the old Alps Mine near Pioche, but the longer they worked the less they liked the setup. The Alps spooked them with its mysterious noises! All day the place was silent as a grave except for the familiar sounds of their own working or the occasional dripping of water. Then, each afternoon about three o'clock, the Alps would be shaken by an unearthly burst of noise!

"It sounded as if some giant were throwing heavy mine timbers down a shaft, the timbers striking the shaft lining first on one side and then the other all the way to the bottom. Then the noise would end with a dull thud."

The two men had been working the mine for some time—hearing those appalling noises every afternoon—when one of Jim's former mining partners, who was leaving Nevada to return to Colorado, came out to the Alps to tell him goodbye. During the visitor's stay the three men took a busman's holiday and walked over the surrounding countryside, examining abandoned diggings, old dumps and prospect holes.

In the course of their wanderings they came upon a shaft about seventy feet deep. At the bottom of it, they could see what appeared to be the body of a man. One arm—*if it was an arm*—was flung over what seemed to be the head; and the body—*if it was a body*—apparently was dressed in the rough working clothes of a miner.

If Ed's and Jim's imagination hastened to couple the noises they had been hearing with this object at the bottom of the shaft, it wouldn't be at all surprising. But since they had no means of reaching "The Thing"—and since they were certain that whatever it might be, it was not alive, they decided to leave it undisturbed until they had occasion to go to Pioche and procure enough rope to enable an investigation of the matter.

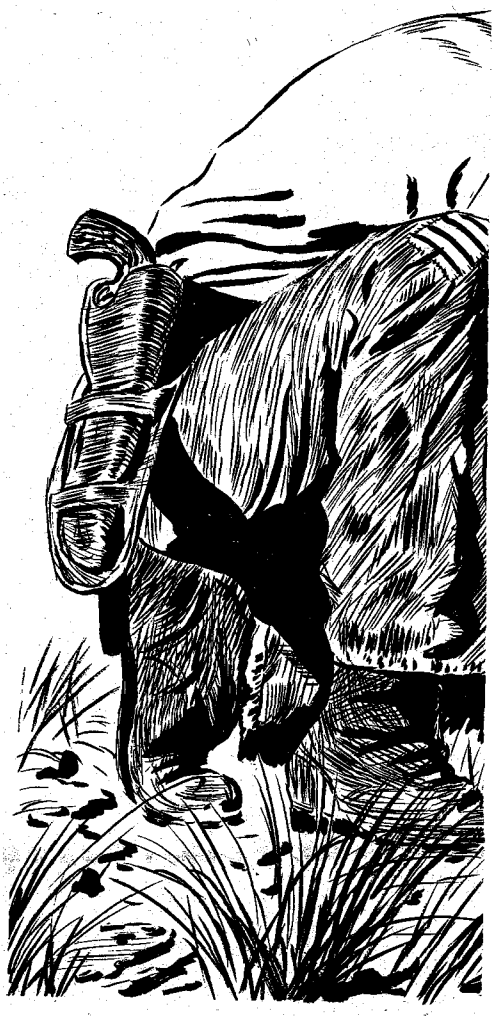
After visiting with Jim and Ed for a day or two, Jim's former partner bade them goodbye and Jim and Ed returned to their work on the 200-foot level of the mine.

"ONE AFTERNOON as I was drilling, Jim decided to investigate a small vein in the roof of the tunnel," Ed told me. "With a pick-a-bar he gouged out some of the soft ore. Finally he drilled a hole into it, loaded it with a light charge of powder, called to me that he was going to fire, and lit the fuse. We walked back down the tunnel a short distance to safety, waited for the blast, and then sat smoking and resting, waiting for some of the smoke to clear out.

"When we resumed work, we found that Jim's shot had brought down a couple of wheelbarrow-loads of ore, leaving a funnel-shaped hole in the roof. He began barring down some of the loose rock which hadn't fallen with the blast. I watched him for a moment while he poked at a large chunk of rock that wiggled but wouldn't fall; then I walked on back to get on with my drilling.

"Just then I heard the first BANG! of our usual afternoon serenade. Hard upon that sound came the rumble of falling rock, the ring of a dropped crowbar and a cry from Jim! I jerked around

Illustrated by Joe Grandee



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and ran toward him. Through the dust I saw my partner gazing at a wall of muck that filled the tunnel from floor to back. We were trapped in the end of that tunnel like a couple of bugs in a stoppered bottle!

"It took us a short time to collect our wits and examine the pile of muck that sealed us in. Probing at the top we found that any muck removed was instantly replaced by more running down from above. Jim's blast and subsequent probings had tapped the bottom of an old stope filled with waste which was now running down into the lower tunnel like sand through an hour glass!

"We were thoroughly scared! The waste was rather fine, very dry and dusty. There might have been hundreds of tons of it, for all we knew. We couldn't shovel our way out unless some larger rocks worked down to block the hole. There was little air in the small space remaining to us; moreover, we had no food, no water, and only the two partly consumed candles we had been using. We promptly put out one of the candles.

"We drew back and looked at each other. The facts were very simple, even if disagreeable to contemplate. All we could do was shovel in the hope that somehow the stream of muck would cease to run down from above. If it didn't stop before our strength gave out, we were finished. Methodically husbanding our strength, stifling an almost overwhelming desire to attack the earth like madmen, we started digging. It seemed as though we worked for an eternity. It was heartbreaking to see the muck replaced as fast as it was removed."

WHILE Ed and Jim were still shoveling and the waste rock was still pouring through the hole from above, Ed stopped short and froze to attention.

"Wait!" he cried hoarsely. "I think I heard a voice!" Straining their ears and holding their breath that they might hear better, the men listened intently. Jim, too, thought he could hear a voice, but very far away. Echoes? Maybe. Or, maybe they came from the spooks which had seemed to haunt the mine since the first day Ed and Jim had worked there.

Cupping his hands about his mouth, Ed Dyer shouted into the rock walls of their prison: "Hel-looo! Hel-loo!"

"Hel-lo! Hel-lo! Hel-lo!" As though mocking him, the old mine multiplied his words, swelling their volume and flinging them back.

But, at the same time—or did the imprisoned men only imagine it?—other words were spoken.

"You are wanted on top," was the surprising response from above.

"Don't go away," Ed yelled. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"What did I say?"

"You said, 'Don't go away. Can you

(Continued on page 59)

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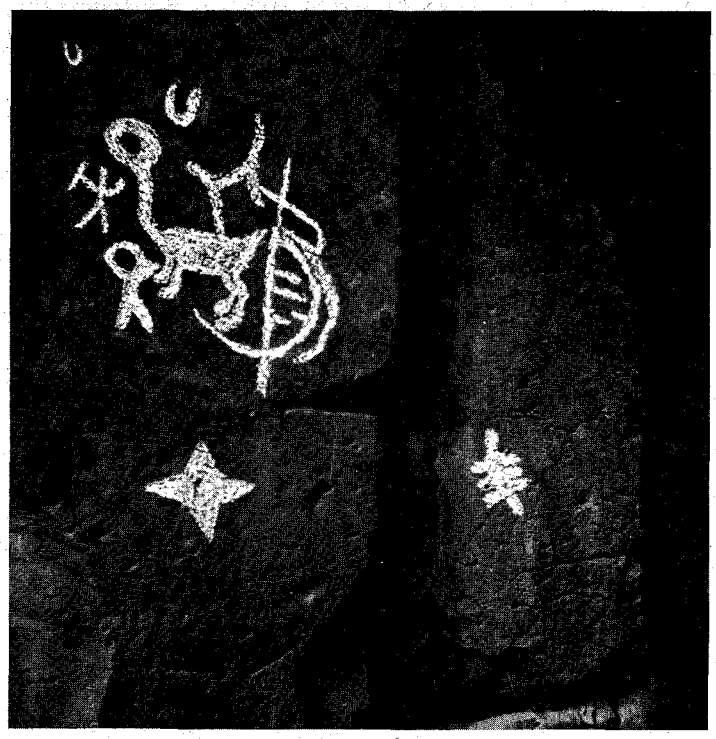

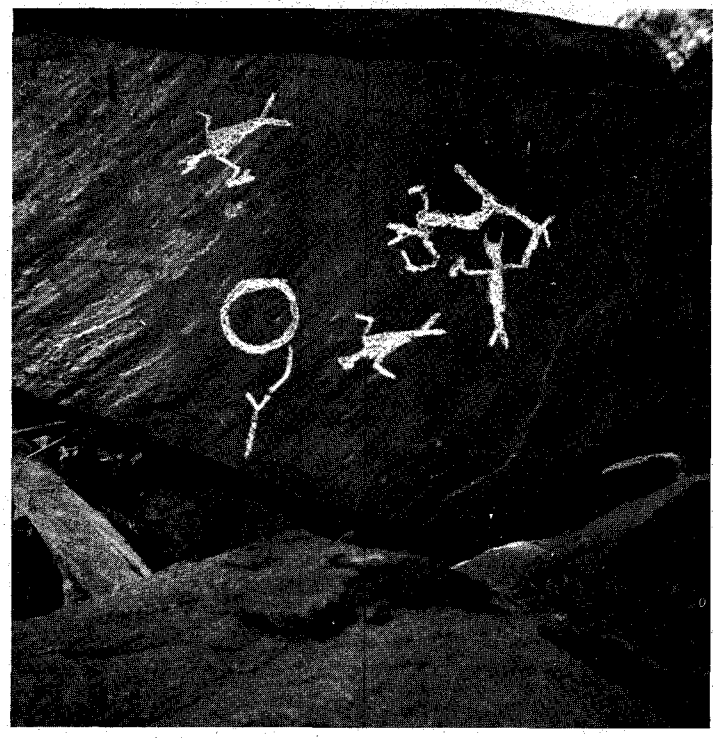

Left, this dinosaur-like figure presumably depicts the telling of a very ancient legend. Very few of the carvings show horses—probably a sign that the sculptors lived before there were horses on the North American Continent. Right, the horizontal figures may have been carved before this large rock toppled; the vertical figures, later.

Vanished Tribe

By GAY RANDALL

Photos by the Author

This carving seems to say that at one time a race of tall men inhabited the nearby area.

ALONG the canyon walls thirty miles up the west bank of the turbulent Snake River from Asotin, Washington, hundreds of ancient inscriptions carved in rock are all that remain of an ancient tribe of Indians who inhabited the region long before the Nez Percé made that area part of their homeland.

Who they were, or what became of them, or exactly what the petroglyphs mean, no one has been able to say.

One of the earliest instincts of man was to leave records which would tell those who followed what he had done, what he had discovered, how he had lived and where he was going. Since primitive times, before there was a written language, men have told their stories in carved images and symbols upon rocks, knowing stone would endure.

No one knows exactly how long the American Indian has inhabited the North American Continent. Tribes fought others and conquered, just as countries of today have their wars. The surviving tribes separated and formed other tribes. Some became extinct from plague or starvation. Few, if any, traces of their existence will ever be found.

The mysterious people who carved the petroglyphs near Asotin, were probably the first inhabitants of that area. They left symbols carved deep in the granite

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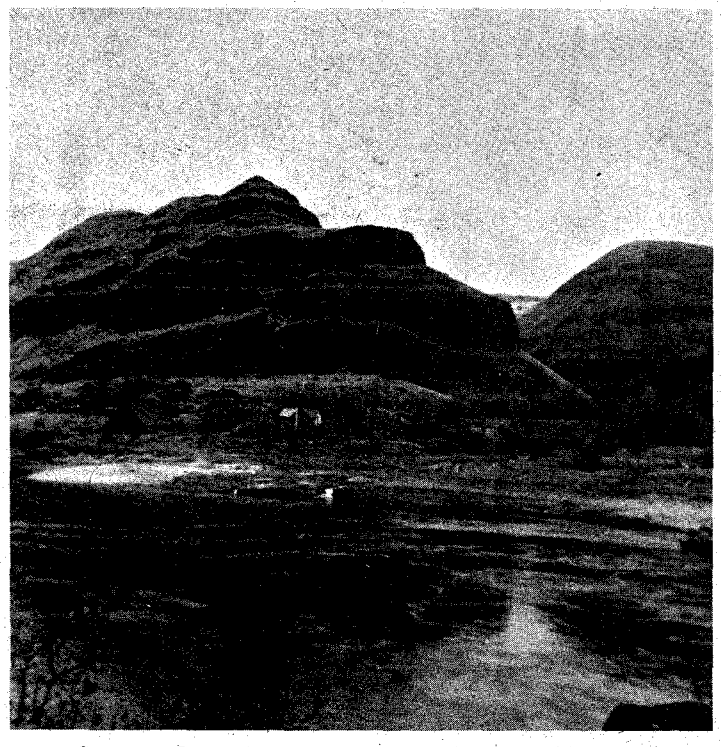
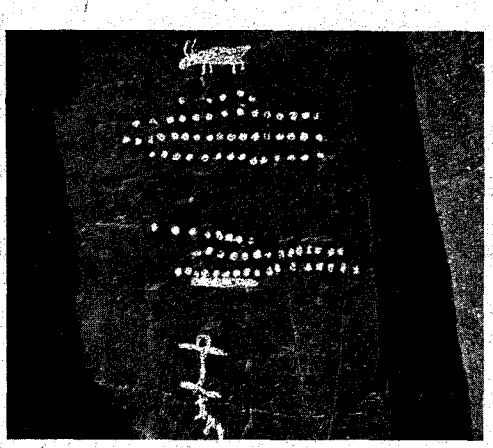
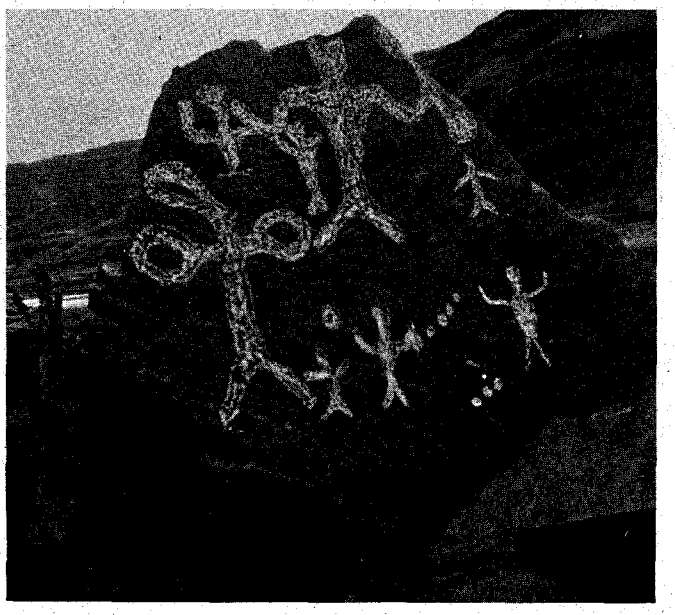


Captain John Point on the Snake River below Hell's Canyon. Many Indian graves have been found near the camping grounds, indicating a plague or epidemic may have decimated the mystery tribe.



Apparently a calendar, the dots representing moons with a bad omen sign above and water devil below.



Above, the top figure looks like a fisherman holding a net and salmon. The figure to the left seems to represent a medicine man. The dots indicate the time of the salmon run. Below, the largest number of picture writings are at Buffalo Eddy. This was probably a favorite fishing spot in winter (the canyon afforded seclusion and protection). The petroglyphs shown here were traced with chalk for the photograph.

A mysterious and artistic people once inhabited the caves and canyons of the rugged Snake River country. Their story remains, undeciphered, on the rocks overlooking the turbulent river.

walls. There are hundreds of carvings, more than can be found at any other location where primitive Indian cave-writings have been discovered.

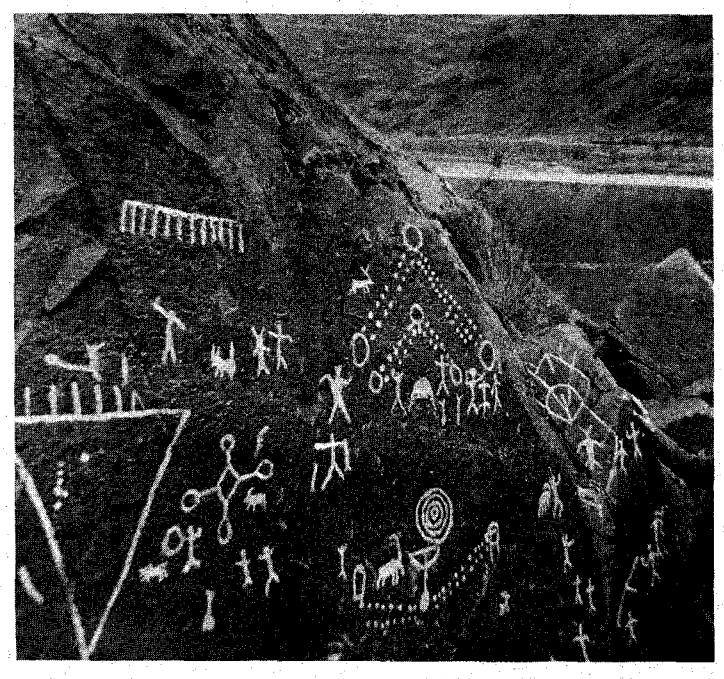
Some of these picture writings may be as ancient as the catacombs of Rome.

In the various shallow natural caves along the river, their ceilings smoke-blackened from many campfires, bones buried deep under the residue give evidence that these Indians cooked and ate their food in these caves and probably used them as permanent dwelling places.

Collectors of Indian relics and artifacts have dug and sifted the floors of the caves and have found many chippings of flint along with pieces of agate and obsidian, materials which are foreign to this locality. Articles of personal adornment and beads made of steatite have also been uncovered, along with beads chalk-like with age. Pearl-like ornaments still retaining some original natural color and artistically shaped from shells that must have been brought from the Pacific Ocean 500 miles to the west, add to the mystery.

IT IS believed that these ancient people were river dwellers, dependent for food upon the salmon, so abundant in the

(Continued on page 71)



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"All aboar-r-r-r-d!" (*Union Pacific Railway*)

I LIKE to remember what I call the "When Days" of my early life. These memories may bring a bit of nostalgia to you older readers and a smile to you youngsters.

Those days a nickel and a dollar were just *that*. You could get a good meal for fifteen to twenty-five cents. A good clean bed in a decent room in most hotels cost fifty cents for the night. The best cost seventy-five cents. But in winter you might have to wait in the lobby until the porter could make a fire in the stove in your room.

At a boarding house, for $3.50 a week, you could get a room with a bowl and pitcher, a pot under the bed and three good meals a day. You sat down and ate your fill.

Breakfast was usually plenty of beefsteak, gravy, hot biscuits, fried potatoes, pancakes and real butter. The noon meal and supper offered plenty of tender boiled beef, roast beef, and all kinds of vegetables, with a big cut of pie for dessert. It was not cut nine ways as it is today, but in just four pieces. No meal was considered complete unless there was plenty of beef, pork and wild game with all the trimmin's.

You could get a shave for a dime, with hot towel for fifteen cents. A haircut cost twenty-five cents, and if you patronized one place very long you had your own private shaving mug with your name in gold letters. Men in the barber shop harmonized, *Down By The Old Mill Stream*, *Sweet Adeline*, and other beautiful tunes of that day.

For a nickel your shoes were shined, and for fifteen cents your boots were cleaned and shined. The only place in town you could get a bath was at the barber shop. Cold water with towel and soap was fifteen cents; with hot water it cost a quarter.

In the When Days you would ride your horse into town, step off, tie him to a hitch rack, and then step up on a plank sidewalk, being careful not to step too close to the edge because the boards were nailed to cross-pieces laid about six inches shorter than the board.

The When Days

By MILT HINKLE

Having trouble keeping up with the cost-of-living? Join us in a sentimental journey, then, back to the days of "Sweet Adeline," fifteen-cent meals and ostrich-feather hats.

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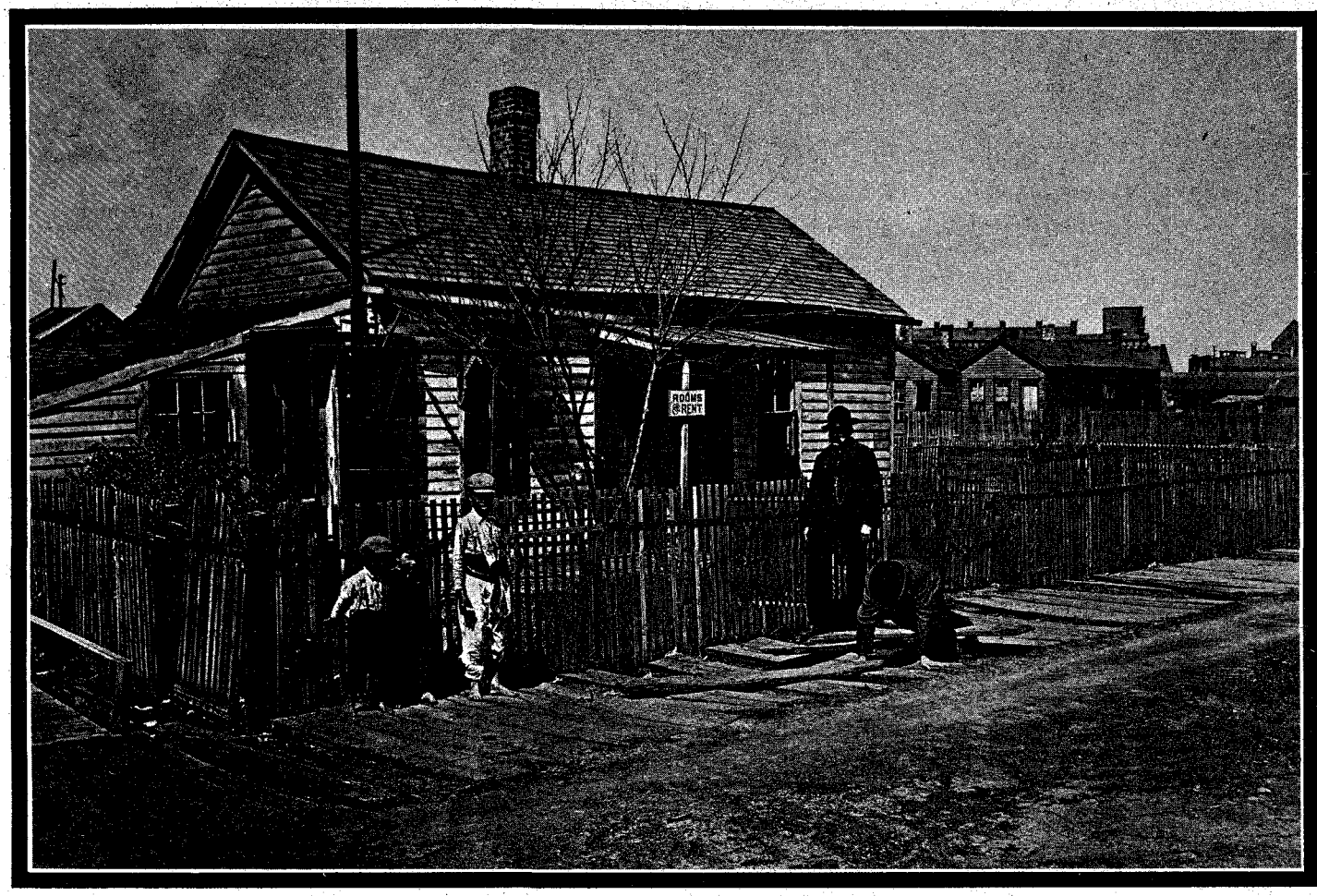

Those Omaha sidewalks could be dangerous! (*Union Pacific Railway*)

If you stepped beyond that foundation plank, the other end of the board might have a loose nail and the board would fly up and belt you a good one. So we always had to walk well to the center.

If you carelessly happened to drop some change, the coins were gone forever down the cracks between the boards. When walking along this sidewalk, the big rowels on your spurs would play a tune as they dragged along, a sound every cowboy likes to hear.

When the town marshal said, "Hi, partner," you quickly remembered that you had exactly fifteen minutes to get your gun belt off. You had the same length of time, after putting it on again, to get out of town. We all understood this law. I usually left my gun in its holster and hung the belt on my saddle-horn. However, if I thought I could get away with it, I would take my gun and put it inside my shirt. I left the trigger on one empty shell, hooked to my belt, and left two buttons on my shirt open so I could draw quick if I had to.

When the freight wagons got stuck in the muddy street, men would wade out, put their shoulders to the end, or take a wheel, and help the horses and driver pull out to drier ground.

IF YOU were lucky, as I always was, you could reach your hand into your heavy canvas pocket and pull out gold coins—two-and-a-half dollar, five, ten, twenty and fifty dollar pieces of solid gold. And there were "gold bills"—they had gold backs—from ten to a hundred dollars. The banks that issued these bills had to put up gold to cover them.

I recollect the women, the beautiful women who wore the most lovely garters high up on their legs. And believe me, those garters were hard to get to see. I, and some others, wore these garters to hold up our shirt sleeves. Our sleeves were all long in those days and so were the shirttails—long enough to sit on, not like the shorties of today.

The ladies of the When Days wore bustles under their skirts. Corsets were in style, and so were big beautiful hats with ostrich feathers, ribbon bows and flowers. Once in a while you saw the rare Bird of Paradise feathers, the most beautiful trimming of all for hats. Ladies also wore long hat pins to keep those big hats in place, and these pins they could, and would, use for protection if you got too smart.

You could put your horse in the livery stable in a stall with grain, hay and water for fifty cents. Or you could put him in the stable corral back of the barn with a filled water trough and hay and grain for twenty-five cents. Hay only cost fifteen cents for twenty-four hours. For a quarter a shoe, you could have your horse shod by an expert.

These were the horse and buggy days, before the auto and the linen duster came into vogue. Hacks were waiting at the depot and their good fast horses would take you to a hotel for twenty-five cents.

The cable and mule-pulled streetcars charged a nickel to the end of the line. You could buy a good suit of clothes for $7, and a pair of W. L. Douglas shoes could be had for $3.50. Other brands of good shoes cost from $1 to $2 a pair.

Work pants cost fifty cents. I wore Levi's denim pants to work and ride in, and I wear them to this day. I then paid $1 a pair for them. Now they cost four times that. Dress pants then cost about $1, socks ten cents, work shirts thirty-five to fifty cents. Dress shirts cost from fifty cents to $1.

Bow ties came already fixed into perfect bows with a hook behind so you could hook onto your collar button and leave the shirt front clear to show off your ruby or diamond stud (if you owned one). This shirt front was starched as stiff as a board and glistened from being ironed.

And another thing: for a quarter you could buy a nice shiny celluloid collar to fasten to your shiny neckband with collar buttons front and back. And you could wash it yourself with a damp rag. Smoking men had to watch out when lighting up because that collar would sometimes explode and burn. You can imagine the scramble and yells it would cause!

Those days you could ride the day coach on the railroads for half-a-cent a mile and for another half-cent you could ride the Pullman. By adding the sum of $1.75 you could sleep in an upper berth. A lower cost $2.50. In the dining car you could get a fine meal for sixty cents to a dollar.

Oil lamps glowed all night over the aisles of the coaches. (They did not charge anything for the cinders from the engine that would fill your berth, your seats and your eyes.) These trains sped along at a speed of twenty-five to forty miles an hour, and many times the train would be side-tracked on a "spur" for a long time as it waited for a slow freight or another passenger train going in the opposite direction on those single-track roadbeds.

(Continued on page 49)

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The Grants, New Mexico, depot in 1900. (*E. Bibo Photo*)

That Loot Malpais

By KIT

THE MALPAIS country of midwestern New Mexico looks much today as it did centuries ago when prehistoric Indians wrested their livelihood from the semi-arid region. Transcontinental railroads and highways have crossed its expanses, expensively and sparingly, in as few places as possible. A few ranch roads and cow trails wind their course unselectively over the thousands of square miles to accommodate those who must penetrate the area.

It was for years a natural hide-out for train and bank robbers who operated in the surrounding region during the early days of settlements.

To the south of Grants, New Mexico, below the point of the vast lava flow, the peaks of a rugged range of mountains have been outstanding landmarks for centuries and have served to locate trails, water, lost mines, buried treasures, lost cities and the sites of massacres by marauding Indians who, in the early days, fought for their holdings.

It's a country which has held treasures—and still does—defying man from the time Coronado and his contemporaries braced the dangers of the Pueblo Indians and the rugged conditions of the Southwest in search for the Seven Lost Cities. It has been a hiding place for men of bad reputation since the Spaniards first began to mingle with the Indians of the region who had held claim to the desert (archaeologists say since about 1 A.D.).

To this haven of rugged and remote protection against attack, the shady characters and robbers of the day always retreated, and in this region still remains a cache of train-robbery loot aggregating approximately $100,000 in currency, gold and silver!

The subject has had little publicity since the day of the robbery. However, the accounts still remain in the dusty files of newspapers of that age and in the memories of a few old-timers who remember the episode. Wells Fargo, big loser in the event, apparently lost their records during the San Francisco fire of 1906, as their office could not come up with any definite amount of their cash lost in the hold-up.

ON SATURDAY night, about 9:20, November 6, 1897, the crack little train Number 2 of the Santa Fe Railroad, on its run from Arizona Territory to Santa Fe, pulled into Grants, New Mexico, then only a watering point for the railroad and a site for livestock loading pens for the few ranchers of the area. The train was running a little late. A few hobos were lingering about the little station and a group of Indians, as usual, had gathered to "meet" the train.

Engineer H. D. McCarty pulled into the station and Henry Abel, fireman, quit the cab as soon as the train came to a halt to commence the usual loading and unloading of a few supplies. Maybe a passenger or two boarded the train.

Suddenly a burst of revolver fire caught Abel in the face. A bullet plowed its way through the brim of his hat and another zoomed through the cab of the engine. Instantaneously, everyone sought shelter from a fusillade of thirty or forty bursts of revolver and rifle fire. Engineer McCarty sought safety under the high loading platform of the depot. The crack little frontier train was being robbed!

One of the robbers herded Abel into the cab of the small locomotive with orders to move the entire train out of the station bounds.

An elderly lady, a passenger in the chair car of the train, hoisted a window, and, with head protruded, demanded, "What is going on here?" She was immediately hushed when a bullet whistled by, taking a portion of her lip with it!

A German passenger, fearing for the safety of his money, $15.00, wrapped it in a bundle and hid it in brush near the right-of-way—carefully noting its location. He never found it!

When the train had entered the station limits at Grants, the air brakes had been set. Abel, consequently, had some difficulty in getting the train on its way, but eventually the air leaked from the lines and the train chugged off. Complete terror reigned at the station as the train pulled out in the hands of the hold-up gang.

TWO MEN, with revolvers leveled on Abel, and also carrying rifles, were in the cab to direct his moves. About one-half mile east of the station, Abel was ordered to stop. All cars of the train except the baggage, mail and express cars were cut loose. The passenger station at that date was located on the east end of town and the stockyards at the far western edge.

The two robbers in the cab then forced Abel to pull the train about one and one-half miles farther east, where they brought the engine and few cars to a halt.

The two robbers crawled out of the cab. With the obedient fireman moving ahead of them at gunpoint, they approached the door of the express car. A few bursts from their guns were directed at the door to frighten the expressman inside. Charges of black powder were applied to the bar on the door and touched off. It burst open. Abel was commanded to enter while the two hold-up men lingered behind.

THE CAPTIVE fireman later remarked that he felt his entrance into the door of the express would be his last move on earth. He thought C. C. Lord, the express messenger, should be in the car and would meet him at the door with a full blast of buckshot. But the express messenger had already deserted his post, abandoning all his personal valuables, the cap designating his position on the train, and his shotgun. He had quickly borrowed a hat from one of the passengers to hide his identity in case the desperadoes came looking for

Held at the fireman knew his entrance into the

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$100,000 in the Country!

CARSON

The robbery took place a short distance west of the old Laguna Pueblo depot, the next stop from Grants. (*E. Bibo Photo*)

him to assist in unlocking the safe.

The gas light of the express car was lighted and black powder was spread around the lock of the heavy iron Wells Fargo safe. A ten-inch hole soon exposed huge piles of currency, gold and silver coins.

Gloating with success, one of the robbers pulled a bottle of whiskey from his clothing and drank while the other one forced Abel to hold a couple of sugar sacks open while he scooped up the loot.

All of the checks and jewelry were discarded and tossed on the car floor by the robbers. They declared they had no use for it.

After the money had been stuffed into the sacks, the outlaws paused for another drink from the whiskey bottle. Abel was offered a snort. He accepted—he had no other choice! One of the robbers pulled a few coins from his pocket (about $15.00, Abel later declared), passed it to the fireman, and remarked, "That is for your trouble—go have yourself a few good meals!" They wrote down his name and address and told him they would later see that he received $1,000 (he never did).

As they departed, one turned and shouted back, "If they ask you to identify us, tell them Black Jack has come to life!"

THE ROBBERS headed south on foot into the rugged Malpais Country, loaded with $100,000! Their hold-up scheme had worked perfectly.

A tramp, who had been stealing a ride on the little passenger train and who had gone into hiding when the shooting first started, later remarked to the posse that the two men met an accomplice a short distance away, who was holding horses for their getaway.

The three men, he declared, mounted horses loaded with loot, canned goods and whiskey and disappeared into the night.

Abel crawled nervously back into the cab, stoked up the fire and commenced to chug back to the portion of the train which had been uncoupled and left behind. He and the two robbers had been at the site of the hold-up for about two hours.

Abel later remarked, "After I got the fire going and some steam up, I started backing toward the station. I miscalculated where I had left the coaches and gave a whistle, thinking that the crew would answer with a light. But they didn't, and I bumped the empty cars. The day coach and chair car buckled and the heating stove in one of them toppled over and set the car on fire. The express car, day coach and chair car burned up completely."

The burned cars blocked the tracks until the afternoon of the next day when a wrecker from Winslow, Arizona, cleared the single line.

At the time of the hold-up no law force existed at Grants. The new frontier merchants had guns and two-foot lengths of railroad pick handles placed conveniently around their counters for protection. The nearest peace officers were at Gallup, sixty miles to the west, and Albuquerque, about seventy-five miles east.

A special train was rigged up in Albuquerque the next day and brought Sheriff Hubbel, a Wells Fargo agent by the name of W. F. Powers, and a few deputies to the scene. A posse was organized with Deputy Sheriff Fred Fornall, along with L. I. Bay and J. C. Tice, road agents for the express company, heading the hastily gathered crew of men from Grants. An unsuccessful search for the robbers was made.

A $1,000 reward was posted for the delivery of the bandits, dead or alive.

On the following Tuesday, Fornall and Cade Selney, a member of the posse, reported in Albuquerque that they had met with no success in tracking down the hold-up gang. They declared that the men had made a clean getaway into the country south. *The Albuquerque Morning Democrat* branded that section of the country as the "Mogollons—the famous resort for desperadoes and hold-ups of New Mexico!"

A sort of council of war was held by the law enforcement officials at Albuquerque. United States Marshal Forsaker of Santa Fe appeared on the scene and went into conference with the Wells Fargo agent, Powers. The U. S. Marshal soon departed for Socorro without giving any information other than they had been tipped off a few days before that the remnants of Black Jack Christian's gang would attempt a hold-up on the Santa Fe line. He also remarked that he had trailed two men whom he described and declared to be the Musgrave brothers. Comments by both the *Albuquerque Daily Citizen* and the *Morning Democrat* "generally conceded" that the $1,000 reward was not sufficient to induce men to oust the robbers from their hide-out. "Very few peace officers seem to be hankering to run after this party for this price and it is the general sentiment that the reward is not big enough!"

They further elaborated, "It is altogether probable that nothing will be heard from the robbers again until the duties of their profession require them to leave the mountains to do another job!"

THUS THE train robbery at Grants, New Mexico, November 6, 1897, had been successfully staged and the robbers safe from the law, deep in the rugged Malpais Country. It was branded as "the most successful robbery ever staged on the Santa Fe Railroad!"

The story passed almost into oblivion as other hold-ups and forays of the region rapidly claimed the limelight of the day. Then one day some Mexicans and Indians from the Bibo Ranch, expanses of which included thousands of acres south of Grants and the hold-up scene, came into the headquarters of the spread explaining that they had uncovered the skeleton of a man with a bullet hole through his skull.

The Bibos ranched extensively

gunpoint,

xpress car would be his last act on earth!

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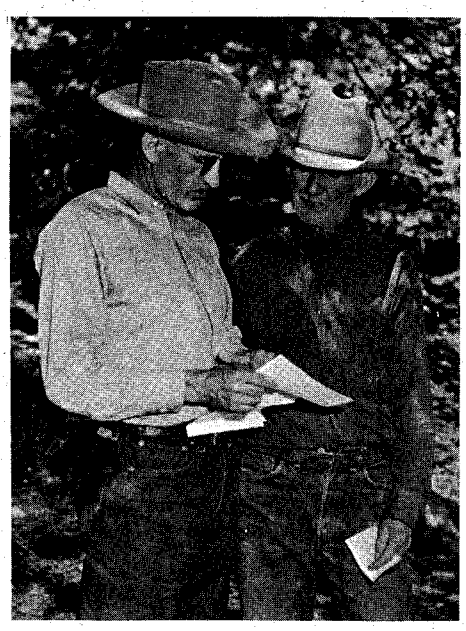
throughout that area in which the robbers had made their escape. They had come to the Malpais Country with the first influx of Anglo-American settlers and had operated there for years as merchants and ranchers.

Investigation at the site of the discovery of the skeleton led the party to a point up a narrow gorge—a sort of canyon in the rimrock of the eastern side of the huge lava bed lying south of Grants and the Santa Fe Railroad—to old Indian ruins, located back in the cliffs. The canyon is commonly known as the "narrows"—called that because only a trail exists between the steep cliffs and the impassable lava flow at that point.

A clump of large, gnarled oaks—much larger than the scattered, scrubby few that predominate in other sections of the area—marked the canyon where a spring of water flowed from the edge of the cliffs. The site was an age-old camping ground of Indians, explorers, traders, and more recently for men who used the natural protective region as a hide-out.

As the grapevine of gossip floated over the sparsely settled country about finding the skeleton, the Grants train robbery was brought to mind. Whispers floated about and tales grew concerning the disappearance of the robbers and their ill-gained loot. But Arthur Bibo was able to screen from the yarns a logical version of what could have happened to the robbers immediately after the hold-up.



Arthur Bibo (left), owner of the Bibo Ranch, and Jim McCord, long-time resident of the Malpais Country. The loot is supposedly hidden near Cebollita Valley. (*Frank Bogert Photo*)

THE PAIR had met their accomplice at the designated point near the railroad tracks. One of the gang had been recognized during the hold-up as the character who, the day before, had purchased a supply of canned goods at Bibo's store in the frontier town prior to the hold-up.

The three robbers then made their way through the night over the rough trail through the lava flow to the old campsite at the spring and Indian ruins, approximately twenty-one miles south of the place where the hold-up was staged.

The ill-fated train had pulled into Grants at 9:20 and Fireman Abel stated that the robbery was staged in about two hours. Thus, shortly before midnight, the robbers took their departure, heading south.

Traveling by horseback, heavily loaded with loot, the gang could have reached the site where the skeleton was found by dawn.

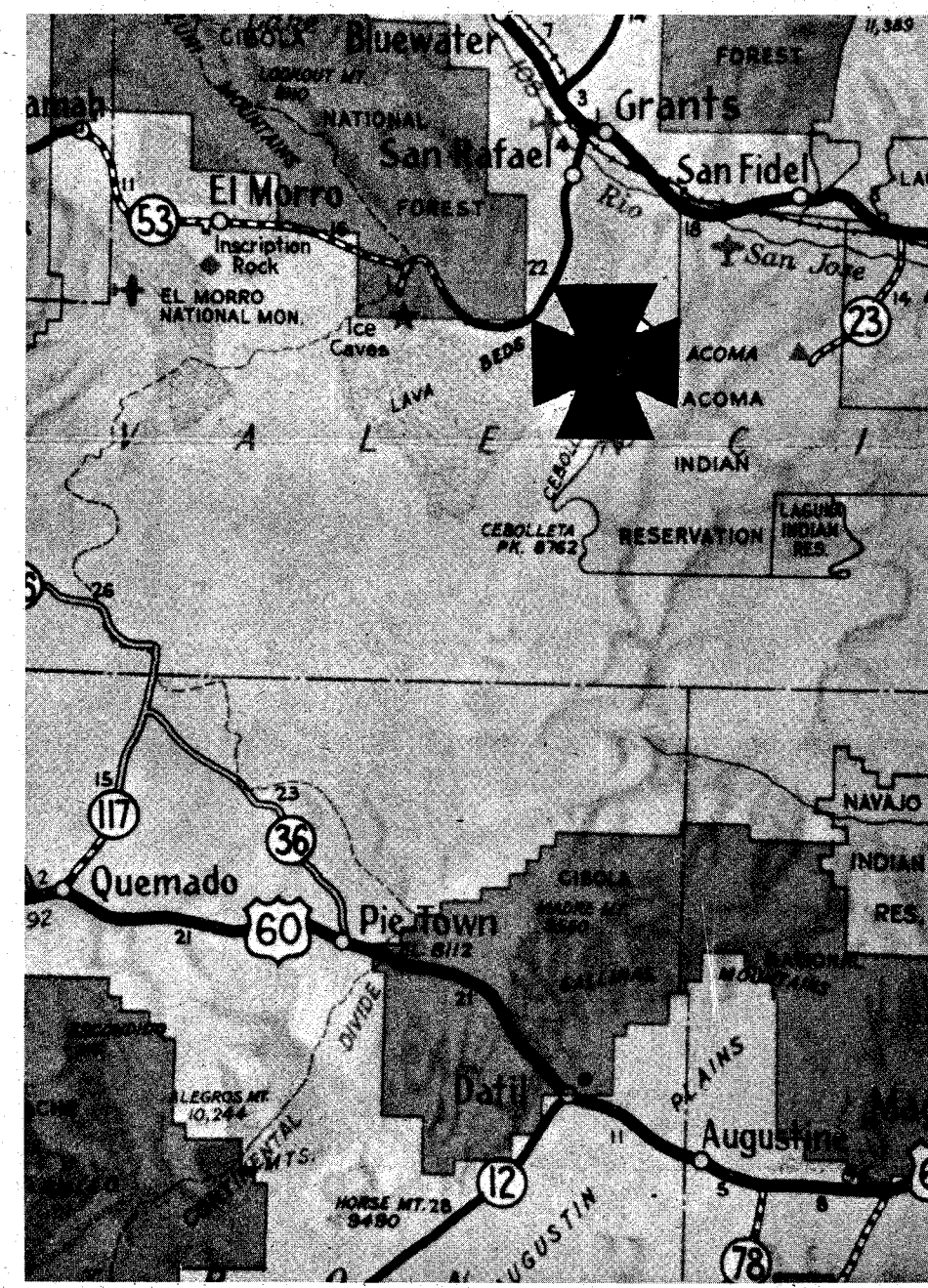
They remained there during the daylight hours, drinking, feasting on the supplies purchased in Grants prior to the robbery, and gloating over their success—awaiting darkness when their journey into the mountainous country, south, could be safely resumed.

Apparently sometime during the day, at a point of high intoxication, they began to quarrel. One of the three was shot through the head. A hole was scooped out in the ground by the other two and the body covered.

Sobered slightly by the realization of what they had done, the remaining two outlaws became panicky. They took a small amount of the loot and hid the remaining portion. They wanted to run, and run as lightly as possible. They saddled up and hastily rode for points south, leaving behind their murdered comrade and practically all of the $100,000 taken during the train hold-up. It could remain hidden there today just as the pair left it!

Why didn't the two robbers return for the loot? Perhaps they did. But Black Jack Christian was already dead at the time and New Mexico law enforcement authorities were rapidly cleaning up the state. Those outlaws who didn't kill each other—as the two may have done—were making themselves as scarce as possible. My bet is the money is still there, waiting for someone to find it!

"X" marks the approximate place the money might be buried. (*New Mexico State Highway Department Map*)



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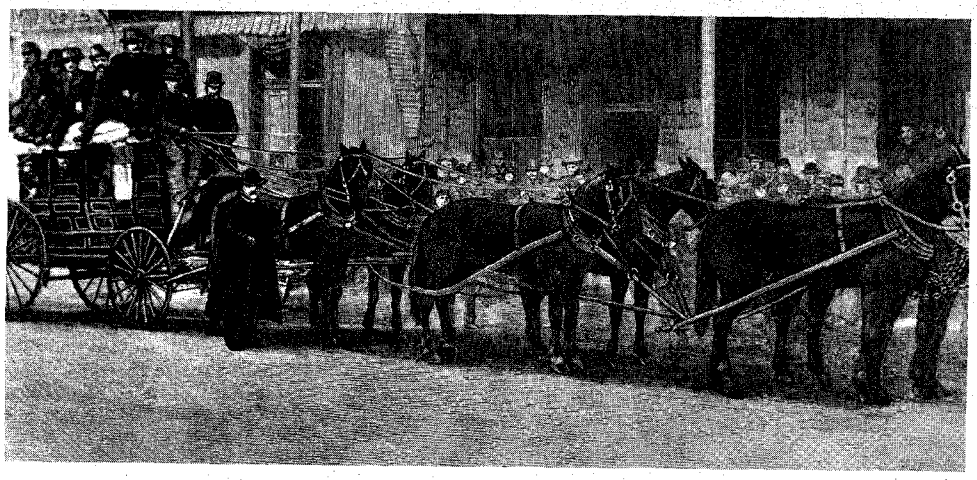

The last coach of the Black Hills stage line departs from Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

Denver Public Library Western Collection Photos

PERHAPS at no other time in history did large groups of people willfully fling themselves into more complete and dangerous isolation than did the seekers for gold who rushed into the Black Hills, Dakota Territory, in 1875-'76. Thousands streamed across prairie and badlands to jam into wild, high-walled Deadwood Gulch, knowing that fierce Sioux war parties were closing in behind their caravans to seal them off from the outside world.

Only after the claims were staked did the terrifying completeness of their isolation make itself felt. An immediate need arose for a means of contact with the rest of the country.

Seeing a chance to cash in, a group of men headed by Charlie Utter, better known as Colorado Charlie, established the Seymour and Utter Pony Express

By ROBERT MICHAEL DUFFY

Isolated in the vast stretches of Dakota Territory the pioneers who had ventured into the Black Hills depended on a few bold riders for their only contact with the outside world.

Hoofbeats West

The Deadwood stage.

Service in the early summer of 1876.

Riding the swiftest horses obtainable, and keeping their guns always ready, these bold riders raced over the dangerous Indian-populated prairie with sacks of mail tied to their saddles. For a time, the Seymour and Utter Pony Express riders sped between Fort Laramie and Deadwood Gulch. Later a route extended between Sidney, Nebraska, and Deadwood, a distance of over 300 miles.

Relay stations, usually just crude shacks with a barn and pole corrals were built at intervals along the route to keep the riders fed and supplied with fresh mounts. These stations were easy targets for Indian attacks. The Indians would kill and scalp the station attendants, steal the horses and burn the buildings but unless an Express Service rider was actually caught at the station during one of these raids, he could skirt the disaster and, by favoring his tired horse, make it on to the next. As the Indians increased their traps and ambushes, the riders resorted to riding at night and often covered the Sidney-Deadwood distance in slightly over forty-eight hours.

Gold, gratitude and hero-worship were heaped upon the reckless men. Long before each scheduled arrival, an eager crowd would form in Deadwood's narrow street, swapping stories and waiting for the mail. As the rider swept suddenly into sight, the crowd would raise a united cheer for the brave rider and his tough, swift horse.

AFTER SEVERAL months of successful operation, Seymour and Utter

(Continued on page 64)

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Some Notes on Jesse James

By STELLA JAMES

N. H. Rose Collection Photos

The author, wife of Jesse James' son, gives her opinion about the hunted man's intentions and attempts at retribution.

THE LEGEND of Jesse James has been given to four generations as stark melodrama of the most lurid sort. Historians have written books with titles such as *The Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James* and *Jesse James Was My Neighbor*. Fourteen motion pictures representing millions of dollars in investments and employing some of the finest talent in Hollywood have been produced, each with a different story.

I was just five weeks old when Jesse James was killed on April 3, 1882, but I want to tell the things I have learned about this famous "badman" from people who knew him and did not believe that Jesse was cruel by nature. As the wife of his son, Jesse Edward James, for more than fifty years, I came to know the James family very well.

Zee, the wife of Jesse James and mother of my husband, spent the last ten months of her life in our home. Zerelda Samuel, the mother of Jesse and Frank, spent two winters in our home, as it was hard for her to keep help on the farm in the winter after her colored boy, Perry, was married.

Frank James and his wife, Anna, visited in our home many times and we visited them in their home on the James farm. John Samuel, the half-brother of Jesse and Frank, was very close to Jesse Jr. and his family. Sally Samuel Nicholson and Fannie Samuel Hall, half-sisters to Jesse and Frank, lived on farms near the old James home in Kearney, Missouri, only thirty miles from our home in Kansas City, Missouri. We enjoyed visiting these farm homes with our four daughters. These people were quiet, industrious farmers, highly respected by the community, and liked by their neighbors.

In March, 1901, Jesse Jr. and I spent the night in the home of Jesse's Aunt Sally Nicholson, his father's half-sister. Aunt Sally lived on a farm near the James home. We had gone there to attend the wedding of Jesse Jr.'s sister, Mary James.

My husband asked Aunt Sally to tell him everything she could remember about his father's last visit to her home a short time before he was killed. She told him that she had warned his father of the danger to himself, his family and others which his return to Missouri caused. She told him that some of the men who had been friends and neighbors —Southern people who had been in sympathy with the cause they had left home to fight for—were now spies working with the sheriffs and detectives in an effort to capture him.

She said Jesse laughed and said he would have to win the friendship of these people all over again when he came home to stay. He said his mother and friends were sure to win their plea to the governor for his surrender and he would stand trial. If convicted, he would serve his time and his family would be free to live at home in Missouri. If he were acquitted, he would build a home on his land and live as a human should live.

Jesse Jr. asked his aunt if the Ford brothers had spent the night in her home. She said they had not. She thought they had slept in the schoolhouse.

The talk between Jesse Jr. and his aunt went on through the night. I remember hearing the roosters crow to announce the breaking of day. Aunt Sally had given Jesse Jr. letters to read, comparing them with clippings from newspapers charging his father with crimes committed hundreds of miles from where he actually was at the times the crimes were committed. She also told Jesse Jr. of the differences between his father and his Uncle Frank, saying that Jesse was of a happy and generous nature, while Frank was more serious and inclined to be selfish at times.

She said that one time when Jesse and Frank returned home, Jesse brought some very beautiful silk he had bought in New York for dresses for her and her sister Fannie. On another occasion, Jesse went to Kansas City and bought her a very nice saddle. She could not remember that Frank had ever given any of them a gift.

"MY GRANDMOTHER and friends of the family went to three different governors of Missouri and begged and pleaded for terms upon which my father could surrender," my husband wrote in 1898.

"These overtures were spurned. My father was anxious to surrender at all times. He told his mother a short time before he was killed that he would be willing to wear duck clothing for the rest of his life if only he could be a free man.

"All of this pleading for a chance to surrender was in vain. His old enemies were working constantly to prejudice the public against him. I have looked through the old files of the Kansas City daily papers and other papers published during those years and it is ridiculous to see what crimes were charged up to the account of my hunted and outlawed father.

"This week there would be a bold robbery somewhere in Missouri and the newspapers would print in big headlines that it had been the James gang. The next week there would be a robbery in Texas and again it would be the James gang. To have committed one-fourth of these crimes that were charged against him, my father would have to have been equipped with an air ship . . . to have made it possible for him to rob a bank in West Virginia Monday night, and hold up a train in Texas three nights later.

"The very day on which my father was killed there was a particularly bold and successful hold-up and robbery of a train in Texas, and the newspapers over the country attributed it to Jesse James. If there are any who doubt that this is true, he may turn to the files of the daily newspapers of that date and prove it true, as it appears on the first page in most of the newspapers."

Several years ago, Carl Breihan, published a photostatic copy of a letter that Jesse James wrote March 2, 1882, a month before he was killed. This letter was in answer to an advertisement that had appeared in the *Lincoln* (Nebraska) *Journal*, offering a 160-acre farm for sale. Jesse wrote that he was interested in buying such a farm and stated that he would be in that country soon. I will

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quote both as they appear in Mr. Breihan's book:

FOR SALE:—A very fine 160 acres, adjoining the town of Franklin, Franklin Co. Corners with depot grounds. Living springs; beautiful creek runs through it. 90 acres in body of finest bottom land; balance young timber. Mill within a mile. As good educational, religious, railroad and other facilities as any point in Western Nebraska. $10 per acre. Address or call on J. P. Calhoun, Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. J. D. Calhoun
Lincoln, Neb
Dear Sir

I have noticed that you have 160 acres of land advertised for sale in Franklin Co Neb please write at once. and let me know the lowest cash price. that will buy your land. give me a full description of the land etc

I want to Purchase a farm of that size provided I can find one to suit I will not buy a farm unless the land is No 1 I will start on a trip in about 8 days to Northern Kans & South Nebruska and if the description of your land suits me. I will look at it & if it suits me. I will buy it from the advertisement in Lincoln Journal I suppose your land can be made a good farm for Stock and grain please answer at once

Respectfully
Tho. Howard
No. 1318 Lafayette St.
St. Josepf, Mo

This would seem to bear out Jesse's statement to his sister Sally that he wanted to change his way of life and live as normal a life as could be possible for a hunted man to live.

Editor's Note: The following is an editorial by Major John N. Edwards which appeared in the Sedalia (Missouri) Democrat the day after the killing. It was not submitted by Mrs. James but was in our own files and we are reprinting it merely as an item of interest to show the flamboyant literary style of the day and to give an example of the height of feeling that James' death aroused. (We would like to stress at this point that we at TRUE WEST are not taking sides in the Jesse James controversy!)

ASSASSINATION OF JESSE JAMES, THE OUTLAW

"Let not Caesar's servile minions,
Mock the lion thus laid low!
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow."

No one among all the hired cowards, hard on the hunt for blood money, dared face this wonderful outlaw, one even against twenty, until he had disarmed himself and turned his back to his assassins, the first and only time in a career which has passed from the realm of an almost fabulous romance into that of history.

We called him outlaw, and he was, but Fate made him so. When the war came he was just turned fifteen. The border was all aflame with steel, and fire, and ambuscade and slaughter. He flung himself into a band which had a black flag for a banner and devils for riders. What he did, he did, and it was fearful. But it was war. It was Missouri against Kansas. It was Jim Lane and Jennison against Quantrill, Anderson and Todd.

When the war closed Jesse James had no home. Proscribed, hunted, shot, driven away from among his people, a price put upon his head—what else could the man do, with such a nature, except what he did do? He had to live. It was his country. The graves of his kindred were there. He refused to be banished from his birthright, and when he was hunted, he turned savagely about and hunted his hunters. Would to God he were alive today to make a righteous butchery of a few more of them!

There never was a more cowardly and unnecessary murder committed in all America than this murder of Jesse James. It was done for money. It was done that a few might get all the money. He had been living in St. Joseph for months. The Fords were with him. He was in the toils, for they meant to betray him. He was in the heart of a large city. One word would have summoned five hundred armed men for his capture or extermination. Not a single member of the attacking party need have been hurt.

If, when his house had been surrounded, he had refused to surrender, he could have been killed on the inside of it and at long range. The chances for him to escape were as one to ten thousand, and not even that; but it was never intended that he should be captured. It was his blood the bloody wretches were after—blood that would bring money in the official market of Missouri.

And this great commonwealth leagued with a lot of self-confessed robbers, highwaymen and prostitutes to have one of its citizens assassinated, before it was positively known he had committed a single crime worthy of death.

Of course, everything that can be said about the dead man to justify the manner of his killing will be said; but who is saying it? Those with the blood of Jesse James on their guilty souls. Those who conspired to murder him. Those who wanted the reward, and would invent any lie or concoct any diabolical story to get it. They have succeeded, but such a cry of horror and indignation at the infernal deed is even now thundering over the land that if a single one of the miserable assassins had either manhood, conscience or courage, he would go as another Judas, and hang himself.

But so sure as God reigns, there never was a dollar of blood-money obtained yet which did not bring with it perdition. Sooner or later there comes a day of vengeance. Some among the murderers are mere beasts of prey. These, of course, can only suffer through cold, or hunger, or thirst; but whatever they dread most, that thing will happen. Others again among the murderers are sanctimonious devils who plead the honor of the state, the value of law and order, the splendid courage required to shoot an unarmed man in the back of the head; and these will be stripped to their

(Continued on page 55)

Left, Jesse James in 1875. Center, Frank James at an early age. Right, Zerelda Samuel (mother of Jesse and Frank James) in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, in 1906.

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Frontier Sister of Courage

By AMY PASSMORE HURT

LONG HIDDEN letters and diaries that were compiled into a book in 1932 under the title, *At the End of the Santa Fe Trail*, have brought to light the story of Sister Blandina Segale, who for twenty-two years in the late nineteenth century was one of the chief civilizing factors in the area between Trinidad, Colorado, and Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Born Rosa Maria Segale, January 23, 1850, in the hilly country near Genoa, Italy, Sister Blandina emigrated to the United States with her family in 1854. They settled in Cincinnati, where the hills reminded them of their native Liguria. Gently reared and carefully shielded by her aristocratic Italian parents, little Rosa went to a convent school. When she was sixteen she took the vows of the Sisters of Charity. She was named Sister Blandina.

She was teaching in a parochial school in Steubenville, Ohio, in 1872, when she received word from her superior, Sister Josephine, that she was to proceed at once to Trinidad. She assumed, delightedly, that she was going to Trinidad in the West Indies. When her relatives and friends found out that her destination was actually Trinidad, Colorado, they were shocked. The West was full of wild animals, bandits and—worst of all—cowboys!

"No woman of virtue is safe from a cowboy," she was told by two of her townsmen who had spent some time in the frontier town. Massacres and murders, they said, were common.

Frightened and dismayed, the little nun remembered the words the bishop had murmured when he had given her his blessings a few days before, "May angels guard your footsteps, my child."

She was to repeat those words again and again in the years that followed.

TELLING HER friends and relatives goodbye, she traveled west to the end of the railroad, then continued by stage through the December cold. To her horror, the stage stopped in the night to pick up another passenger—a cowboy!

The young girl pressed hard against her corner of the coach, her hands clasped so tightly that her fingers ached.

Suddenly a voice boomed out in the darkness. "Madam."

"Sir?" She managed.

"What kind of a sister are you?"

"A Sister of Charity." She scarcely recognized her own voice.

"Oh?" There was a pause. "Whose sister?"

"Everyone's sister," she said, adding, "a person who gives her life for others."

"Oh?" The booming voice became humble. "Oh . . ."

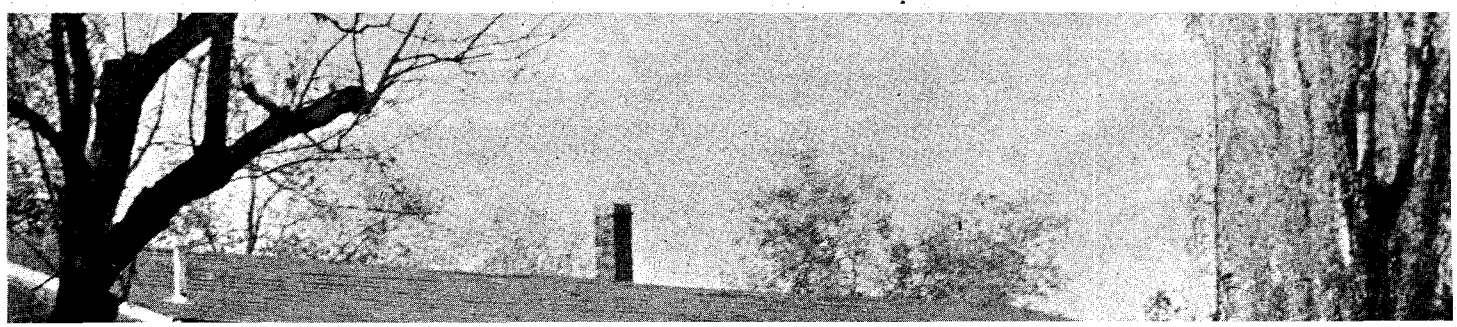
She knew then that she had nothing to fear. Relaxing, she asked him about his family. He had none, except an old mother to whom he had not written for years. Gently she chided him for his neglect. Before the journey was over, she had extracted a promise that he would write home immediately.

Life as the sheltered girl had known it ended abruptly when the stage reached Trinidad. She looked about for houses and other buildings but only saw three dusty streets lined with adobe dwellings and mere holes dug into the foothills. She wrote later in her journal that they "looked like kennels for dogs." The town, she was to learn, was then the rendezvous for outlaws who were plundering and terrorizing the Santa Fe Trail.

"But," she wrote, "I remembered my perfect health, and bright and vivid came to my vision the life of St. Francis Xavier, farther away, in even a more desolate country."

The convent, she learned, had one schoolroom, a cemetery and a chapel, the latter furnished with pews made of planks nailed together. For candlesticks, recently-emptied bottles of some of the popular brands of the day were used.

Sister Blandina found that the majority of her pupils were Indians, most of whom were at least a foot taller than she and some years older. She spoke



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History credits various gunslinging marshals with "taming" certain towns in the West. Little Sister Blandina did more than that—she civilized them as well.

enough Spanish to teach them English, the first teacher in that wild country to do so. She also taught them to wear more civilized clothing.

The spring after her arrival, the Utes went on the warpath. In her journal she wrote that the uprising stemmed from ruthless attacks on Indian homes by land-grabbing whites. Lynchings, murders and massacres were common. Four men were hanged outside her schoolhouse one day. On another occasion the youthful nun accompanied the sheriff through the streets beside a doomed man who was going to the bedside of his victim to beg forgiveness for having fatally injured him.

Another episode that touched her occurred when a Ute chief brought his dying young son to her to receive the last rites.

"He was baptized," said the chief. "Is he to die like a dog? Our white brothers call us dogs, you know."

She saw to it that his request was granted.

SISTER BLANDINA, unhappy with the miserable schoolhouse with its blackened adobe walls and two tiny windows which gave little light and even less ventilation, made plans to build a new one.

"We do need a new building, but there is not one cent with which to build it," protested Sister Eulalia, another nun.

Eyes twinkling merrily, Sister Blandina said, "I've a plan. I shall borrow a crowbar, get up on the roof and begin to detach some adobe from the walls. The first good Mexican who comes along will see me and ask me what I'm doing. I shall tell him that I am tumbling down the old building in order to build a new one before the fall term starts."

"You wouldn't!" gasped Sister Eulalia.

"Wouldn't I?"

Contrary to her expectations, it was Doña Juanita Simpson, wife of a prominent Trinidad businessman, who first spied her.

"Sister! For the love of Heaven, what are you doing?"

Peering down, Sister Blandina said, "I'm tearing down this building. A schoolhouse like we have in the United States (it was so hard to realize that this *was* the same country) is badly needed. We have no money, so . . ." she shrugged.

Agitated, Doña Simpson hurried away, returning in a short time with a group of men who were willing to take over.

Some months later, entering the new, well-lighted building with its flowering windowboxes and blackboards built into the wall, the little nun could hardly believe success had been so quickly attained.

(Continued on page 71)

Sister Blandina (*Archives, Sisters of Charity, Mount Saint Joseph, Ohio*)

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SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
County of Santa Clara.

San Jose, March 18th 1875.

To A. C. Bassett Esq

SIR.— Pursuant to the Statute in such cases you are hereby invited to be present at the execution of Tiburcio Vasquez, at the Jail of said County, in San Jose, on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1875, at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

J. H. ADAMS, Sheriff.

PRESENT AT JAIL ENTRANCE. NOT TRANSFERABLE

A copy of the invitation to Vasquez' hanging. (*Wells Fargo Bank*)

The Legend That

HISTORY DOES not agree with my grandmother's opinion of Tiburcio Vasquez, but legend does. Legend agrees with Grandma that he was not all bad.

"We weren't afraid of him. Children weren't," she recalled.

He rode a beautiful white horse, and when the children saw him in the Fort Tejon area they could expect to receive candy from the raven-haired, fastidiously dressed man. There were few human contacts on the Ridge Route near Bakersfield in the sixties and early seventies, and the children needed heroes.

Grandma was only thirteen at the time Vasquez "swung from the rope 'til dead;" we were older than that before we knew that he was not the Robin Hood of the Ridge Route. Our opinion of him was born and nourished with Grandma's stories, but many prominent and well-meaning adults of the time added to the legend of good, even after he swaggered to the gallows. One of the cattle kings, upon hearing the sentence pronounced by the San Jose judge, offered $20,000 if the sentence could be changed to life imprisonment.

"It's too strong! There's too much good in that man!"

Vasquez himself did nothing to dispel the fiction. He must have been considered good copy by the reporters of the time, for after his capture his statements were variously reported and did nothing to stop the rumors already begun. (He had consented to talk only after being told that the San Francisco papers would carry his story.) At one time he was supposed to have bragged that he had killed fifty-four men in his time; on another occasion, he reportedly claimed he had not even shed blood.

It was said that he was a caballero with the ladies, and he furthered this idea by admitting to an absorbing partiality for the softer sex. He once went to Hollister to a dance because a sweetheart would be there—and escaped in front of a posse in lady's skirt and mantilla. History says it was this weakness for the señoritas that brought about his downfall, but when asked if a woman had anything to do with his capture, he laughed.

"No. I never trusted one with information that could harm me."

But the information which an outraged husband could give the law could indeed harm him and did, in fact, bring the rope to his neck.

VASQUEZ WAS born in Monterey County in 1837, a native of Mexican descent. His parents were people of good circumstances. They owned a tract of land and furnished their six children with all the necessities. Tiburcio had a reasonably good education, learning to read and write both Spanish and English, although he had little book knowledge otherwise.

Even the descriptions of the physical man are at variance, as befits a legend. A minister of the gospel, who had seen Vasquez two or three times, vowed, "I had never before seen such power of malign expression in so young a face. He was but a youth, slender but compactly built, and of fairer skin than is common with Mexicans. The whole countenance expressed malevolence, but his eyes were nature's special label of one of her malignest."

Even if the "eyes" have it, they did not frighten children—or sweethearts. He was small of frame—about 130 pounds, an easy load for a horse on long forced rides.

The boy Tiburcio grew up during a period in history when the Mexican was just beginning to feel the unpopularity of a minority group. With the discovery of gold, the old, easy-going days of the mission-bred natives were gone. The hard-working gold seekers were practical men, living for today, not mañana. Vasquez did not adapt to the times, as his brothers and sisters seem to have done.

He resented the gringos. When a boisterous miner took his dancing partner, Vasquez flamed and his gun flamed with him. A constable was killed (or merely wounded, or not wounded at all, or stabbed to the heart, depending on which version you read). Vasquez was away on his horse, a hunted and hated man.

Grandma's version of the incident that sent him into a life of crime implies that he was justified.

"He took his sister to a dance in Los Angeles," she reminisced. "There, somebody insulted the sister, a very pretty woman. So, of course, Vasquez pulled out his six-shooter and killed him."

When asked by a reporter whether or not it was true that he was driven to

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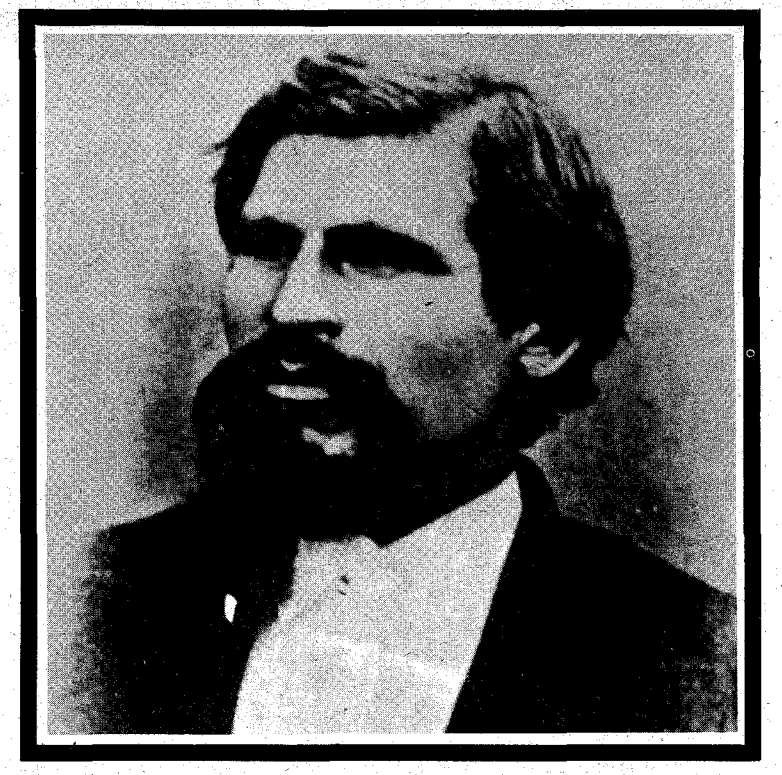
An enraged husband was said to be his undoing, but before the end of the trail came for Tiburcio, he swept across California in a swashbuckling and deadly style.



Tiburcio Vasquez (*N. H. Rose Collection*)

Was Vasquez

By J. R. BRADLEY

outlawry by the injuries inflicted by Americans, Vasquez' answer was calculated to let the listener fill in the gaps.

"To a certain extent, yes. When I lived in Monterey County I kept a dance house and sold liquor. The Americans used to come in and beat and abuse me and maltreat my woman."

MANY OF the native Mexicans felt a divided patriotism during the early years of California statehood. These tensions brought out hundreds of would-be successors to Joaquin Murietta, the most widely-known of the early bandits. Vasquez may have had some early training with Murietta's gang when, with his mother's blessing, he set off on his vengeful career. He would have been in his early teens at the time, however, and it seems doubtful. But whoever his teacher, his knowledge was thorough and his practice extensive.

His earliest exploits were in and around Monterey, where he robbed peddlers of money and clothing. Later he turned to stagecoaches, and dabbled a while in horse and cattle stealing, associating with one or another brigand as the occasion arose. In his own words, he was robbing "as rapidly as circumstances permitted" until, in Los Angeles in 1857, he had his first encounter with the law.

He was caught for cattle stealing and sentenced to prison. Once he escaped in a general prison break, but was recaptured and served his term until 1863. He later maintained that he tried to lead a peaceful life at the home of his parents after his release, but was accused of being a confederate of Procopio and Soto and threatened with a return to prison. Before long his name began to crop up in newspapers—and soon he was again in jail, convicted of horse-stealing.

"I was forced to become a fugitive, and robbed whenever opportunity offered. I believe I owe my frequent escapes solely to *mi valor* (my bravery)."

His stature as a badman was actually enhanced by the prison terms; after his release he had no difficulty assembling a gang of cohorts for more ambitious exploits. After a third stay in prison, he was released in 1870, and it was during the next four years that his name spread terror from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

"I had confederates with me from the first and was always considered leader," he boasted.

At the height of his career of robbery, murder, fires and knifings, he robbed and rode away, murdered and made fun of his pursuers, fought and loved—and those he loved hid him and fed him. Many California Mexicans considered him a patriot and quietly nurtured his "information grapevine." Even some who did not look on him as a patriot, hid and fed him and his gang. It was wiser to offer shelter and live than to inform and die—or simply disappear, as a too-garrulous member of the bandit gang once did.

EACH FORAY seems to have carried its contradictory stories, its facts or the start of a bit of fiction. One of his earliest links with murder was at the quicksilver mining town of Enriquita in Santa Clara County. An Italian butcher was found dead, and several hundred dollars were missing. Vasquez was the only Californian who could speak English to any great degree, so he was sworn in as interpreter at the coroner's inquest. A few days later, the sheriff received information which led him to believe that Vasquez and a friend were responsible for the murder. But both men had disappeared. Vasquez' services as interpreter must have given him great satisfaction. The verdict was murder at the hands of some person or persons unknown!

His hands were red, according to history, and were to stay that way, although he protested that he never killed a man.

"One man was disposed to show fight," he commented in relating an exploit. "To preserve order I shot him in the leg and made him sit down."

It does seem reasonable that order must be preserved during the course of a robbery, but another method was so often used that it became Vasquez' trademark. If no resistance was offered, the victims were ordered to lie on the ground and their hands were bound behind them.

One of the bloodiest assaults was the Tres Pinos massacre, where three died and two were left unconscious. Two months later Jones' Store in Millerton was destroyed. Two months after that, thirty-six men at Kingston were robbed

(Continued on page 48)

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Wolf-catcher Jack Abernathy (center, holding wolf) and members of the famous 1905 wolf hunt. Quanah Parker is kneeling at Abernathy's left; the President is second from the right. At the far right is Burk Burnett. The others are unidentified. (*Amon G. Carter*)

Teddy Roosevelt's Wolf Hunt

By WAYNE GARD

Catch a wolf barehanded? The President couldn't quite believe the Oklahoma marshal's story and had to see for himself.

CATCHING wolves with bare hands can be exciting sport, certain old-time cowmen around Wichita Falls and Vernon, Texas, will tell you. They still recall the big wolf hunt they made with Theodore Roosevelt in the Red River country in the spring of 1905.

Roosevelt had been President nearly four years at the time of the hunt. He was fed up with politics and said he wanted to get away where he wouldn't have to think about fourth-class postmasters. So he accepted an invitation to Texas from his old friend, Sloan Simpson.

Simpson was the son of a pioneer cattle king and Dallas banker, Colonel John N. Simpson. When Sloan was a youngster, he had gone north with one of his father's Texas herds in the 1880's and had met T. R. at a cattlemen's convention at Miles City, Montana. There the elder Simpson had invited the New Yorker from Medora to throw his cowboys in with the big Simpson outfit that was starting out to gather 75,000 cattle along the Powder River.

Later Sloan Simpson had met Roosevelt occasionally at St. Marks and Harvard. In 1898 he had enlisted in T. R.'s Rough Riders and served in Cuba. After the short war, he went back to Harvard for his final year, then worked nearly a year for his cousin, Burk Burnett, on the latter's 6666 Ranch in the Indian Territory. After that, in partnership with his great-uncle, J. R. Couts of Weatherford, he bought a ranch in Bailey County, Texas, which borders on New Mexico.

While attending a diplomatic luncheon at the White House in January, 1904, Simpson told the President about Jack Abernathy, United States marshal for the western Indian Territory. Abernathy caught wolves with his bare hands and brought them back to camp. Simpson invited the dubious T. R. to come

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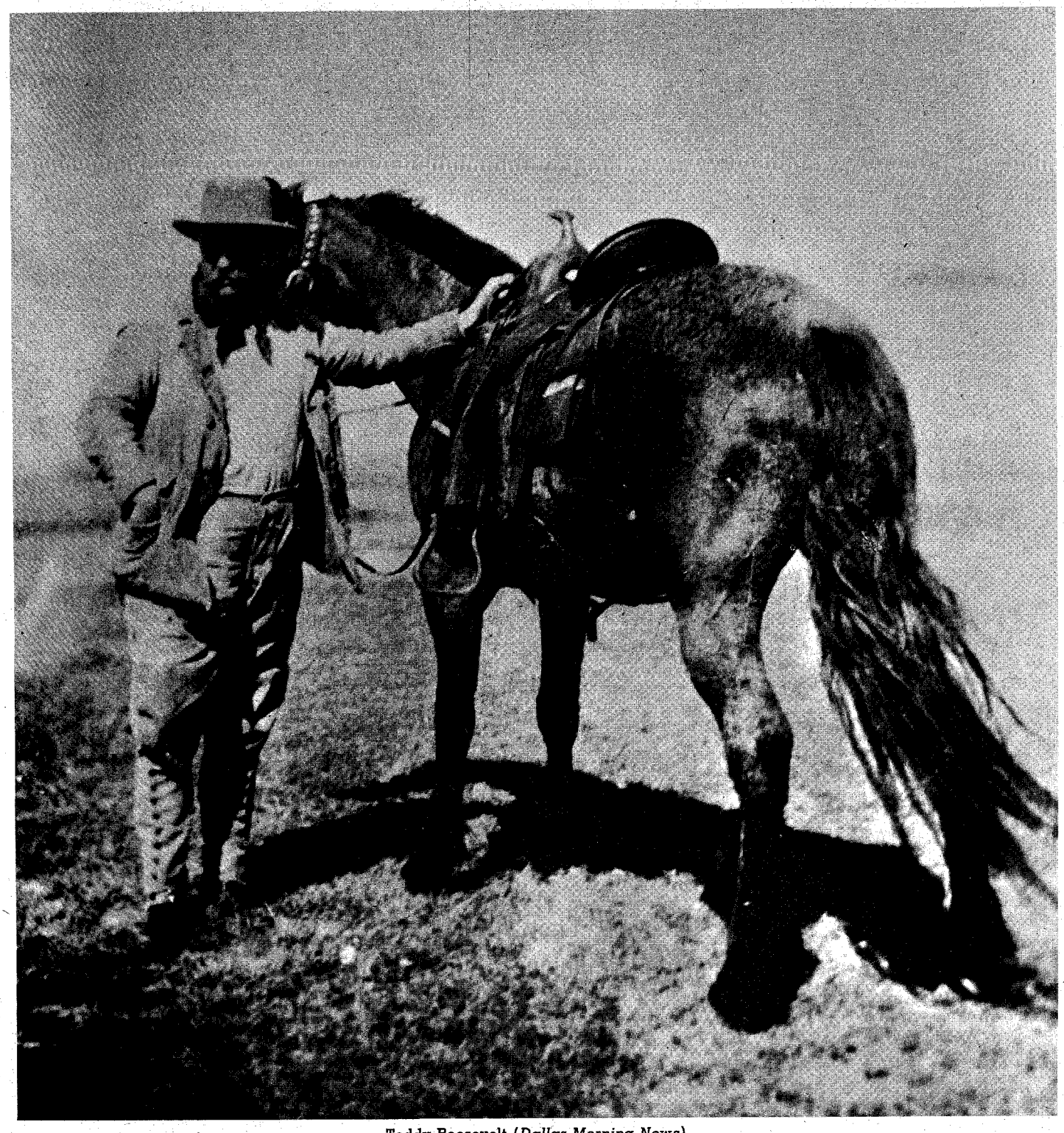

Teddy Roosevelt (*Dallas Morning News*)

out and see for himself. But as that was the year of a presidential election, the trip had to be postponed.

That summer Simpson was one of the Texas delegates to the Chicago Republican convention that nominated Roosevelt for a full term in the White House. In November the President accepted Simpson's invitation for a wolf hunt in the following spring.

REALIZING that his own ranch was too far from the President's line of travel, Simpson went to Fort Worth to talk with Burk Burnett. The latter readily agreed to have the hunt on his ranch north of the Red River and obtained cooperation from his neighbor on the west, Tom Waggoner. This would place the hunt in the Big Pasture Reserve, between Lawton and Frederick, Oklahoma, which was leased to various cowmen.

The presidential train made stops at Louisville and St. Louis. In the latter city it was boarded by Sloan Simpson and Colonel Cecil A. Lyon, a Sherman lumber and hardware dealer who was a national Republican committeeman. T. R. was greeted with ovations at many places, including Parsons, Durant, Denison, Sherman, and Plano. At Dallas on April 5, a crowd estimated at 25,000 greeted the President, who spoke from an open-air platform on Commerce Street just east of the Oriental Hotel. That night he was toasted at a banquet. Former Governer James S. Hogg eulogized the President, and William H. Atwell presented him with a loving cup.

The train stopped the next morning in Austin, where T. R. called on Governor S. W. T. Lanham and spoke to the Legislature. Then it went on to San Antonio for another banquet and a reunion of the Rough Riders. In Fort Worth on the seventh, the President was

(Continued on page 52)

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Tangle Hair, a Cheyenne patriarch, and his granddaughter.

Cheyenne Courtship and Marriage

By BILL JUDGE

Editor's Note: You asked for more about Indian family life and customs. Here you are!

A GROUP of young teen-aged boys were en route from their homes in the little village to the swimming hole for an afternoon dip in the cool water. As they sauntered along kicking up dust and discussing a football game that was to take place that evening, they noticed the frantic squirming of a puppy in the arms of a young girl. She was dressing it in doll clothes and talking to it as though it were her small child. The confused puppy was trying to break free to rejoin its brothers and sisters in a more exclusive puppy game.

Not far away lay a baby on a blanket, kicking its legs and chortling with glee. Tiring of this and wanting attention it began to cry. Its mother came through the door of their home and picked up the baby saying, "You can have your meal but then you are going to take a long nap, little potbelly." After feeding it, she crooned and rocked it to sleep.

The boys, who had not paused, had gone on across the village square. Suddenly they were stopped by an elderly fan of their football team. "I saw you boys smoking last night. Don't you know that it will make you short-winded? How can you expect to play a good game of football if you have no endurance? You had better wait until you are older before you start smoking."

Looking around to see who might be listening, the boys hung their heads and started on, momentarily squelched, because they knew the older man was right. But the teens are a difficult age; one is neither an adult nor a child. Sometimes the aging process has to be forced, just a little.

A pretty girl passed by, trim of figure and stepping lightly as only a young girl can. The boys swelled their chests and whistled in appreciation, hoping for a smile of invitation or at least of recognition. The girl blushed and passed on by.

The boys continued walking until, a few doors farther on, they saw a bride being carried across the threshold of her new home for the first time. The home and all of its furniture had been supplied by the bride's parents and relatives as part of her dowry.

These boys might be modern boys in any town in the U. S. A., but the events just described really took place in a Cheyenne village over 100 years ago. The scenes actually could have happened, for

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such was daily life among the Cheyennes.

Let's go back a little farther and follow the Cheyenne newly-weds through their courtship and marriage.

IT WAS an early spring night; twilight had lingered long and the moon was peeking over the western hills into the little village nestled in the bend of the creek. The sounds of the day had hushed, the men had completed their plans for the next morning, the women had returned to their own lodges, the tired children had tumbled into their beds. Softly from the hills outside the camp came the pleading tones of a tender love song, played on a mellow flute.

Inside a certain lodge, the elders listened with thorough enjoyment and understanding, smiling at each other and casting sidelong glances at the eligible daughter of the lodge.

She, with a feigned indifference to the call of the flute, proceeded with her duties, ignoring the amused glances of her relatives.

Gradually approaching the lodge, the love strain growing more intimate and quickening to the pulse and the breath of the girl within, the flute paused outside the lodge. The girl stopped her work and went swiftly outside to meet the lover who had declared his feelings for all the village to hear.

A young man of the Cheyennes was expected to court a girl from one to five years. He was expected to prove that he was capable of supporting and protecting his wife and family.

Sometimes, during the courtship, both of the young people would wish to reassure each other of their undying love, as all young people do. They would exchange rings made of horn or metal as a pledge of affection and betrothal. If, as occasionally happened, illusion stumbled over reality and one of them married another, the jilted one could request the return of the token. The bereft or forsaken one could also throw away the faithless pledge of the errant lover.

Cheyenne women were devoted wives and tender mothers; they were hard-working, frugal rulers of the lodge and the village. The standard of virtue among Cheyenne maidens was so high that it would have been a credit to any society in the world.

When a girl became a young woman, the event was announced by the father (who gave away presents in honor of her new position), and was celebrated by the whole tribe.

From the time of this dedication until her marriage, the young girl wore the Cheyenne version of a chastity belt. The rope was knotted around her waist above the hips, the ends passing between and around her thighs down to just above the knees. She wore it night and day, whenever she left the lodge. If any man disregarded it, he could be killed by relatives of the girl without criticism.

If the young woman ever voluntarily forgot the law of the rope, she was without rights in the village. She was never married and was always pointed out as an object of scorn.

A YOUNG Cheyenne, when sure that the object of his affections returned his love, would send an older relative or friend to request her in marriage from her parents or guardians. The number of horses he was willing to exchange for the girl accompanied this representative. The gift horses, often loaded with presents, were tied in front while the emissary entered the lodge to say that the young brave wished to marry the daughter.

He would not remain for an answer, but would immediately leave, allowing the parents to deliberate over the proposal. The horses could remain in front of the lodge for only twenty-four hours, during which time a decision had to be made and the horses either accepted or rejected. If the answer were unfavorable, the horses and gifts were returned untouched to the unlucky swain.

The girl, of course, and her oldest brother had a voice in the discussion. He recounted the good or bad qualities of the suitor, on the hunt or on the warpath. The girl would listen to everything said; after weighing the matter, she would agree to or reject the proposed marriage. Hers was the final decision.

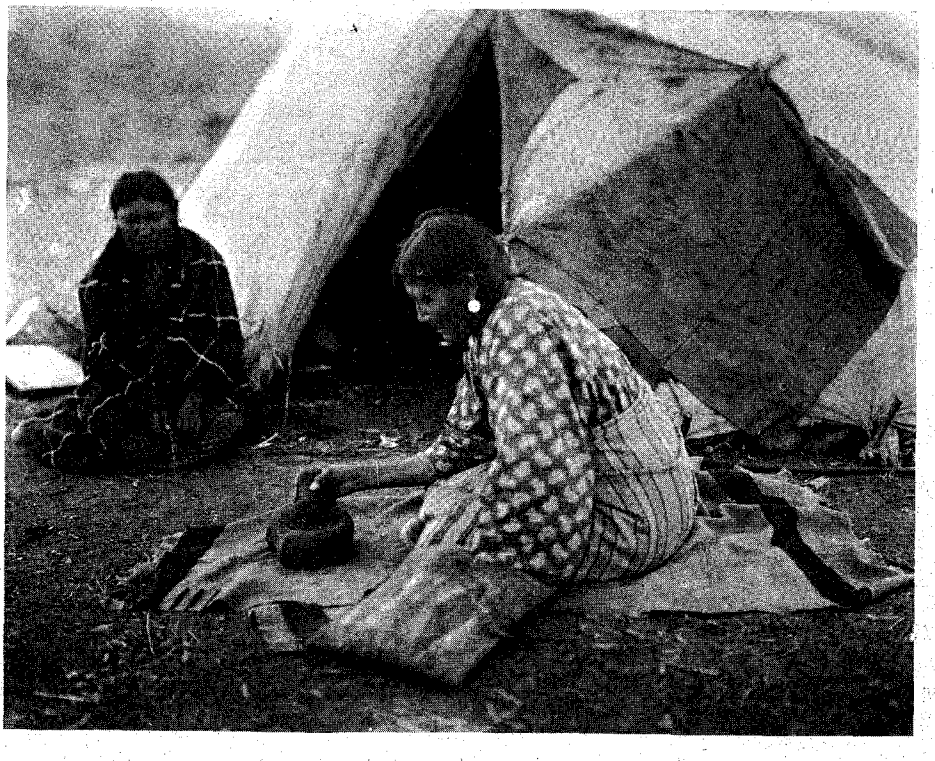
If the girl approved of the match, she was sent to the young man, also accompanied by horses and presents (sometimes greater in number and value than had been sent to the parents' lodge). While the courtship may have been long, matters proceeded rapidly after the acceptance and exchange of horses and gifts. Marriage ceremonies were not often delayed more than forty-eight hours.

But often, of course, things did not

(Continued on page 58)

"Primitive" peoples had organized and well-integrated social patterns. Here is an inside glance into the village life of the Cheyenne Indians.

Left, Cheyenne women with travois. Right, crushing berries.



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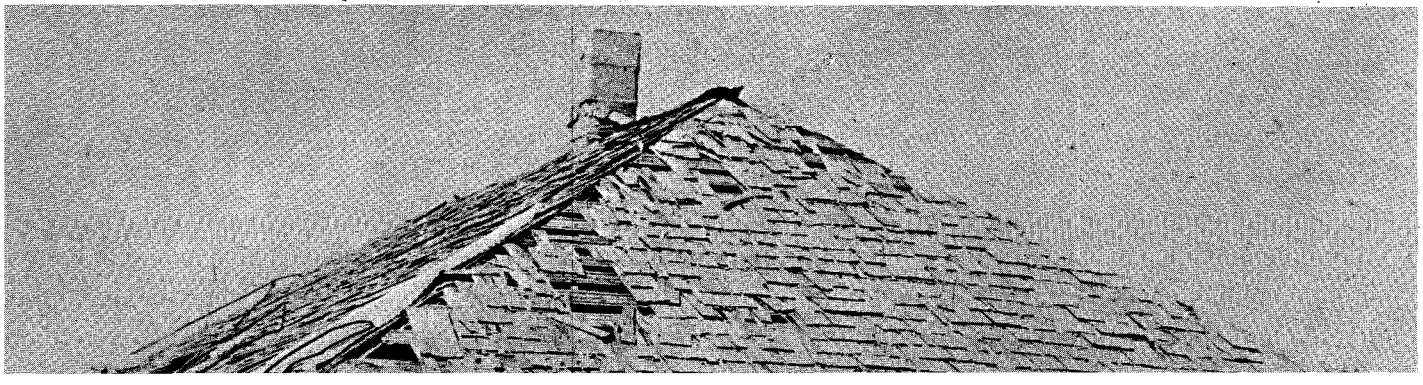
Above, Judge D. C. Nellis. Below, a sod house in the vicinity of Toulon. (*Hays Daily News*)



NO ONE knows exactly what incident first caused the bad blood between the Stackhouse and Kipple families. Both were of solid pioneer stock, living on adjoining homesteads at Toulon, Kansas, in 1879. Traditionally, as neighbors, they should have been close friends. They weren't.

The trouble between them involved a third family—that of Levi Bradley Wilcox. Backed by William Stackhouse, a fairly substantial farmer whose wife, young sons and brother Charles lived with him, Wilcox apparently accused Kipple, his wife and five children, of illegally filing on some land on which Wilcox had previously filed under the pre-emption law. This caused a "war of words" between the two families.

However, until the afternoon of May 8, 1879, none of the participants took action. On that date, Wilcox left his newly-built soddy in his wife's care and went to Hays on business. Mrs. Wilcox, after getting the baby to sleep, decided

Murder

Samuel Kipp

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to visit Mrs. Cornelius Smith, her sister, who lived on a homestead nearby.

While both Wilcoxes were gone, Samuel Kipple and his two sons, both between fifteen and twenty years of age, dropped by to see Wilcox. Finding no one home (they did not notice that the baby was there), they tore down the walls of the soddy. The dirt roof fell in on the sleeping Wilcox child. Mrs. Wilcox, apparently returning just at that time, ran up to the debris screaming and rescued the baby. Miraculously, it was not hurt.

Wilcox, purportedly under William Stackhouse's urging, filed charges against the Kipples, who were arrested, convicted and fined for housebreaking as a result of the incident.

Incensed but not discouraged by the loss of his home, Levi Wilcox, with the aid of his father and neighbors, Cornelius Smith and Chester Rauch, laid the foundation for a new sod house halfway between the Kipple home and that of

The two Stackhouse men, accompanied by Levi Wilcox and Chester Rauch, both armed with revolvers, set out for the Wilcox soddy. Plowed ground over which they walked showed later that they had stopped close together about twenty feet southeast of the soddy, where they saw Samuel Kipple, who had just returned from Hays, within six feet of the house holding a broomhandle cane. Suddenly a shot—or two shots fired simultaneously—broke the silence and Kipple fell forward, mortally wounded.

Frightened, the four armed men immediately returned to Smith's. Cornelius' father, as he received his gun back from Charles Stackhouse, remarked, "Why, it's hot yet!"

At this very moment, three constables were driving toward Kipple's with a warrant for the arrest of the two boys. As they drove past the sod walls, they saw a body lying on the ground on the north side of the soddy. They recognized Samuel Kipple, his arms somewhat

party that the bullet had penetrated the pine studding and the victim's head.

BUT WHO shot Kipple? William Stackhouse said Charles had done it. Old man Smith testified he had loaded his gun the day before, hoping to go hunting. Charles had returned the gun hot and no longer loaded.

In the preliminary examination before Squire Humphrey, Isaac M. Yost (the best gunshot in Hays) was asked to fire the weapons carried by William and Charles Stackhouse. County Attorney D. C. Nellis, Reverend Sharp, Yost, Dave Montgomery and a few others made up the shooting party. Yost aimed and fired at the door frame with the Smith gun loaded as it had been when handed to Charles Stackhouse. The buckshot and bullets embedded themselves in the door frame but did not go through. William Stackhouse's gun, however, put a bullet cleanly through the door frame from corner to corner. The verdict was that

at Toulon

By MOLLIE MADDEN

Kansas homesteader, died needlessly.

Two brothers fought for their lives and reputations in and out of court. Which one was the murderer?

Cornelius Smith, but still on the disputed claim. The workers had just set the door frame, a 2x6 of pine, in the east end of the new soddy and had the walls up about breast-high when a burst of revolver shots whizzed over their heads.

"Look out!" Wilcox warned, "it's the Kipple boys. They're in that buffalo wallow north." Although no one was injured, work was stopped as frightened men threw down their tools.

At the time of this incident, Samuel Kipple was in Hays consulting an attorney to see what legal action he could take against Wilcox.

ON STACKHOUSE'S advice, Levi Wilcox and his father hitched up and drove to Hays to see the County Attorney, D. C. Nellis. By five o'clock they had sworn out a warrant for the arrest of the Kipple boys on a charge of assault with intent to murder. They returned home, stopping to see Cornelius Smith between six and seven o'clock. During their visit, Smith stepped outside his dugout for a minute.

"There's a man over there at the sod house right now!" he shouted. "I can't make out who it is."

From his home, William Stackhouse had also seen the man at the sod house. Seizing his rifle, he headed for the Smith's. His deaf brother Charles followed him, unarmed. Cornelius Smith's father brought out his gun, a heavy rifle with a bored-out barrel used as a shotgun, and handed it to Charles. Afterward, in court, it was shown to have been heavily loaded with six or more buckshot and three or more rifle bullets.

spread out, his jack-knife clutched in his right hand, and his faithful dog and walking stick lying near him. Kipple had been dead only a short time, about fifteen minutes. Greatly agitated, the constables hastily returned to Hays to inform the county attorney of the tragedy.

Within thirty minutes a party consisting of the county attorney, Deputy Sheriff Howard, Coroner Snyder and a few others, drove to Toulon. About midnight they carried the body of Samuel Kipple home to his wife. The Kipple boys, still hiding out after their afternoon's escapade, did not learn of their father's death until two hours later.

A coroner's jury was empaneled and an autopsy performed. Only one wound had been made, on the right side of the face, ranging upward. In the skull were found two pieces of lead that might have chipped off one bullet. The jury held that William Stackhouse had fired the fatal bullet and Sheriff Howard immediately took him into custody and took his gun.

The murder weapon was a heavy six-shot revolving rifle with one chamber discharged. Stackhouse explained that he had shot a rabbit on his way to Smith's the evening before. During the investigation, Charles Stackhouse vanished completely and was not seen again until nearly three years after Kipple's murder.

On the following day, Deputy Howard and party examined the tracks in the plowed field. They found a bullet hole in the door post in a direct line between the Stackhouse tracks and the Kipple position at the exact height of Kipple's head. It was rightly concluded by the

William's gun had fired the death shot. The party then requested Dave Montgomery to sing a hymn in tribute to Ike Yost's fine marksmanship and Montgomery obliged with —

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all creatures here below
Praise Him above, Ye Heavenly Host
Praise Nellis, Sharp and I. M. Yost.

William Stackhouse was brought to trial in the District Court before Judge J. H. Prescott of the Fourteenth Judicial District in September, 1879. The result was a hung jury.

Although the testimony of old man Smith, Mrs. Cornelius Smith and her young son corroborated Stackhouse's story that he had shot a rabbit, the second jury held that if Charles Stackhouse's gun had killed Kipple, there would have been several wounds in Kipple's face. They brought in a verdict of "Guilty of Murder in Second Degree" against William Stackhouse and on February 19, 1880, William was sentenced to twelve years in the Kansas Penitentiary.

THE CASE was by no means closed. Charles Stackhouse, also indicted for murder, could not be found. J. G. Mohler, one of William's attorneys, appealed to the District Court. The case was included in the Twenty-fourth Supreme Court's reports. The appeal took twenty-seven days to hear and constituted two large volumes containing 2,000 pages. When the courthouse burned, the records were destroyed. But

(Continued on page 72)

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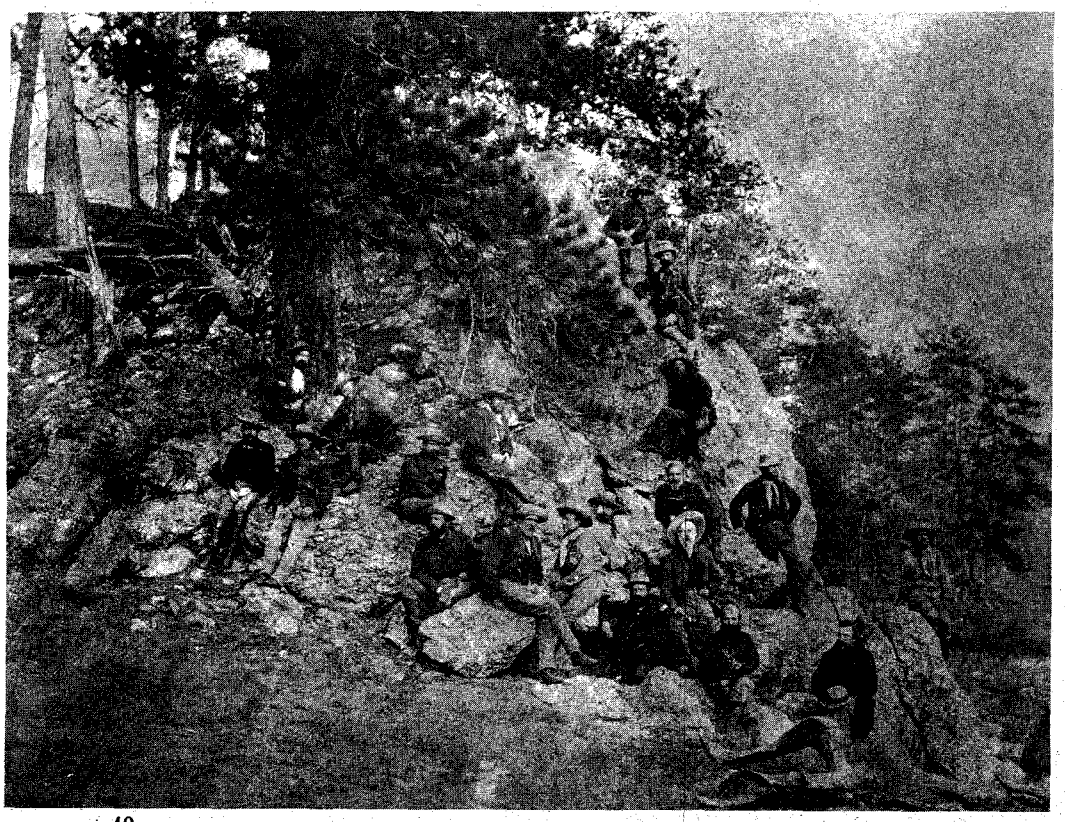
Al Sieber, scout, and Tommy Cruse, shavetail, made an unbeatable combination. They led the Army to one of its most decisive victories in the . . .

Battle of Big Dry Wash

By DAN L. THRAPP

National Archives Photos

Above, Al Seiber (center, seated), and four Apache scouts pose with a visitor (center, standing) from Washington, D.C. Below, officers of the Third Cavalry.



THE ARMY was always proud of the Battle of Big Dry Wash. It was a fitting finale to its role in Arizona Apache fighting.

There remained plenty of activity, of course. The Geronimo campaigns were ahead, and so were others, but the fighting that developed was principally between hostiles and Indian scouts. After Big Dry Wash there never was another major battle between the Apaches and the soldiers in Arizona.

In some ways it was the most successful engagement the Army fought in that Territory during twenty years or more of hostilities. White movements were synchronized as effectively as on maneuvers. When the outbreak occurred, fourteen companies were sent into the field from various forts and posts. They converged in perfect order on the enemy hide-out; at the time of the battle every element was in its place or within supporting distance. It was a masterpiece.

And if the preliminaries were perfectly managed, the actual battle was no less successful. Indian warfare was pretty much man against man, and this fight was no exception. There was heroism on both sides—enough on the white to warrant issuance of three medals of honor, one an overdue tribute to a spunky little shavetail named Tommy Cruse.

Cruse was a West Pointer, a prototype for all the bad jokes you've ever heard about second lieutenants who, after all, are the only officers who count in most

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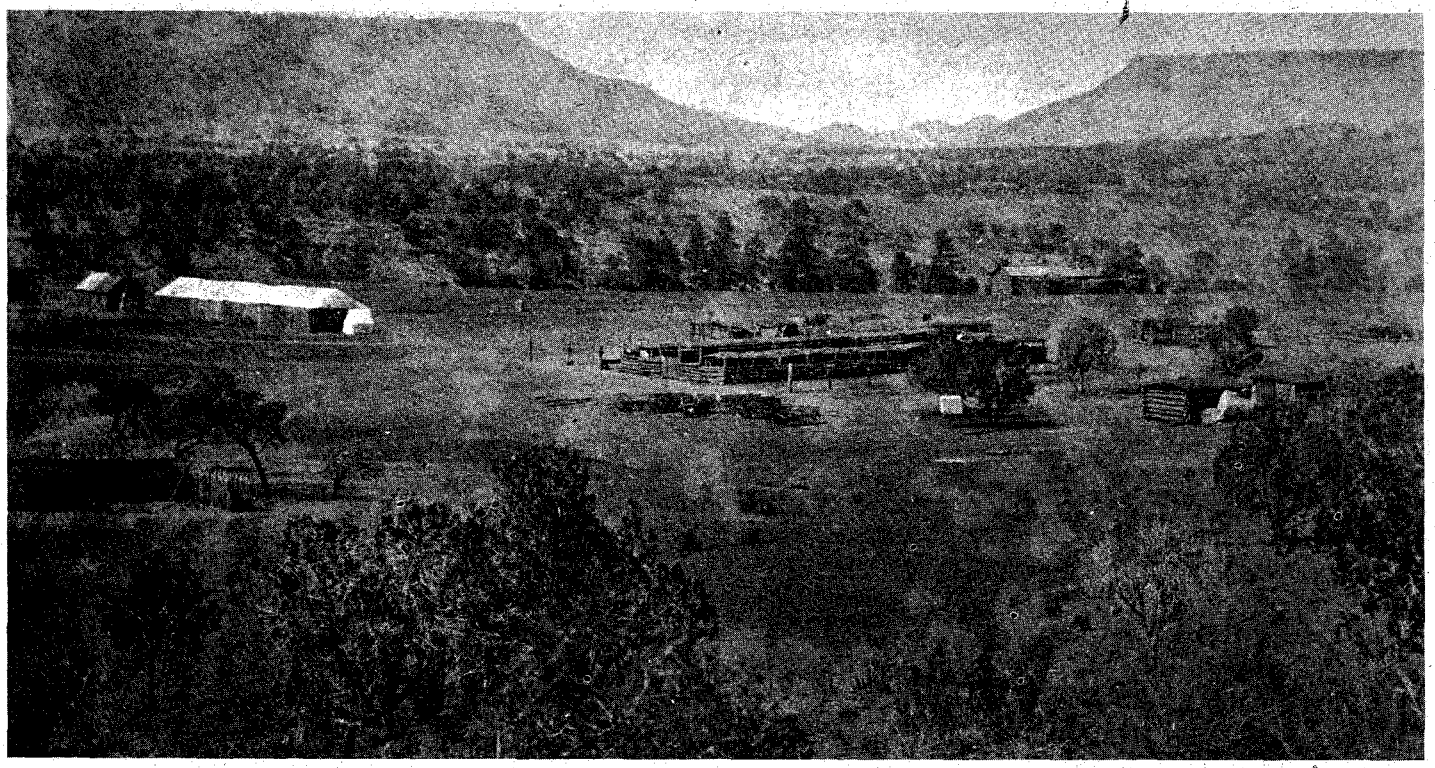

Camp Apache, Arizona.

military operations. Second lieutenants and corporals are the men who win the battles. Already something of a veteran at Apache warfare, he had taken part in important fights with Victorio, had been at the massacre on the Cibicu and had figured in other actions.

THE TROUBLE that ended with Big Dry Wash began with renegades led by Na-ti-o-tish. The Indians couldn't get it out of their heads that the vast conglomeration of Apaches herded onto San Carlos Reservation in east-central Arizona were ripe for the warpath. Then, while the soldiers gathered at Tucson and other communities to properly celebrate the Fourth of July, 1882, the renegades gathered to organize their own sort of blast.

Cibicu Charley Colvig, two days after the Fourth, was peacefully distributing ration books to rancherías up and down the streams that laced San Carlos. He was a typical frontier type, garrulous, whiskered, intrepid, and he had been in Arizona and among Indians long enough to make both friends and enemies.

He had become Chief of Indian Police at the Agency and on this sunny morning was riding north along the San Carlos River with an escort of his officers. If he noticed the cottonwood log rolled into position alongside the trail, he thought nothing of it until it was too late. A torrent of rifle fire from behind it struck him down, and all his men as well.

The deed was witnessed by a friendly Indian who hurried down the trail, warning other whites who were using it on their way from Tucson and Globe. Two of the buggies he encountered, driven by Charles Connell and Rube Wood, turned around and fled back toward town, with Na-ti-o-tish's renegades seeking in vain to cut them off. The report of the murders on the San Carlos, and the narrow escapes of other whites, caused great consternation in the mining camp at Globe, where bells were rung, ammunition doled out and everyone prepared for an Indian attack which, of course, never came.

Instead, the hostiles swung north, making for the broad and rumpled Tonto Basin. This section was almost as wild in 1882 as three centuries earlier when Espejo, the Spaniard with an exploring urge that matched his lust for gold, first penetrated it and with the unerring instinct of the true prospector, discovered ores that are worked to this day.

The Army swung into action. Thanks to the newly established telegraph network, various companies of troops were in the field within hours after the outbreak. Making forced marches from several points, they converged like columns of spear points directed toward a common center where it was supposed the renegades would be.

Captain George A. Drew, with two troops of the Third Cavalry from Fort Thomas, cut the hostiles' trail and pushed them too rapidly to permit them to indulge in widespread depredations. But they slaughtered ten or twelve whites as they hurried north. Four troops of the Third and Sixth Cavalry were ordered out from Fort Apache under Colonel A. W. Evans with the mission to try and head off the hostiles at the Salt River crossing.

One troop from each regiment was sent eastward from Camp Verde to keep the hostiles from reaching the Navajo Reservation in the north. Two troops of the Third and two of the Sixth were dispatched under Colonel J. W. Mason from Fort Whipple, near Prescott, Arizona, with instructions to head for the Tonto Basin. Other cavalrymen were dispatched from McDowell.

The redoubtable Globe Rangers, described by a contemporary as "an organization of barroom Indian fighters . . . well-primed with the best brand of whiskey" wavered out into the basin as well. Their expedition was short-lived, however. They reached a log ranch house fifty miles north of Globe and turned their horses out in plain sight to graze. Some of the boys took another nip and went to sleep; others continued drinking while playing a hand of poker.

Their game was interrupted as a band of mounted Indians swept off their horse herd. The Rangers dived for their weapons and a few of them went afoot in pursuit of the hostiles but were jumped and barely made it back to the cabin through a shower of bullets. The disconsolate Rangers hoofed it back to Globe and gave up Indian fighting.

At ten the next morning the redskins tore up to the Sigsby horse ranch and killed one of the owners and a helper whom they surprised trying to save the herd. The whites sold their lives dearly. Judging by the bloodied shirts the hostiles abandoned on their seesaw course northward, at least half-a-dozen had been wounded. The other Sigsby, who had made it into the cabin, barricaded himself and fought the Indians off all day.

During the night the heroic rancher slipped out of his beleaguered cabin (which the Indians next day burned) and made his way, wounded and bleeding, southwestward until he ran into Captain Adna Chaffee and Al Sieber, the noted Arizona Indian scout. Waiting only to finish supper, Chaffee, Sieber and some Apache scouts set out and marched swiftly all night, reaching the Sigsby ranch early the next morning. The mutilated bodies of the murdered men were collected and buried and the trail of the hostiles pursued.

TROOPS FROM Whipple had cut diagonally southeastward across incredibly rough country until they cut the hostile trail and saw that Sieber and Chaffee were ahead of them. The column from Apache, in which Cruse served, had made a swift march from the Cibicu to the crossing of the Salt, about where

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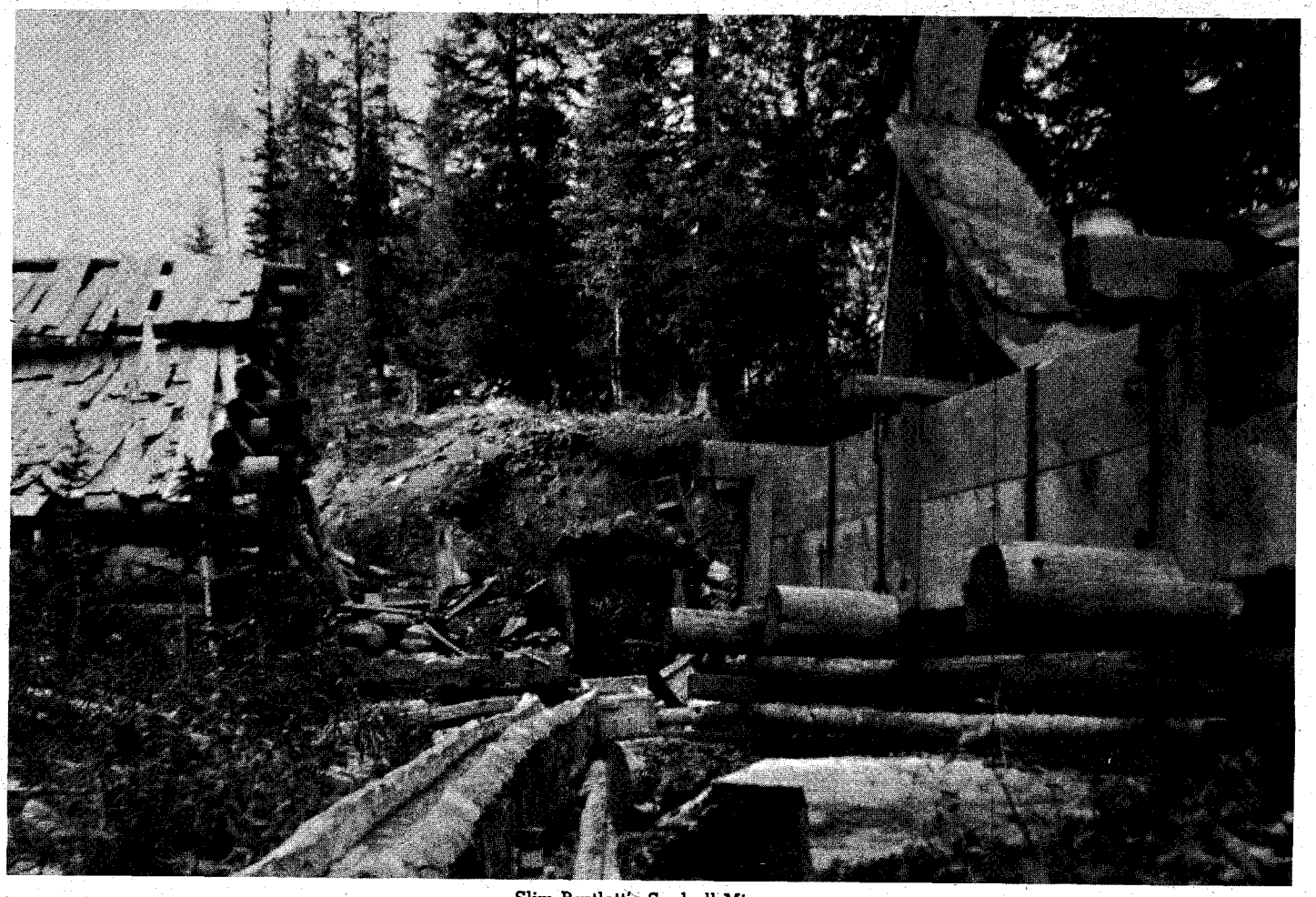

Slim Bartlett's Snoball Mine.

Wild Old Days!

SLIM BARTLETT

By POLLY KITCHENS

"NELSON (Slim) Bartlett, sixty-year-old prospector, was found dead at his cabin six-and-one-half miles northeast of the Thomas sawmill Monday of this week. Death was believed to have been caused by heart trouble.

"Hibernated at his mountain reclusion, Bartlett was last seen alive shortly before Thanksgiving when he expressed his intention of being present at the Frank Dew ranch either Thanksgiving or Christmas Day. Little thought was given his non-appearance at the ranch for Thanksgiving, but when he did not appear Christmas Day some concern was expressed and an investigation made. The long trip over snowbound trails was made on snowshoes to the secluded cabin nestled under the jagged crest of the Sawtooth Range.

"No sign of life was evidenced outside the cabin, and upon entering, the searchers discovered the body in a kneeling posture, with the head resting on the edge of the bed. The corpse was frozen stiff and investigation disclosed that death had occurred approximately six weeks prior to the discovery.

"Authorities were notified and the sheriff in company with two other men drove to the Warren Bridge where they were met by Coroner Tanner. The group drove to the Dresslaer turn-off near the 'Rim' and left their car, taking off across country on snowshoes to the Frank Dew ranch where they stayed Tuesday night. Early Wednesday morning the party of five including Velvick, Thomas, Shaul, Tanner, and F. Dew, snowshoed to the mine where an inquest was held.

"The body was strapped to a toboggan and pulled over the snow to the highway where the Sheriff and another man awaited the arrival of the men. Snow in that district measures approximately four feet, according to members of the party."

That's the way the obituary from the *Pinedale* (Wyoming) *Roundup*, December 29, 1938, read.

NO ONE in Pinedale knew much about Slim Bartlett although everyone talked about him. Eccentric, clever, self-sufficient, he lived beside his mine—the Snoball—continually hoping for success but never achieving it. He was well-liked—as the town "character." As one native put it, "He was unconventional, but he didn't bother anybody."

Unlike many miners who matched the strength of brute force against the peaks and canyons of the Sawtooth Range, Slim was an inventor, overcoming the obstacles he faced with clever ingenuity. According to stories in Pinedale, he received a monthly stipend from the Eastman Kodak Company in royalty payment for a shutter he had devised and sold to them.

His mine stretched 3,000 feet into the mountainside. He laid his own tracks, hewn from timber obtained from a nearby sawmill, and erected a sluice box at the downgrade end of the wooden rails. Diversion of a stream of water nearby provided a wash to carry the dirt away, leaving the heavier minerals to settle in

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the bottom of the box.

At the entrance to the mine he erected a stamp mill. Two extra-long gin poles, with granite boulders on the ends, were driven by a waterwheel affair he rigged up after diverting the stream. Originally the mill was run by horsepower, but Slim got hungry one winter and ate the horse.

Everything Slim used was handmade —chisels, axes, even coyote traps. He built a fairly accurate set of scales from the spokes of a bicycle and forged chainlengths from the teeth of an old rake. He manufactured a crude stove from a five-gallon oil drum.

Slim lived on porcupines, gophers, stew made out of brown weeds, anything he could easily find and prepare. His few neighbors (who lived just close enough to be accessible) always welcomed him at their tables.

He didn't like to impose, however, and would wait until everyone else had eaten, then clean up all the food that was left. One morning he turned up at the Frank Dew ranch and ate twenty-one pancakes at one sitting. He would have eaten more if there had been more batter.

Frank kept a bed vacant for Slim in the bunkhouse. One time the womenfolk decided his bedding needed changing so they washed the cotton sheet blankets and put them on fresh. The next time Slim used the bed he slept between the quilts. He explained that he didn't want "to cause no extry trouble by getting the sheets dirty."

ONE DAY Slim came charging over to see Frank, all excited. A tunnel in his mine had just caved in, almost killing him in the process. He had felt rocks pelting down on his back and had seen the mine prop start to collapse. Slim got out so quick he left his hat behind. He had to dig for six hours to recover it.

Deciding to take a bath after his ordeal, he tossed his underwear outside to air out a little. A coyote pup stole the garment and immediately fell in a trap. There was a lot of talk about his underwear's being rank enough to daze a coyote!

One day a friend of Slim's put him on to a way to save a few dollars. Dynamite was selling $5.00 cheaper in Riverton, across the mountain on the other side of Lander; Slim could hitch a ride in a truck and make it over and back in a day or two.

With his usual stubborn initiative, Slim reckoned it didn't take any more money to live moving than it did sitting still, so he undertook the journey in a spring wagon. It took over two weeks, but he got his dynamite, sure this time he would blast his way to riches.

The men who found Slim's body wanted to leave a tribute to the lasting memory of the old miner, so they set up a marker at Packers' Springs—a long broomhandle with a tomato can fastened to one end. It was the kind of drinking cup Slim would have understood and appreciated.

CODE OF THE RANGE

By BURR H. MALLORY

IN THE early days in the Big Bend Country of Texas, habitations were few and far between and there was practically no social life for the denizens of the vast open spaces.

A young rancher married a city girl and took her to live on his place out in the desolate and lonely wilds. In due time a baby boy arrived to brighten the home. The young rancher was very happy, although he had to work hard and was kept busy on his extensive range. Then one day he arrived home quite late to find that his wife had gone away with an old sweetheart, leaving him a sad letter to tell him that she just couldn't stand the solitude and lack of friends any longer. But she did leave the little boy for the father to care for.

The poor rancher was heartbroken, then his remorse and sorrow turned to anger. He swore he would never have anything to do with women again. And he vowed he would bring up his son so that he would never have to suffer from the wiles and blandishments of heartless women. The father kept his vow. He taught the boy everything to be learned about cattle and horses and all the secrets and tricks of the ranching business but he never let him come in contact with any women.

When the boy became of age it was necessary for the father to take him to Fort Davis to attend to certain legal matters. Of course just what the old man dreaded happened. The young man fell in love with a waitress. His father got him back to the ranch as quickly as he could and tried his best to divert the son's thoughts to other things, but the damage had been done. The upshot of it was that the father finally had to relent and let the boy marry the girl.

MARY soon made a place for herself in the old man's affections, how-

(Continued on page 72)

Slim at work.

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Coming of the Iron Monster

The Irish and Chinese workers fought each other and the Indians fought them both, but despite the handicaps, there was eventually a "Wedding of the Rails" which brought the assurance of civilization and prosperity to the West.

By GLEN W. PERRINS

A WAR PARTY of Cheyennes could hear the locomotive around the bend and see it spitting flames as it neared their hiding place. Suddenly they rose up, fifty on each side of the track, and pulled taut a rawhide rope they had stretched across the tracks to stop the white man's chugging iron monster. The cowcatcher hit the rope and the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. More than a dozen were killed or seriously injured.

The train whistled and plowed ahead toward more Indian trouble before the eventual wedding of the rails at Promontory, Utah, near the Great Salt Lake May 10, 1869.

Indians tried desperately to stem the tide. Surveyors and graders were killed at their posts, crews scalped and trains derailed. The railroad's armed Lincoln car, lined with boiler plate and used by railroad officials and track men, could arm 1,000 men at a word. Nevertheless, the Indians almost drove Union Pacific Railroad workers from the Plains. Ranchers and stagecoach hands often fought for their lives from railroad coaches and cabooses.

A chain of military posts and forts had to be established all along the line into northern Utah. General Grenville M. Dodge, chief engineer for the Union Pacific during most of its construction, pointed out, "Every mile had to be run within the range of a rifle, because of the Indians . . . and other problems."

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, the Indians were responsible for the beginning of the Cheyenne graveyard, according to General Dodge. A whooping band of redskins attacked a Mormon grading train and outfit near Cheyenne, killing two men. They became the first occupants of the cemetery.

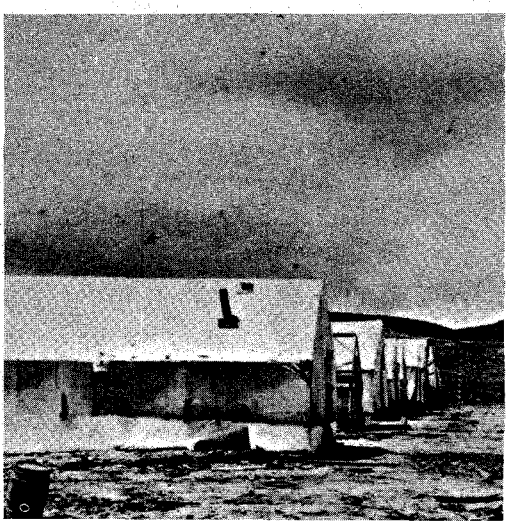
In the race to link the West with the East, men of three continents—Europe, Asia and America—joined in the struggle to build the line against tremendous odds. During the Civil War, it became clear that the nearly isolated West Coast was extremely vulnerable to any hostile force, and Congress pushed through the Railroad Enabling Act.

It was signed by President Abraham Lincoln on July 1, 1862, with national defense, rather than trade, its primary purpose. Land grants were given by the government, with advance bonds issued to help construct the lines.

At that time California was threatening to secede from the Union because of the lack of transportation and communication with the East. Had she done so, her gold might have enabled the South to win the Civil War.

THE UNION PACIFIC broke ground at Omaha, Nebraska, December 2,

Left, boxcar and camp at Promontory, Utah. Right, Promontory in 1869.



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"The driving of the last spike."

1863, and rails began inching westward. The UP employed 12,000, most of whom were Irish immigrants.

The Central Pacific began moving eastward from Sacramento, California, on January 8, 1863. The CP employed some 18,000 Chinese.

The Union Pacific had to build through a country devoid of railroad building material. Transported over half the continent before it even reached the railroad headquarters, it then had to be hauled over a single-line track to the point of construction.

The Central Pacific had to ship every rail, spike and engine from the East or from England or the Krupp Iron Works in Germany, then haul it from San Francisco to end-of-line.

The vast project cost about $181,000,000 in addition to the personal fortunes of some of the builders.

Moving westward from Omaha, the Union Pacific's first terminal was Fremont, Nebraska. North Platte sprang up 290 miles out in 1866 with a roundhouse for forty engines, water tank and station, hotel, portable warehouse and other establishments. In May, 1867, 15,000 tons of government freight piled up there. In six weeks almost all had vanished as "End O' Track" moved on to Julesburg, Colorado.

"Hells on wheels"—gambling dens, dance halls, saloons and hotels—followed the construction teams west. These were primitive versions of today's prefabricated houses; they could be torn down and reassembled in a day.

Cheyenne became the next terminal; 1,000 people roared it up that winter. In April the crews filed out for Sherman Summit, and Laramie boomed for three happy months. Benton was next with portable red brick and brownstone fronts shipped from Chicago at $3000 each. After them came Rawlins and Green River City.

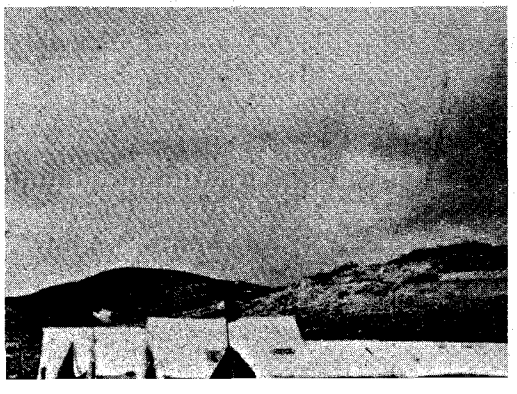
Despite the progress, Union Pacific directors were fuming as the oncoming Central Pacific raced across the Nevada deserts.

CENTRAL PACIFIC had been slowed by the Sierra Nevadas, but Theodore Judah, a young Connecticut engineer who built the railroad bridge across the Niagara River Gorge, found a long ridge that would serve to carry the grades for the rails. His survey called for eighteen tunnels, fifteen of which were later built. A bed for the rails was chiseled from granite slopes 2,500 feet above the American River by Chinese lowered in baskets.

Thirty teams and 250 men worked in a circle of 250 feet. A shaft was started at the halfway point of 1,659-foot Summit Tunnel, and seven inches a day

(Continued on page 56)

The engines of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific met at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869, joining the continent by rail.



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A Plot of Earth

(Continued from page 17)

living with Mexican women as some of the young men of the Ramirenia country did. My father went so far as to disapprove of his sons' acquiring much Spanish. I didn't, but Elrich, the brother next to me, dreamed in Spanish and can still out-sing any Mexican whose voice has been influenced by coyote howling.

So far as book education is concerned, the only specific pieces of learning I can recall from ranch schooling are how to spell the word "irksome" on which I was turned down in a spelling match, and knowledge that a branch of science called physical geography existed. I remember the green binding of a textbook on the subject but don't remember a single detail of the contents. I remember a buck deer jumping over a barbed wire fence in front of the first schoolhouse and the ballad of *Marco Bozaris* in a reader, also the thrilling recitation of *Lasca* by a young lady older than our teacher who had studied elocution somewhere.

Literary associations with the second schoolhouse are limited to a paper-backed novel, *With Leavenworth Down on the Rio Grande.* A boy named Irving Watson brought it to school and I read it clandestinely behind my desk. It was one of those "blood and thunder" novels that my mother positively forbade. We had a big book about Stanley in Africa, but no book pertaining to the Wild West ever entered our home, not even *The Log of a Cowboy* by Andy Adams. Andy Adams had been with Uncle Frank Byler at Caldwell, Kansas, after each had gone up the trail with a herd of horses, and he came back to Texas years later to take notes on Uncle Frank's border country language. We had the best of books at home, but I will not here go into the deep debts I owe to home reading and the direction of it by my parents, especially my mother.

The jackdaws that nested in the oaks about our house and lost young ones that we children rescued and made nests for in fence-staple kegs; the calves sucking their mothers and playing about them out in the pasture; the cows chewing their cuds in the milk pen; the sandhill cranes fluting their long, long cries on a winter evening; the coyotes serenading from every side right after dark; my horse Buck pointing his ears when I walked into the pen to rope out a mount and seeming to ask if I were going to ride him or Brownie; the green on the mesquites in early spring so tender that it emanated into the sky; the mustang grapevines, the fruit too acid to eat raw but superb for preserves and catsup, draping the trees along Ramirenia Creek; the stillness of day and night broken by windmills lifting rods that lifted water; the south wind galloping in the tree tops; the locusts in the mulberry tree and the panting of overridden and overdriven horses accentuating the heat of summer; the rhythm of woodcutting in cold weather; the rhythm of a saddle's squeak in the night: these the land gave me. Its natural rhythms and the eternal silence entered into me.

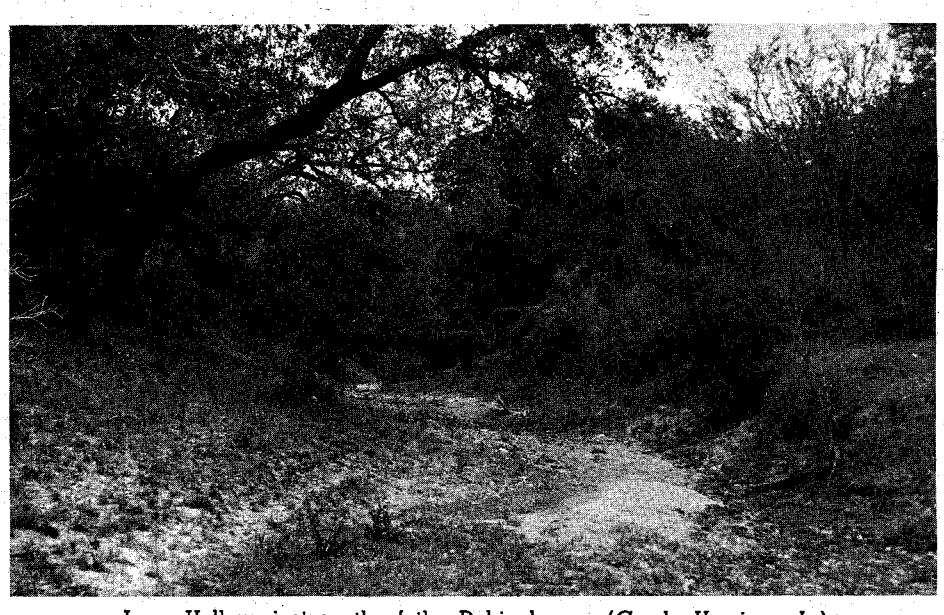
I NEVER recollect the ranch as being what is called romantic. I was not a good roper or a good rider, and never shot a six-shooter until I got into the army of World War I, but from the vaqueros and my father I learned to soothe wild or restless cattle with my voice. Sometimes in a way I seemed to become one of them. I became more at one with the sailing buzzard than I have ever become with a human murderer of silence who puts a nickel into a slot to bring forth raucous sounds.

The romantic feature of the ranch was what we called Fort Ramirez. It never was a fort, but it was a fortified ranch house built by a Mexican named Ramirez before Texas became a Republic. He had been granted several leagues of land by the Mexican government and was run out by Indians. Not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the country had the fort been inhabited. Some of the rock walls were still standing and a person standing on top of them had a grand view of the S-winding Ramirenia Creek. Granjeno bushes grown from seeds planted by birds that lit along the old picket corrals still outlined them. A patriarch named Gorgonio, who lived about half-a-mile away and with several *parientes* (kinsmen) farmed a considerable field, used to tell of lights seen about the ruins at night, also of chains making a terrifying noise. People said that a fortune in Mexican gold or silver was buried there. Every year strangers asked permission to dig on the premises. Many holes were dug without permission, some in the night. Digging under the walls contributed to their downfall. Some of the holes in and out from the structure were big enough to bury a wagon and team in.

Uncle Ed Dubose, my mother's half-brother, had a hope for digging up treasure and a faith in divining rods and fortune tellers not shared in the least by either of my parents. But one time he came with such a plausible legend, together with a map derived from some Mexican down on the Rio Grande—he could talk Spanish better than most Mexicans—and such specific directions from a Negro fortune teller in Victoria as to where to dig, that my father agreed to help. For him it was an adventure without illusions. He and Uncle Ed and several Mexicans spent three days sinking a big hole. They found a fill of earth not like the ground around it, but that was all.

THE FIRST thing the recent purchasers of the ranch did after taking possession was to tear down the corrals and burn up the pickets. They were the oldest old-timey corrals in that part of the country. Now they are where Fort Ramirez has gone. In my boyhood there were fifteen or so ranch families around us owning maybe 70,000 acres of land, all deriving all of their living from the land. At the same time, there were probably more than thirty Mexican families living on these ranches. Only three ranch owners now live where fifteen once lived, and the decrease in Mexican families has been greater. Most of the land is owned by absentees; some of it is looked after by men who drive to it from town by automobile.

No matter what is discontinued, evolution continues. A thousand years, ten thousand years, hence, the Dobie ranch will be where it was before the Ramirez grant took in a portion of its pristine acreage. It will have other names, be divided, and then be absorbed. The land will always be grazing land, for neither soil nor climate will permit it to be anything else. It is possible that an oil field will temporarily mutilate it. Off and on for nearly half-a-century oil companies and oil promoters have paid out more lease money on it than the grazing rights have brought. The time may come when people passing over it will speak a tongue that no one now living down in the Brush Country will understand.



Long Hollow, just south of the Dobie home. (*Grady Harrison, Jr.*)

The thought of times in which I shall not participate disturbs me no more than thought of times in which I did not participate. Nevertheless, when I consider the break now made with that plot of land on Long Hollow and Ramirenia Creek—a measure of ground to which I am more closely akin than to any other on earth, not excluding the lovely creekside that has been home to me for a quarter-century—I feel that the end of something has come.

As rural life gives way to urban life and as mobility overcomes stability, human attachments to certain patches of the earth's surface become less common. Yet the potentiality of such attachment remains universal. It is very different from attachment to a country, a party, a church, a cause, a person, or any group of persons. It is behind much of patriotism. With some people it goes deeper than principles and embodies the profundity of life.—*Reprinted from the SOUTHWEST REVIEW, Spring,* 1953.

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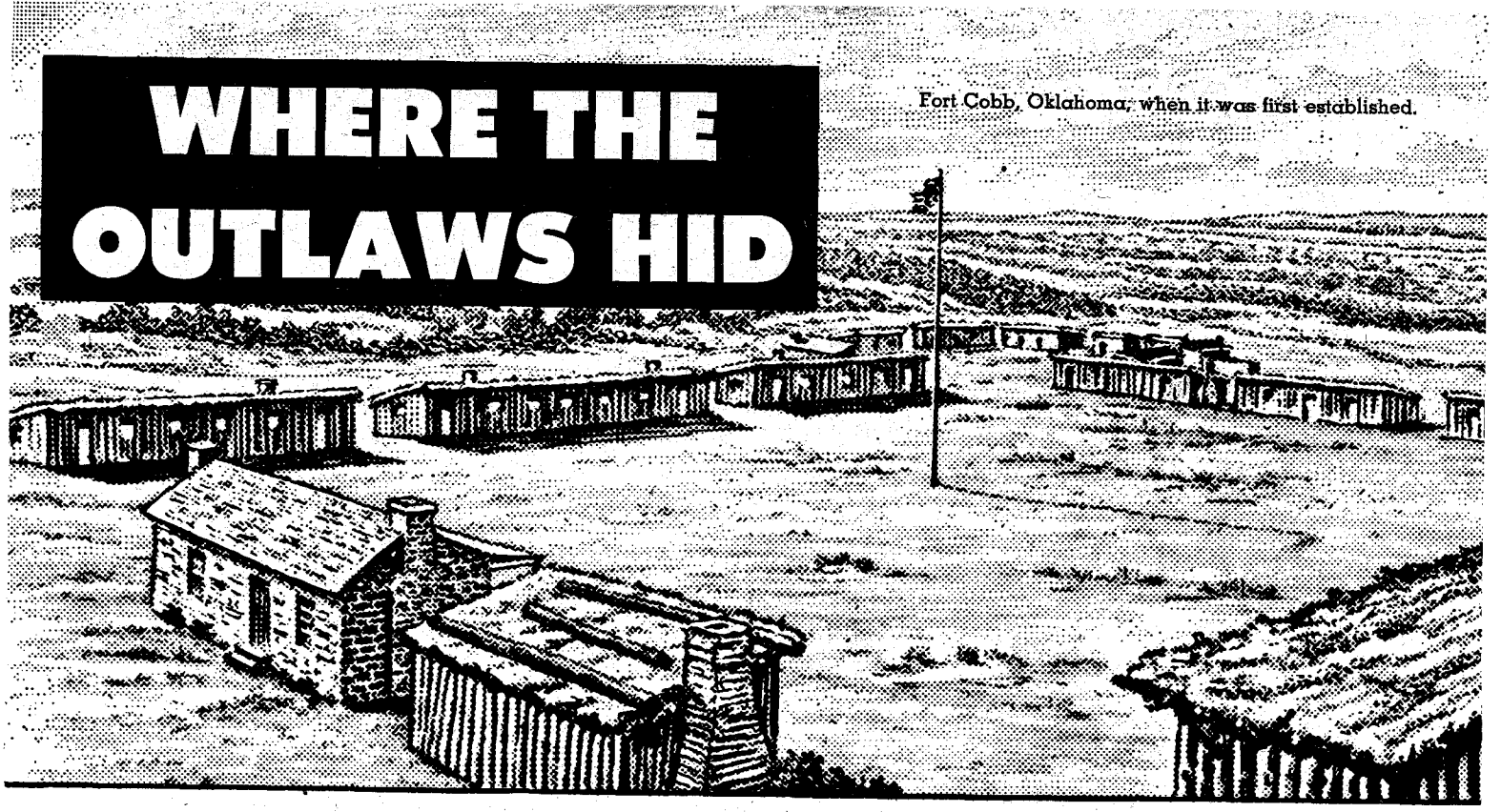
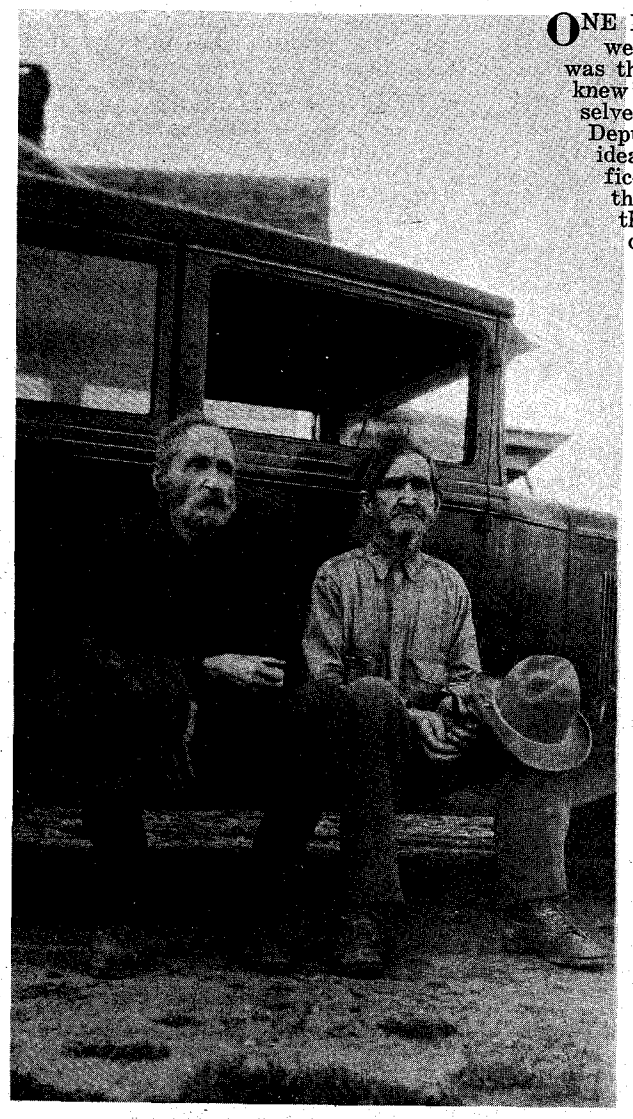
WHERE THE OUTLAWS HID



Fort Cobb, Oklahoma, when it was first established.

The outlaws of Indian Territory eluded justice for years Here are some of the reasons why.



Ben and Jim Hughes in 1930.

Photos from Nat M. Taylor

By HOMER CROY

ONE REASON the Oklahoma outlaws were so hard to bring to their knees was the multitude of hiding places they knew of in which they could tuck themselves away for weeks at a time. Deputies would not have the slightest idea where they were. Sometimes the officers would think the bandits had left the country and gone to Mexico, but all the time they would be comfortably hidden within the confines of Indian Territory.

The owners of many ranches welcomed the saddle boys. In fact, some of the owners were just a step above being outlaws themselves. The outlaws were not too much of a nuisance; they helped with the work—a little. That is, they helped brand calves and they helped break horses since both of these activities were classed under the heading of fun. Sometimes one of the outlaws would offer to help build fence; however, in a day or two, he usually would develop a lame back and would have to quit.

If a ranch owner had even suggested that these men go out and plow, the outlaws would have shunned him as an Indian would a white man with the smallpox. If a rancher's wife had suggested that the outlaws help do the washing, they would have gone to the husband in alarm and told him that something was wrong with his wife! Sometimes, when things were going well, the outlaws paid for their food. When things turned bad, they overlooked this item.

On occasion as many as five outlaws would be living at a harboring place. They would sleep in the house when they thought it was safe; when they thought it was dangerous, they would post a guard. Sometimes they would all leave the house and hide in the timber —where they often had fortified huts and could remain until they thought it safe to return to the house.

They not only posted their own lookouts but also had friends who would rush word that officers were in the neighborhood. Most of the dugouts were well concealed and well equipped. The outlaws added to their food supply by hunting

(Continued on page 54)

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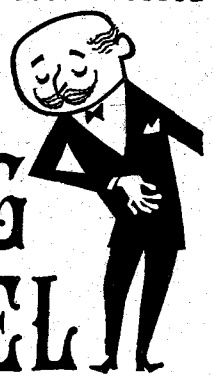

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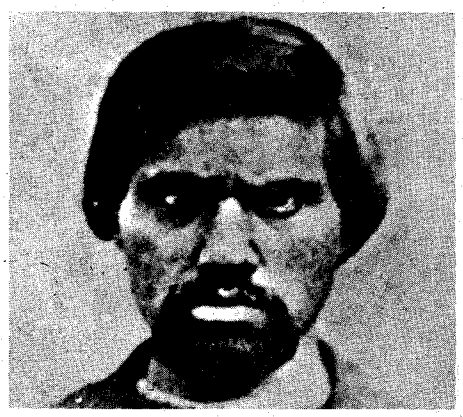
Above, the verdant Santa Lucia Range, site of many of Vasquez' activities. (*Salinas CALIFORNIAN Photo*). Below, Juan Soto. (*Wells Fargo Bank Photo*)



The Legend That Was Vasquez

(Continued from page 33)

of all they possessed. Then followed the Firebaugh robbery and the attack on the mission at San Gabriel.

Varying reports set the sums of $5,000, $8,000 and $15,000 as rewards for Vasquez' capture.

It was only through a quiet, well-conceived plan that the bandit was apprehended. He had a grapevine of information about the movements of law officers, as they had about him. He sent saucy messages to them as well as threats of vengeance. He mocked their strategy and defied the most noted detectives of the time. He scorned small parties, eluded larger ones.

An enraged husband was finally Vasquez' undoing—he led the law to Vasquez' hiding place. Stories of the capture differ, but whatever the ruse, it worked, as Vasquez admitted.

"I was not expecting company at the time the arrest was made, or the result might have been different."

Legend has it that he surrendered without resistance. History reports that he received buckshot in one arm, one leg, in his body, and on one side of his head. That hardly sounds like peaceful surrender! He was polite and thanked those who attended his wounds. He betrayed no sign of excitement, no tremor in his voice, but maintained a pleasant smile on his face.

"Not a murmur, scarce a contortion of the visage bespoke pain, remorse or any other emotion of the mind or soul," one reporter wrote.

He seemed to have had a real admiration for the determined attack and the good luck of his captors. Interviewed in jail, he talked gaily and unconstrainedly, as if he were in the parlor of his home. He was good copy and the source of some of his own legends.

"Boys, you have done well. I have been a damned fool, but it is all my own fault."

WHILE IN jail he amused his guards by asking to see a certain tax collector named Mike Madigan. He wanted to brag again about the day the Irish official, while traveling alone in the pursuit of his duties as poll tax collector, had stumbled unknowingly upon the brigand. He boldly requested the poll tax, at the same time inquiring the name. Being in good humor, the bandit answered, "Tiburcio Vasquez" and proffered $2. The startled Irishman trembled in fear and disappeared with astonishing alacrity.

Pending execution, the bandit laughed and chatted with his jailers. Asked what he thought would happen to him after death, he commented, "The sages and preachers say there is another world and if they are right, then I shall soon see many of my old sweethearts."

Although jailed originally in Los Angeles after his capture, Vasquez was transferred to San José for trial. The people of the southern city had little doubt that the bandit could break out of their carcel and wanted to see him behind firmer bars. He was tried January 5, 1875, and hanged on March 19 of the same year. The body lay in state for four days at a cousin's residence. Burial at the Catholic cementery in Santa Clara followed a High Mass said in his honor.

One writer, describing his execution, said, "When the sheriff on duty clumsily adjusted the noose, Vasquez told him the knot was poorly made and readjusted, with his own hands, the noose upon the rope that swung him to eternity."

If in his after-life Vasquez did indeed meet up with his old sweethearts, they

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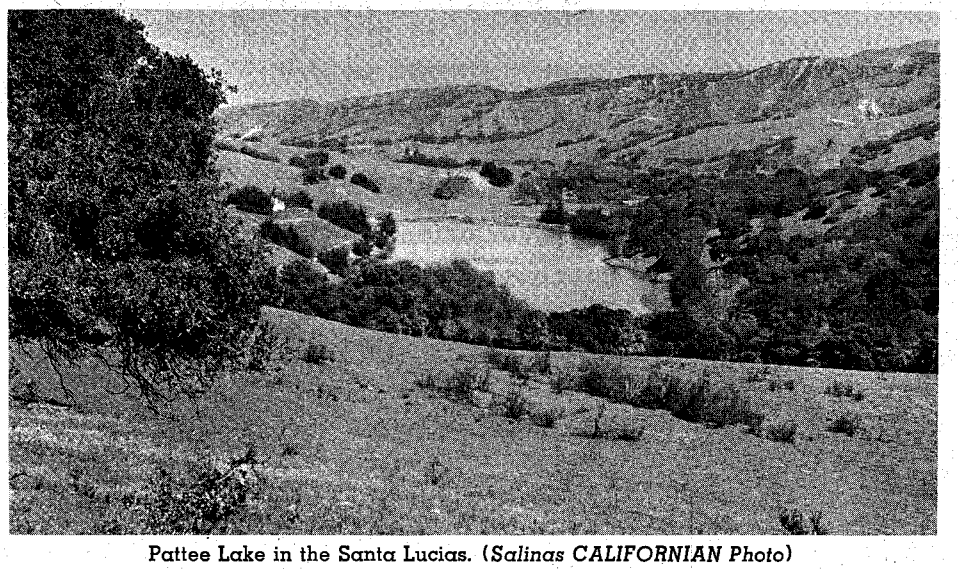

Pattee Lake in the Santa Lucias. (*Salinas CALIFORNIAN Photo*)

must have relished the legend growing around his name! After his death he was still a sensation. He had died at a time when San José was rife with the excitement of modern spiritualism and it was commonly believed that his spirit haunted the local jail.

The When Days

(Continued from page 23)

A WOMAN was a *lady* and you never saw one in a bar or smoking a cigarette. She would have been considered a fallen woman, a disgraced female, openly inviting indecent advances from men.

(Continued on next page)

Washing machines didn't cost much in the "When Days!" This page is from the Sears, Roebuck catalog of 1913.

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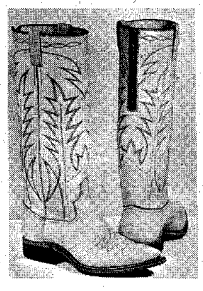

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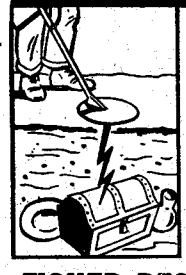

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No. 64931 LADIES' WRAPPER, made of Manhattan percale, handsomely trimmed with solid colored insertion in front from the shoulders around under arms, and small ruffle around the insertion. Fancy herringbone braid trimming around the collar and on both sides of the insertion on front. Back of the wrapper is trimmed in the same way. Tall back is gathered at the waist. Belt in front. Inside vest made of cambric. It also has the corset belt. Colors, black, blue, and red.
Price.....(**If by mail, postage extra, each, 24 cents.**)....$1.15

No. 64932 LADIES' CALICO WRAPPER, handsomely trimmed with three rows of braid in front, one around the collar and one around shoulder revers; also one on sleeves and two on the belt in front. Has double pointed yoke in back with pleat running to the waist. Wide flounce all around bottom. Exceptionally wide hem. Colors, black, blue and red. Price....(**If by mail, postage extra, each, 24 cents.**)....$1.19

No. 64933 VERY NEAT WRAPPER, made of good quality flannelette, trimmed all around with a ruffle, shoulder flaps or epaulets trimmed with braid and edged with a ruffle, yoke in front finished with fancy braid and ruffles either side or back, fancy yoke trimmed with braid and a small ruffle. Braid trimming around cuffs, finished with ruffle, is a very stylish garment and we can furnish the following colors: black, with gray, heliotrope, rose and blue stripes.
Price.....(**If by mail, postage extra, each, 25 cents.**).....$1.25

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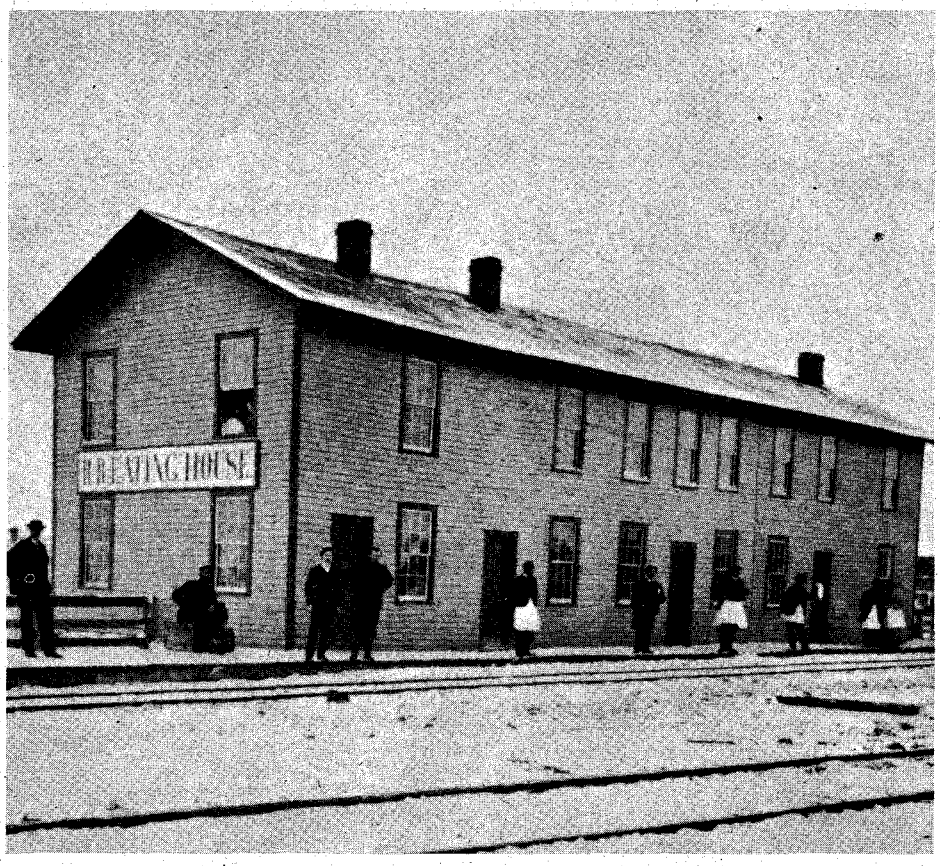
All men tipped their hats to the ladies in those days, or stood with hats off in their presence. A lady was always sure of a seat on a streetcar or train, and a gentleman never used profanity in her hearing. Her male escort always walked on the street side of the sidewalk so he could be handy to protect her from runaway horses or other dangers.

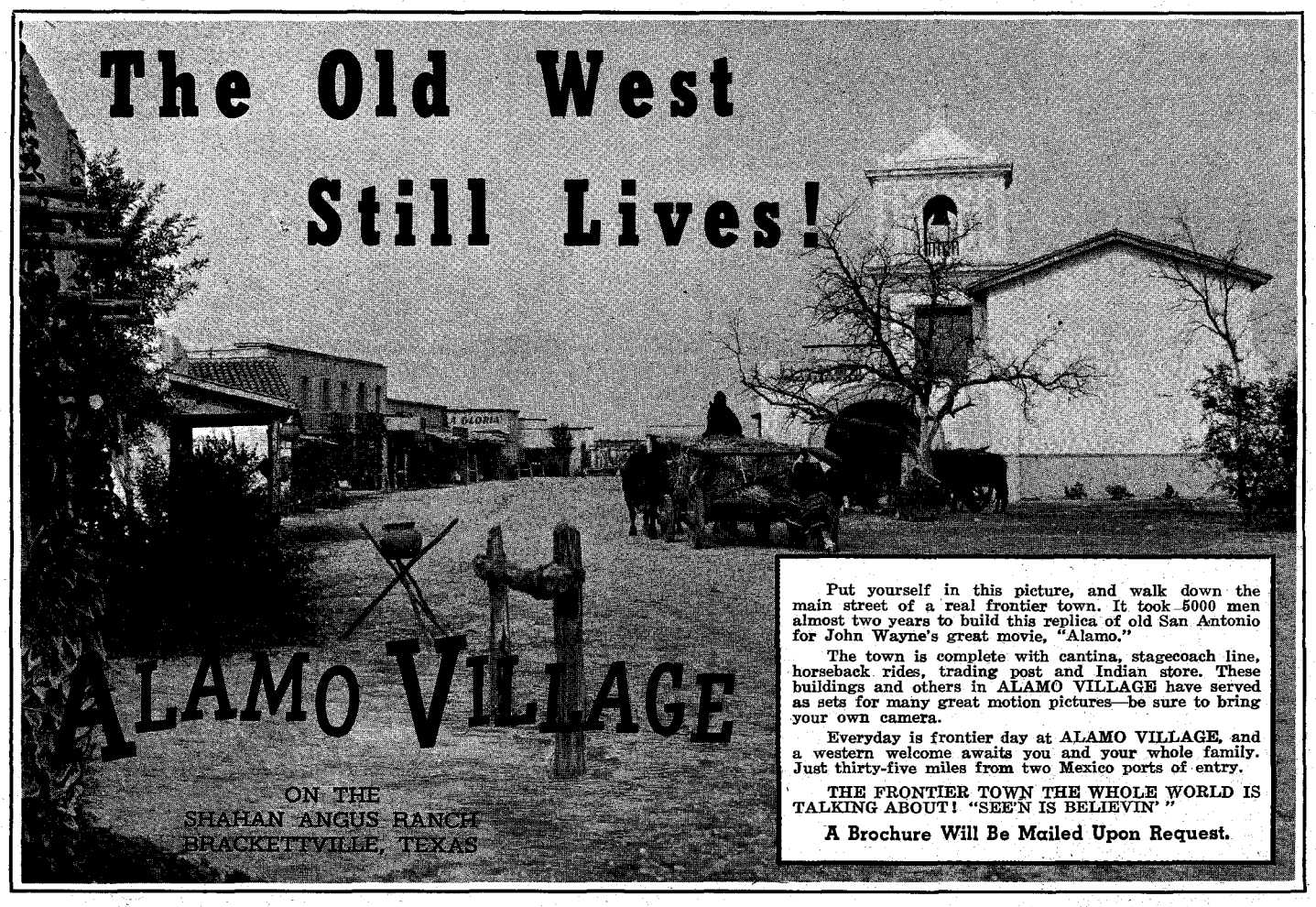
A decent woman who wanted to buy a bucket of beer could come to the swinging doors in the back of a bar and the bartender would fill it and hand it over to her. However, we considered these women a bit less than ladies—but still decent and worthy of respect. Today we have over 15,000 women barmaids in this country, and cigarette-smoking women puffing away in public as well as in their homes are taken for granted.

Another change has come about since the When Days. Then you could not tell a boy from a girl by the way they were dressed until they were three or four years old. They were both dressed exactly alike in girl's attire until the boy was put into short pants and long black stockings. When he was fourteen or fifteen years old and allowed to have his first long pants, he started to strut around considering himself *almost* a man.

Yes, I like to remember the When Days sometimes. Considering the price of everything then, I know I was a well-paid man, often quite rich and prosperous, comparatively speaking. Yes, I remember—and love the memories that comprise one of my fondest possessions. **—Milt Hinkle, P.O. Box 228, Kissimmee, Florida.**



Old railway eating house in Grand Island, Nebraska. (*Union Pacific Railroad Photo*)



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Teddy Roosevelt's Wolf Hunt

(Continued from page 35)

honored with a parade and a dinner.

From Fort Worth the hunting party went by train to Quanah and changed to a short line that took the men to Frederick, Oklahoma, where they arrived about 2 p.m. on Saturday, April 8. There they were greeted by ranchmen, cowboys and Indians. This was wild country, but the Adjutant General of Texas had sent Major Jules E. Muchert with a company of cavelrymen to act as a provost guard. Soldiers from Fort Sill formed a guard around the whole hunting grounds.

AS SOON as the men from the train were mounted, all rode out to the camp on Deep Red Creek, more than twenty miles from town. There the fetlock-high mesquite grass had just turned green. On hand was Burk Burnett's chuckwagon, drawn by a four-horse team and driven by a capable Negro cook. Counting soldiers, cowboys and Indians, he had about a hundred to feed.

Jack Abernathy, the celebrated wolf catcher, rode his scrawny but well-trained pony. His two small, white hounds looked half-starved, but they and the pony worked perfectly as a team. Some of the other hunters also had brought dogs, making more than forty hounds altogether.

The country was rough, with many draws and gullies that gave the gray lobos a chance to elude the hounds. But, although most of the wolves got away, the party caught four or five a day after the hounds had brought them to bay, backing them against the side of a draw.

Sloan Simpson recalled that the party hunted with one pack of dogs in the morning and another in the afternoon, the dog wagon being driven along with the chuckwagon. "We usually left camp early in the morning, ten to twelve strong, all mounted except old S. B. (Burk) Burnett and Gen. S. M. M. Young, retired. Those two hunted from a buggy drawn by a pair of fine roan Steel Dust horses. There was no hustle and bustle—just a slow jog that did not interrupt conversation until one of the forward lookouts gave the signal of 'wolf sighted'."

Then things began to hum. "Girths were tightened, dogs were loosed, and away we went. Wolves and greyhounds waited for no man. The occupants of the buggy were never hindmost. On the right hip of Burnett hung a heavy six-shooter, which he always carried. On his left was a large flask of the best bourbon. After a swallow or two from the flask, it was wonderful to see how those roans could run."

THE PRESIDENT usually was in the lead of the hunters and seemed to enjoy the excitement of the chase. On the first day out, he won the approval of the cowmen by getting off his horse and drinking from an old buffalo wallow.

After the hounds had a wolf cornered, Jack Abernathy would ride up and dismount. Then he would walk slowly toward the wolf, making a few passes as he came close. Finally, instead of withdrawing his hand, he shoved it as far as he could into the mouth of the wolf, grabbing the lower jaw tightly to keep from being bitten. Then he tied the wolf's jaws with a piggin' string, and the show was over.

"Bully!" shouted the President the first time he saw this feat. "I haven't been skunked. This catch pays for my trip." He examined the wolf's mouth and saw the position of the hunter's hand as he held the lower jaw behind the dangerous teeth.

"I see," he said. "But how can you get your hand behind those teeth?"

"By practice, Mr. President," said Jack. "When I strike a wolf with my right hand, I know it's going into his mouth, and where. I could do it with my eyes shut. I've caught two in inky darkness."

Abernathy also demonstrated his skill by killing a rattlesnake with a stroke from his long leather quirt. Later Roosevelt borrowed Phy Taylor's quirt and decapitated another rattler. One night some of the hunters went out and caught a coon. They also tracked a wildcat but failed to locate it. At the end of four days of hunting, they had killed and skinned sixteen wolves, usually after long chases.

The President's physician, Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York, tried Abernathy's feat of wolf wrestling and nearly lost a couple of fingers in the attempt. In camp the men engaged in various sports, including foot races. T. R. took part in one but failed to set any record. The hunting party, in addition to those already mentioned, included young Tom Burnett; the President's aide, Lieutenant Fortescue; and a young cowman from Amarillo, Lee Bivins.

AS THE midday lunch from the chuckwagon was a hurried meal, the hunters had their dinner in the evening around the campfire. The evening after the dinner was always pleasant, recalled Sloan Simpson, who later was postmaster of Dallas. Cowboys and soldiers would come in from their separate camps half-a-mile away, and often a few Indians would drift in. Among the Indian visitors was the celebrated Chief Quanah Parker of the Comanches. Beside the fire, the men would tell stories of animals and of hunting—of water dogs, of rabid skunks that bit cowboys, of mad wolves that fell asleep on the tarps of a cow camp.

The President was in the best of spirits. He congratulated Jack Abernathy on the two catches he had seen him make. "After Congress convenes," he said, "I want you to visit me in the White House. While you are there, I hope you will walk down Pennsylvania Avenue. Every time you see a Senator, I want you to tie his mouth as you did those wolves'."

On the final day of the hunt, the camp was visited by a large party of Oklahoma politicians, including the Governor. Among those who greeted the President that day was the wolf catcher's father, L. V. Abernathy. A Confederate veteran, the elder Abernathy confided that T. R. was the first Yankee with whom he had shaken hands since the war ended forty years earlier.

After the wolf hunt ended, the Roosevelt party left amid a farewell salute from the guns of cowboys. In Colorado a committee had planned hunts for larger game. Years later, Roosevelt hunted in Africa and South America. But he seemed to enjoy as much as any of his hunts those he made in Texas and Oklahoma for such game as javelinas and wolves. He was more interested in the chase than in trophies. *Reprinted from THE CATTLEMAN, October, 1958.*

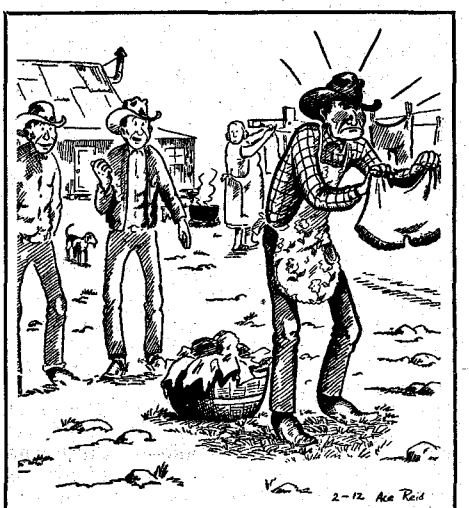
Help! We're Defulgiated!

(Continued from page 3)

This mail is the high point of our day, so for gosh sakes don't misunderstand me—keep it rolling in but understand our plight and don't get mad at us if you don't hear immediately. We think you might get madder if you didn't get your magazines! It's sort of like the author who knew that autograph parties were necessary to spread his fame and were great for sales. So he autographed so hard and fast he didn't have time to write another story and his readers started yelling at him and calling him stupid. They got tired of reading the same book!

Again, we get a big kick out of these letters. Some of them require thirty minutes to two hours of research and ask up to twelve or fifteen questions. Also there are a few "blasters" as well as honest Americana fans who pick out any little flaw. Sometimes they find a big one and they are overcome with delight. Since our life's blood is authenticity, we gratefully welcome those who find mistakes. We have made them in the past and we'll make them in the future—otherwise we'd not be human (as the Bible says) since no man is perfect. If we were perfect, we'd probably be on the judging staff upstairs waiting for some of you blasters to walk up! "One mistake in your past life and you're out!" we'd say—like you say to us. Our "nice flaw-finders" are wonderful and are about 99 9/10 percent of the ones who write in. They generally start off along the line of, "I make mistakes every day. I don't envy you your job! It would be *completely impossible* to publish two magazines dealing with a part of our history that happened sixty to over a hundred years ago and not make errors, but we did think you would appreciate our pointing out the fact that . . ." And when they come out with a whang-dilly we feel as low-down and sneaky as a thieving coyote caught in a chicken house!

TALK ABOUT a job—we are so sincere in the fact that we want completely factual magazines in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES that we worship the term "authenticity" and have had a story checked as many as eight to ten times in some instances!



"Hey, Broncho! Come tell ole Lew here how you ran Wild Bill Hickok out of Dodge City!"

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Then about the time we feel that we are coming out with a real spur-rattler, after reading every word over time and time again (six or seven people are involved in reading, checking and researching each article)—and sort of getting that smug feeling that this one will be perfect—Brother, watch out! Like the March-April issue for instance. It carried a lineup of stories that we are still receiving a wonderful mail on (I'm not good in grammar either!) but we had no more than stuck out our chest a full one-sixteenth inch farther (extreme dimensions!) when the letters started *pouring* in.

We had fought the good fight and whipped the Error Devil to a panting standstill on the real tough ones but it was like we had put out a near-perfect magazine, then stuck it up on the wall and deliberately shot a hole in the middle of it with a .45 Peacemaker. In short, in the Lincoln story, we had brother Colfax making a hazardous 2,200 mile trip by stage in twenty-two hours! With horses like that, a man could make a fortune even during these days of hot speed. We are trying to find the exact breed and perhaps locate some of the descendants. With a vitamin diet and good care this strain might make those nags look like slowpokes. Besides, if the hard days return we could supplement our income by selling 100-mile-an-hour horses!

Even though all us stupes had read over this article in its final stages, Pat Wagner took the blame in this typical letter she wrote the good-natured joshers:

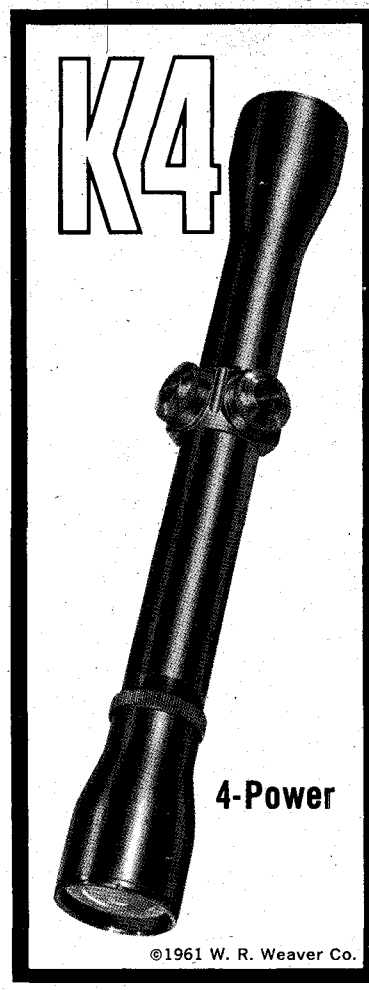
Mr. Small turned your letter over to me as I am responsible for those horses making such a spectacular run. In other words, I proofread the magazines and I should have caught it.

The last issue of TRUE WEST ran about 48,000 words. I read every single one of them five times. Maybe rigor mortis sets in after a while, I don't know. Anyway, as the old saying goes, —it's rough on women and horses.

Those jet-propelled nags, of course, died in the traces right after reaching Virginia City, but I have to go on living and apologizing!

Best Wishes!

ONE last word about the blasters and I'll start trying to quit—a hard job for this blabber-mouth. One long-time reader wrote recently, "I haven't had the opportunity to rip into you for four years!" Then he lets us have it and says that we have no reason anymore to call our magazines "True" and leaves the impression that we should fold up shop, eat a worm sandwich and spend the rest of our lives crying in a dark corner. I can see this old boy eagerly scanning every page, every paragraph, every sentence for four solid years (like a bloodhound on a faint trail) and I can see his face mirroring utter dejection after reading, and possibly rereading, every issue of both magazines for those years—and then he finds it. A MISTAKE! The birds start singing again, the sun shines brighter, his liver starts percolating and life is good again. I just don't know what would happen if we *never* made a mistake—I think the mortality rate of a certain portion of our readers would be disastrous! In other words, folks, when you jump on us, try to do it gentle. Don't be like the old man who used to beat his boy every day whether he needed it or not. One



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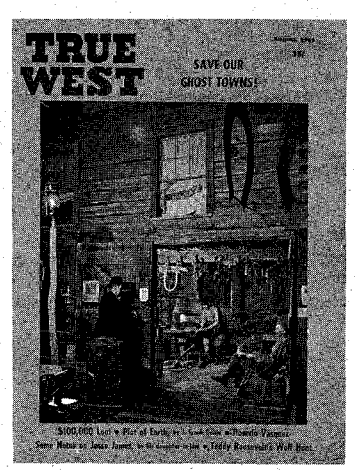

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"Many a blushing rose is born to die unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air . . . " (Or something like that.) Man, that's us!! At least, that's what you readers write in—that we're clear covered up on most newsstands by all the rest of the magazines.

Well, can't everybody be on top, so if you don't see us at first, will you please keep on digging? Thank you, Podner!

time a fellow asked him if he just didn't like the kid. His reply was, "Like him? Why, I *love* the young'un, but I got to keep his hide loose so he can grow!"

This is possibly the sorriest editorial I ever wrote (and that's saying a lot!) but please enjoy it for there may be some real tear-jerkers coming up! Seriously, in the past, I have merely reported the truth relative to a little man getting in a big game and doing something that American business and promotion men say has been forgotten in modern-day business—just flat reporting the facts as they are and asking your readers to stand by you if they think you have a good cause. You are a wonderful, loyal group and if all of us here at WESTERN PUBLICATIONS tried to express our sincere appreciation from the bottom of our hearts, the blamed message would sound so mushy you could mix cream and sugar with it and eat it for breakfast!

My Grandma Watson used to tell me, "Son, when you run out of something to say—stop!" You two brave readers who have battled it out to the bitter end (do you have a self-persecution complex or something?) are probably saying that I ran out of something to say before I started, but even I realize it as of this moment so, Grandma Watson, I'm stopping.

So long for now—Joe.

Where the Outlaws Hid

(Continued from page 47)

wild turkeys, deer and antelope in the thinly populated sections. They would take a ranchman's steer and turn it into meat and sometimes boldly enter a country store to buy additional provisions. Usually the merchant did not find it convenient to report the strangers.

Some dugouts would sleep eight men; usually the number would be four or five. The beds were arranged in tiers, one above the other. The men usually selected one of their number as cook—a sissy job—but he was relieved from guard duty and, on the whole, didn't fare too badly.

Their relaxation, their sport, their pleasure, was gambling. They would put down a horse blanket out in a cornfield, all squat around it, and play for the money they had taken in their last robbery. Sometimes, after a series of games, one man would owe another a handsome sum of money. He always paid.

When they felt a ranch or a particular dugout was under suspicion, the outlaws would suddenly fly away like birds from a tree. When too hard-pressed, they would divide and get jobs on ranches as cowboys, and rarely did they ever go to a city. They were mostly cowboys or ranch hands, and wanted none of the ways of "civilization."

Being the owner of a harboring place was particularly trying. Sometimes the man had to carry water on both shoulders. If he informed on the outlaws, they would return and make it unpleasant for him. If he didn't give up the information, the officers would have him in court. And it was especially hard on the wife of a ranch owner; any day, or any hour, four or five evil-looking men might ride up and, without invitation, become her guests. In many cases she would have a boy of impressionable age who admired these men who didn't have to work.

HERE IS a listing of some of the main harboring places:

Jim Riley's Ranch in the northwestern part of Oklahoma Territory, twenty miles south of Taloga on the South Canadian. In this district, west from Enid, were the Gloss Mountains, where every breeze shifted the sand, covering the tracks of man and horse. Riley was a water-carrier; he tried to keep on good terms with both law and outlaw, a difficult balancing feat.

Fitzgerald's on the Cimarron River at Cowboy Flat, about fifteen miles northeast of Guthrie. Through these doors passed some of the greatest outlaws of Oklahoma.

George Isaac's on the north side of the Washita River, four miles from Chickasha, Indian Territory. Timber came up close to the ranch house; if the outlaws were disturbed at night they would rush into the timber where no officer would be foolhardy enough to follow.

The Dunn Brothers' Rock Fort. It was really that—a fort. It was about eighteen miles east of Ingalls. Here Bitter Creek and Charlie Pierce gave up their lives and "The Rose of Cimarron" lived. What a life it was!

The Caseys' near the present town of Clinton, five miles south of Arapaho. "Old Man Casey" (as he was called) had seven sons. They were about what you think.

Amos Chapman's, where the town of Seiling is now located. Chapman had a wooden leg and was a squawman. Sometimes he was a deputy upholding the law; sometimes he wasn't. Anyway, he was one of Oklahoma's early picturesque characters.

The Osage Hills. This was no ranch, no fortified position. It was open country—wild and desolate—near Pawhuska and sixty miles southwest of Coffeyville, Kansas. There was a saying that outlaws were as thick as jackrabbits in the Osage Hills.

The Military Reservation near Fort Sill. The reservation backed up into the Wichita Mountains and it was wild and unfenced. Here existed the situation of the Government's owning land on which were hiding the very men it was looking for. Sometimes homeseekers would start across this forbidding stretch of country in covered wagons. Sometime later, an old wagon wreck would be found in a canyon and that would be the end of it.

The Bar-X-Bar Ranch on Turkey Creek near Pawnee. The Dalton-Doolin Gang loved the place.

The Jim Hughes Ranch on the Washita River near Fort Cobb, west of Anadarko. The Bert Casey Gang was often in residence.

The John Holt Ranch on Bear Creek, about twenty miles southeast of Marlow—a good place for bad men.

The H-X Bar Ranch on Cowboy Flat, thirteen miles northeast of Guthrie, owned by Oscar D. Halsell.

The Mashed-O Ranch northeast of Tulsa. The Daltons, tired and weary from robbing, often stopped here to rest and get away from it all.

There were other places where the outlaws got fresh horses and supplies. Sometimes the owners shared in the loot; mostly they didn't share, but were afraid to openly oppose their "visitors."

The ranch owners who harbored men on the run had one protection: it was exceedingly difficult for a prosecuting attorney to prove "intent" on the part of the ranch owners. The ranch owners usually testified they were afraid not to shelter the outlaws, and the juries accepted it that way.

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Some Notes on Jesse James

(Continued from page 29)

skin of all their pretensions, and made to shiver and freeze, splotched as they are and spotted and piebald with blood, in the pitiless storm of public contempt and condemnation. This, to the leaders, will be worse than death.

Nor is the end yet. If Jesse James had been hunted down as any other criminal, and killed while trying to escape or in resisting arrest, not a word would have been said to the contrary. He had sinned and he had suffered. In his death the majesty of the law would have been vindicated, but here the law itself becomes a murderer. It leagues with murderers. It hires murderers. It borrows money to pay and reward murderers. It promises immunity and protection to murderers. It is itself a murderer—the most abject, the most infamous, and the most cowardly ever known to history. Therefore this so-called law is an outrage, and these so-called executors of the law are outlaws. Therefore let Jesse James' comrades—and he has a few remaining worth all the Fords and Liddils that could be packed together between St. Louis and St. Joe—do unto them as they did unto him.

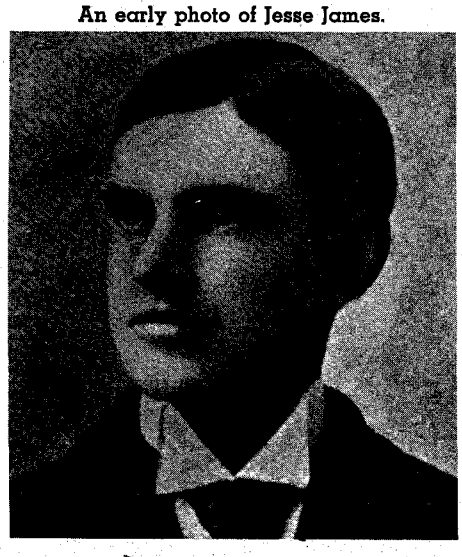
Yes, the end is not yet, nor should it be. The man had no trial. What right had any officer of this state to put a price upon his head and hire a band of cutthroats and highwaymen to murder him for money?

Anything can be told of man. The whole land is filled with liars and robbers and assassins. Murder is easy for a hundred dollars. Nothing is safe that is pure and unsuspecting, or just; but it is not to be supposed that the law will become an ally and a co-worker in this sort of civilization.

Jesse James has been murdered, first, because an immense price has been set upon his head and there isn't a low-lived scoundrel today in Missouri who wouldn't kill his own father for money; and, second, because he was made the scapegoat for every train robber, footpad and highwayman between Iowa and Texas. Worse men a thousand times than the dead man have been hired to do this thing. The very character of the instruments chosen shows the infamous nature of the work required.

The hand that slew him had to be a traitor's! Into all the warp and woof of the devil's work there were threads woven by the fingers of a harlot. What

An early photo of Jesse James.



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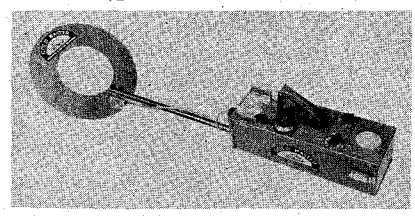

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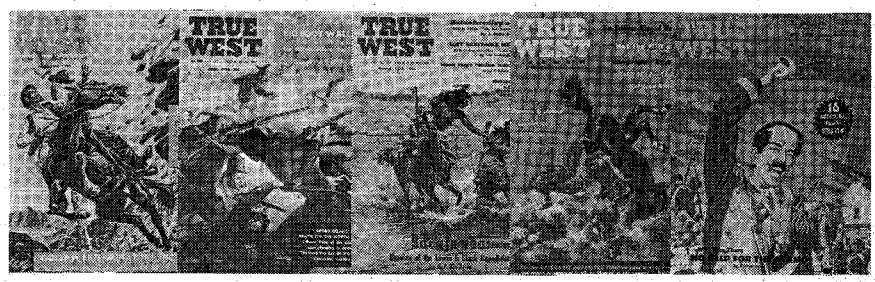

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Above, Jesse James' mother stands at her son's grave in the yard of the old James homestead. Below, Mrs. Jesse James beside Jesse's guns.

a spectacle! Missouri, with splendid companies and regiments of militia; Missouri with a hundred and seventeen sheriffs, as brave and efficient on the average as any men on earth; Missouri with a watchful and vigilant marshal in every one of her towns and cities; Missouri, with every screw and cog and crank and lever and wheel of her administrative machinery in perfect working order; Missouri, with all her order, progress and development, had yet to surrender all these in the face of a single man—a hunted, lied-upon, proscribed and outlawed man, trapped and located in the midst of thirty-five thousand people—and ally with some five or six cutthroats and prostitutes that the majesty of the law might be vindicated, and the good name of the state saved from further reproach!

Saved? Why the whole state reeks today with a double orgy—that of lust and that of murder. What the men failed to do, the women accomplished.

Tear the two bears from the flag of Missouri! Put thereon, in place of them, as more appropriate, a thief blowing out the brains of an unarmed victim, and a brazen harlot, naked to the waist and splashed to the brows in blood!

Coming of the Iron Monster

(Continued from page 45)

whittled out before the headings met.

Then came the easier track work and finally the race of the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific for the junction of the rails "at a point at, or near, Ogden, Utah." The two companies agreed upon Promontory as the junction. The climax of the great race was the building of ten miles of track in one day, a record which is still unbroken.

Near Promontory is Chinaman's Arch, a natural rock formation which is the only monument to the thousand or more Chinese who lost their lives in the winter of 1868-69 when smallpox struck Central Pacific's camps. The accident rate was also helped along by blustering Irishmen who resented the little yellow men and

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weren't averse to playing rather boisterous games with them.

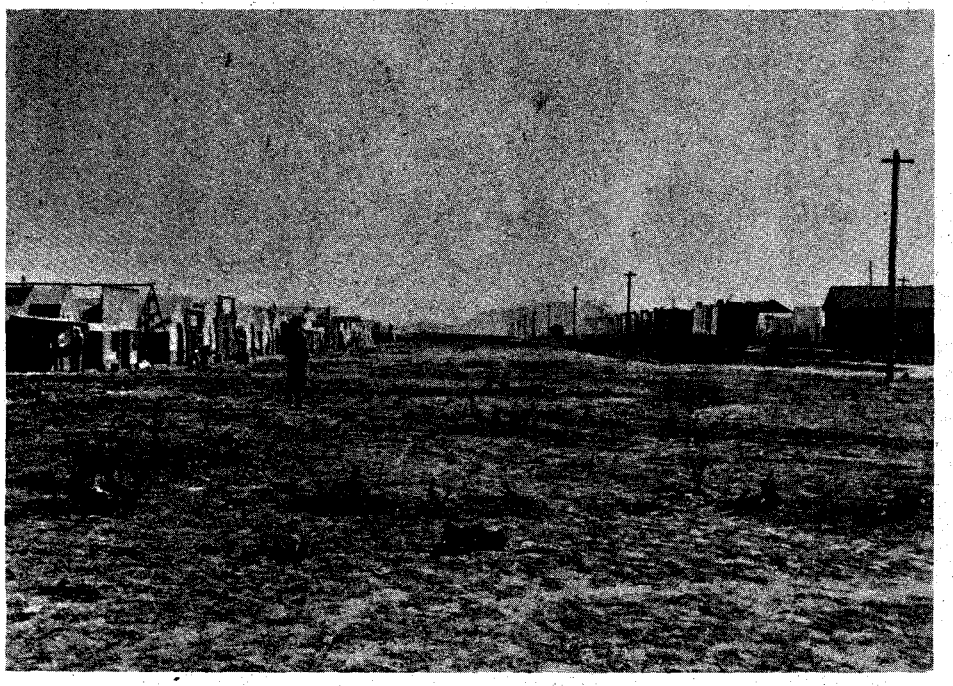
FOR THE "Wedding of the Rails," May 10, 1869, a golden spike worth $400 was fashioned and a crowd of about 1,500 gathered for the big event. Speeches were made by Governor Leland Stanford of California and General Grenville M. Dodge and others and the throngs cheered each sentence.

Governor Stanford was to have the privilege of signaling the waiting world that the great moment had come. The golden spike was set in place. Stanford swung his maul—and missed! As the maul struck the rail, the gallant telegrapher, signaled, "Dot! Dot! Dot!—Done!"

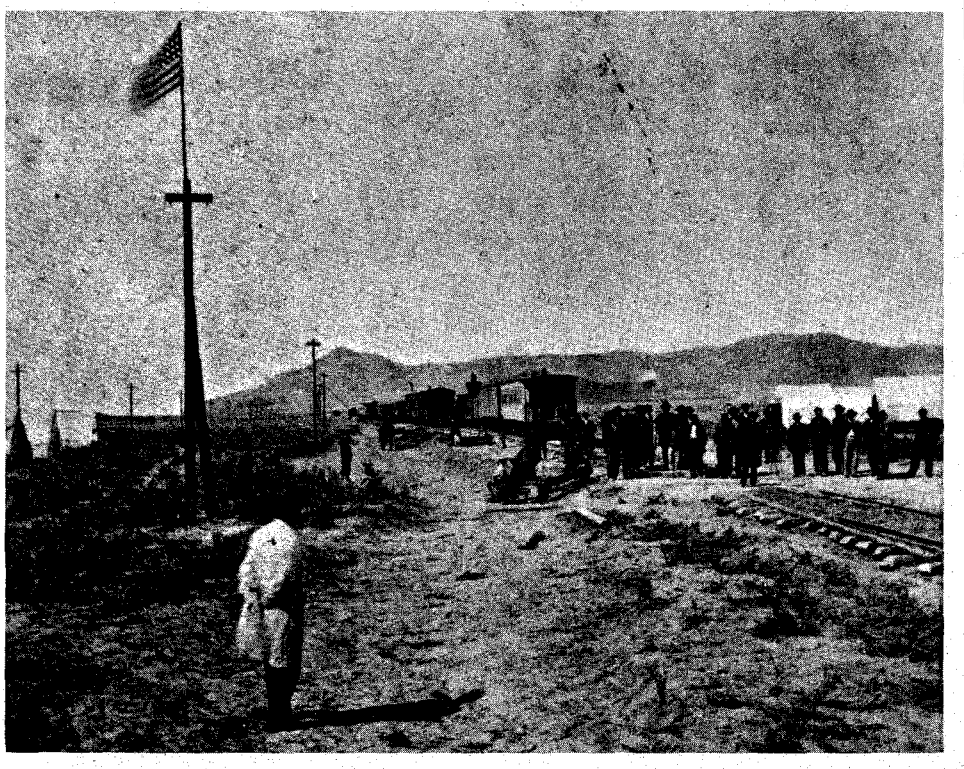
The Central Pacific's "Jupiter," and Union Pacific's No. 119 then advanced until their pilots touched. Bottles of champagne were broken on the engines and the bubbling wine flowed over the Golden Spike and the last tie. The engines backed up to their trains, hooked on and took turns crossing the rails which had joined the gap.

The nation's first transcontinental rail line was in existence! The Golden Spike was returned to California and today rests in the Stanford University Museum at Palo Alto.

Each year the driving of the Golden Spike is re-enacted by the Golden Spike Association on May 10, commemorating the climax of the greatest railroad building race in history—1,800 hand-built miles of track in six and one-half years.



Above, another view of Promontory in 1869. Below, workers prepare for the "Wedding of the Rails" which was to take place in a few days.



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Cheyenne Courtship and Marriage

(Continued from page 37)

run so smoothly. Three things were considered: the suitor was expected to treat the girl with kindness and affection, to be a good provider and to be able to protect his future family from all danger.

Sometimes a girl's favorite might not have had the opportunity to distinguish himself as a hunter and warrior. He might also have a rival more appealing to her family. In such cases, the girl, not wishing to go against the wishes of her parents or guardian, would now and then consent to marry the man of their choice, ignoring her own heart.

After a suitor had been accepted, should the girl regret her promise, an unusual and delicate situation presented itself. If the young man had important influence within the circle of the tribe, the girl's family would not wish to openly offend him or his relatives. But there was always a way out!

The girl would consult some of her elders who would counsel her to steal off to the lodge of her loved one's parents that very night.

The morning after, she would be returned with horses and gifts for her relatives, who would accept the situation as final and unalterable. The father, exercising tact and diplomacy, would distribute the horses and gifts to the injured parties; the recipients, to show they had no ill-feeling, were expected to return gifts of equal or greater value than those they received.

Either this, or a young couple could elope. If they returned within a short time and made the usual gifts, they would be accepted in full status; if they did not, they would lose standing in the tribe.

A bride, returning with gifts from her relatives to the lodge of the groom, was carried across the threshold by either her relatives or the women relatives of the groom. Inside, she was dressed in new clothes furnished by them. The groom's mother would have prepared a meal and the girl's share of meat, as a courtesy, was cut into small bites. The marriage ceremony was then complete.

DIVORCE WAS not unknown among the Cheyennes. It could be painful or it could be settled quietly and peacefully by either party. It is said that when Kit Carson's Cheyenne wife divorced him, she simply pitched all of his belongings out of the lodge and then barred the door, figuratively, to him.

When a Cheyenne wished to divorce his wife completely and publicly, he arranged it at a meeting or dance of his soldier lodge. Sometime during the dance, a certain tune would be played. The disappointed or provoked husband would dance with a stick in hand, strike the drum, throw the stick in the air and declare that there went his wife and if anyone wished to have her, they could pick up the stick!

Such a public divorce was a scandal and disgrace to the woman for it could always be held over her. If she ever entered an argument with another woman or a second husband, they could always remind her that she had once been publicly renounced by her former husband.

The wife, if she desired, could pitch her husband's effects out of the lodge (as in the case of Kit Carson), or she could run off with another man.

Reparations and overtures had to be made to the original husband when his wife deserted him for another. A friend would be sent with a pipe to interview the husband. If the husband smoked, a peaceful settlement was indicated and he would generally receive what he had originally paid for his wife.

If the husband refused to smoke, there was trouble ahead for the errant couple. The first husband might kill the interloper and his former wife, or he might kill their horses.

One former husband, when asked what he wanted in payment for the loss of his spouse, asked the new husband to send him an old hairy dog. That was what he thought his former wife was worth.

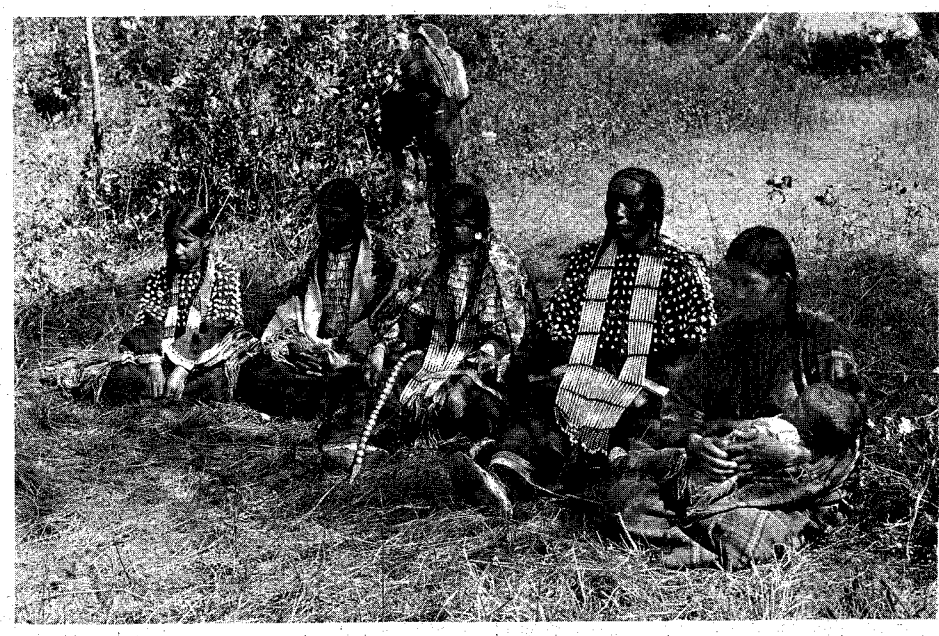
A chief was too important and had too many obligations to be able to participate in personal vendettas. If his wife ran away, he was expected to ignore the situation. Generally, he called his soldier band together and smoked a pipe in their presence, signifying that he wished everyone to forget the matter.

Cheyenne men were allowed more than one wife. The sisters of his original one were the most eligible candidates. This was not a set rule, as they were free to make their own choices, but when a man married more than once, the succeeding wives were usually sisters of the first. Sisters were accustomed to living together and less rivalry, bickering and jealousy occurred among wives from the same family. This was the custom not only among the Cheyennes, but also among other Indian nations.

If the husband did not marry a sister, the first wife was inclined to consider it an insult to her and her family. She might leave the lodge if quarrels arose with the second wife.

Children belonged to the mother's clan. The father had a shorter life expectancy. In case of divorce and if the eldest male child were old enough, the husband might

Above, a Cheyenne woman and her child. (*Museum of the American Indian*). Below, a group of Cheyenne women and children. (*American Museum of Natural History Photo*)



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take his son with him, but he still remained a member of his mother's clan.

A woman had a definite and responsible status in the organization of the tribe. She was often the better business head of the family. Whatever property she owned as a bride remained hers throughout her marriage. Should her husband require help, she might—of her own free will—give him horses from her herd, but he could not take them without her permission. Whatever increase came to her horse herd through natural causes, by acquisition of gifts or through trade were also hers.

Sometimes the wife pursued a career in addition to her family duties. Often she was gifted in the use of medicine and served as a midwife or in other phases of village life. In return for her services, she received gifts as payment.

If her husband furnished hides for her to tan and they were sold or exchanged for other property, the couple shared the proceeds. Thus it often happened that the wife was the wealthiest member of the family.

When white men visited Indian villages in the old days, they often wrote that the women were slaves, doing all of the manual labor while the men sat around doing nothing. But women worked because industry was considered a virtue. Men were not asked to do women's work because they were expected to provide the meat and other necessities. In addition to this, they had to be ready at all times to defend their families against attack.

Each person in the village held a position and certain duties were required of each but the policy of the family, of the tribe and its government were dictated by the wishes and will of the women.

A Cheyenne medicine man smoking at a fire. (*Museum of the American Indian*)

The Thing at the Bottom of the Shaft

(Continued from page 19)

hear me?"

"That's right," yelled Ed. "We are trapped in here!"

"Trapped in where?" came the query.

Frantically Ed shouted back, "We are behind this pile of muck blocking the drift." Silence was his answer. Again he yelled, putting every ounce of strength into his effort.

"Go and get help to dig us out!" Again there was only silence. "Did you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Repeat what I said," shouted Ed.

"You said to go up and get help."

"Yes! Yes! Go on, man—hurry up!"

"I'm going," the sepulchral voice from the other side of the barrier replied.

With those words the blocked drift fell under a dead silence broken only by the pounding of the men's hearts and the rasp of their labored breathing.

"I sank down on the muck pile," said Ed. "I was shaking with the effort of shouting and shaking in the hope that we could now, perhaps, get out. Also, I was shaking with the fear that the owner of the voice did not understand or would not come back. I made some remark to my partner who had said not a word the whole time. My voice came out like a croak. He only picked up his shovel and again went to work on the cascading muck."

As they waited for the help that might or might not come, Ed and Jim must have thought of the eerie noises they had been hearing each afternoon and I'm sure they remembered The Thing

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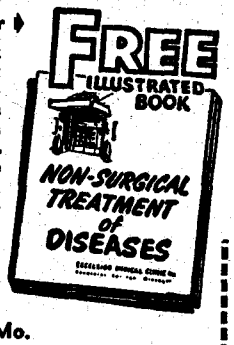

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that lay at the bottom of the other abandoned shaft, The Thing that looked like a dead man.

Undoubtedly, too, they wondered if the voice they had heard was part of a cruel, supernatural hoax or possibly something they had only imagined. Should either prove to be the case, then both Ed and Jim must have known that death was close at hand. Already the diminishing supply of oxygen had thrown over them the dull, aching lethargy that precedes unconsciousness.

"AN ETERNITY later came another faint hail and a shouted answer from Jim who had finally found his voice," said Ed Dyer. "Then, from the other side of the plug, we began hearing the wonderful music of steel shovel blades ringing against stone! Grabbing our own shovels we began working frantically.

"With our breath coming in gasps and our throats choked by dust, it seemed to me we were making a little headway. At last, with dramatic suddenness, I saw a shovel blade poke through at the apex of the pile! I think that blade was the grandest sight I have ever seen in my life!

"As the blade was withdrawn it left a hole about eight inches in diameter between the pile of waste and the roof of the tunnel, and we knew the waste had stopped running. For a split second I didn't move, then I made a convulsive leap up the muck pile, stuck my head into the opening and shouted, 'I'm coming out!'

"Through that opening, scarcely big enough to admit a dachshund, I went head first! Sliding down the other side of the plug to the floor of the tunnel, I scrambled to my feet to face half-a-dozen men gaping in astonishment.

"Since we seldom had callers at the mine, the fact that these men happened along seemed like Divine Providence. When we asked what had brought them out from town, we learned that Jim's former partner, upon his return to Pioche, had mentioned what we had seen at the bottom of the old mine shaft.

"When it was recalled that a Pioche mining man had disappeared several months before, the volunteer rescue party had come out to our camp to investigate. When they couldn't find the shaft that was supposed to hold the dead man, they came on over to the Alps to get us to show them its location. That was how they happened to find us.

"After we had pulled ourselves together a bit, we all went over to the other shaft and let one of the boys down on a rope. You know what? The Thing we had seen wasn't a dead man at all! It was only an old juniper log that had fallen into the shaft! What had looked like an arm was a stubby crooked branch, and what we had taken to be clothing was the brown, fibrous bark!"

"But what about the 'supernatural' noises you had been hearing?" I prompted. "Did you ever learn what caused them?"

"Yes," grinned Ed Dyer. "We even solved *that* mystery, in time. About six miles from the old Alps was another mine where blasting was done once each day at exactly three o'clock. By some freak formation of sound waves, the noise of this blasting sped through the earth, echoing, reverberating and amplifying, so that by the time it reached the Alps it sounded like a million mine timbers tumbling down the shaft!"

Truly Western

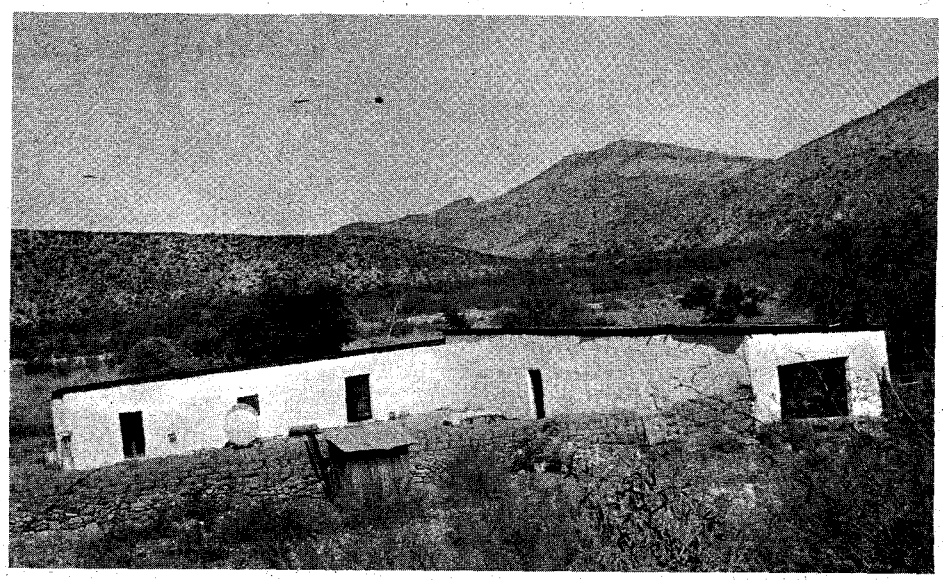
(Continued from page 5)

If you have not smelled the stink of hair from a hot branding iron, felt the burn from a slipping lariat rope, seen the foaming soapy lather from a cutting horse's body, had your eyes filled with dust from the cutting pens, heard the squeak of saddle leather and knocked snow and ice from your hat brim, then you have never really lived the life of the cattle country.

I am not an old man, but I am old enough that often when I sit down in a comfortable chair at night in front of the fire, I can smell, see and hear these things. Your publications help me hang onto these memories—the very things you are trying to keep from dying.—Harley Smith, 3824 Bowie Avenue, Odessa, Texas.

Editor's Note: I've experienced 'em all—including stepping barefooted into a fresh pile of cowpen manure.

Above, Faver's headstone. Below, Cibolo.



Faver's Cibolo

Dear Sirs:

Since the publication of my story, "Don Milton Faver: Founder of a Kingdom" (June 1962 TRUE WEST), I—with two other men—made my way to Cibolo. I climbed the rockiest hill I've ever seen to reach Faver's grave (he had asked to be buried at whichever headquarters he died, and it was Cibolo).

The grave is fenced with iron pickets. The headstone had fallen down. One of the men with me, Charles King of Fort Davis, held it up for me to take a snapshot. On the inscription, which is in Spanish, Faver's first name is spelled *Meliton,* which was the Mexican way of pronouncing it.

The old fort is still standing. The walls of the six-room L-shaped structure are thick; five Mexican ranchhands were present when I went there. They cook, eat and live in the building and store ranch gear in it. The owner's nice modern house is 100 yards away.—Barry Scobee, Fort Davis, Texas.

A Decent Burial

My Dear Sir:—

Reading your last issue, I was reminded of the story of the two prospectors who came across the scantily clad body of an Indian out in the hills. They decided to stop long enough to give him a decent burial. After the grave had been dug and the corpse lowered into it, one of the prospectors suggested that some sort of suitable remarks should be made before the dirt was thrown in.

Laying down his shovel and taking off his hat, he proceeded to exhort the Great Spirit to accept the soul of this great chief, this brave warrior, this mighty hunter, whose wisdom at tribal councils, bravery on the warpath and ability as a provider for his family had been of so much benefit to his people. He asked that his spirit be welcomed

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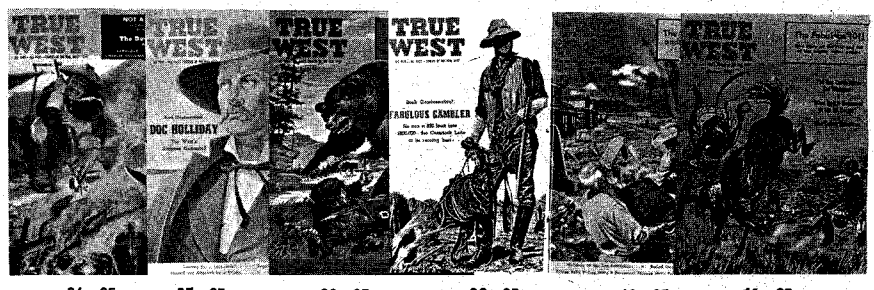

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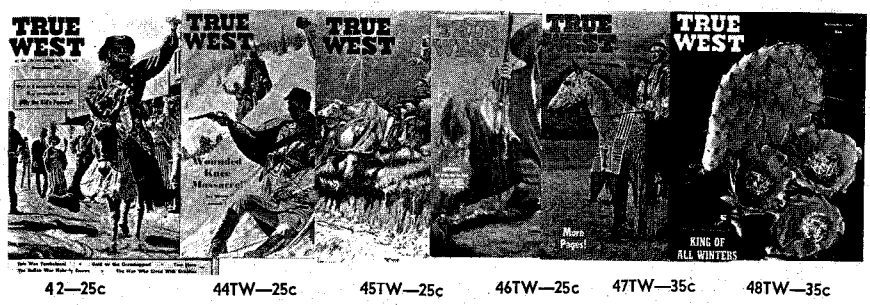

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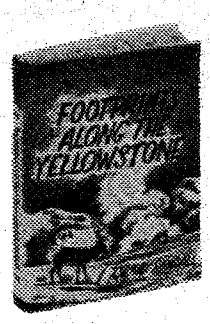

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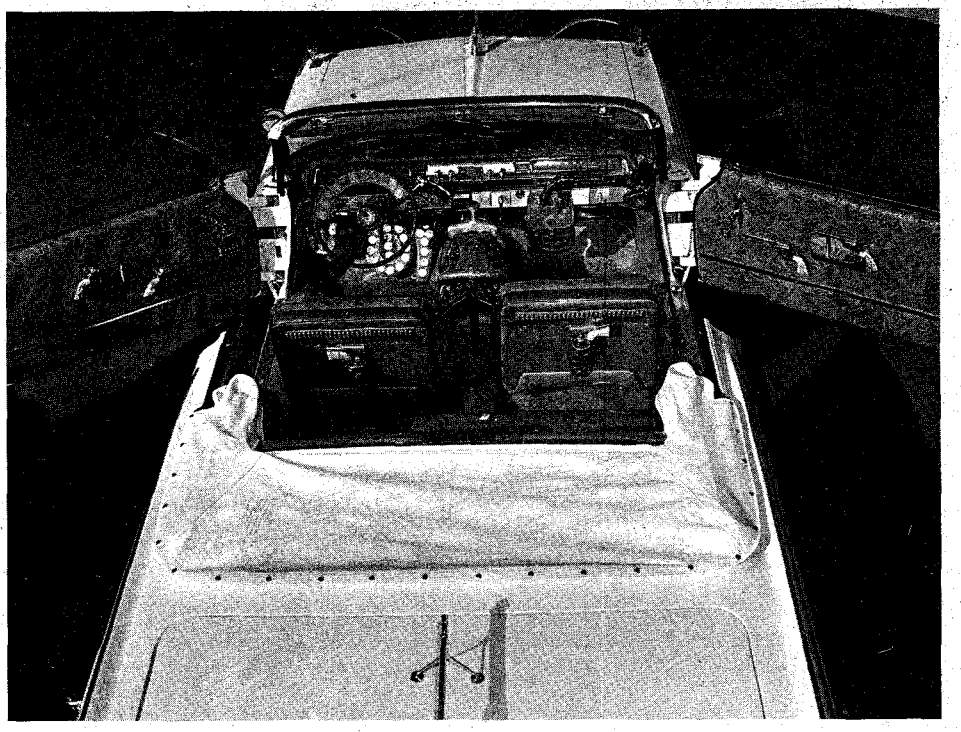
Someone else might want to read this copy of TRUE WEST when you have finished with it. What we are asking is —please don't just throw it in the waste-basket. One thousand drops of sweat, one cup of blood and a gallon of tears went into fixing up this copy, that's the pure-dee truth. So pass it on, will you folks? Many hospital patients, invalids and shut-ins desperately need reading material so make your 35c count double! Pass it on. They'll appreciate it and so will old Joe.



into the Happy Hunting Grounds to receive the awards due an exemplary member of his race.

As the picked up his shovel again, he asked his partner, "How was that, Bill?"

"Very good, very good," the latter replied, "but from where I stand it looks like this old chief was a squaw."—Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Fancy Dress Pontiac

Howdy!

Having seen the big Pontiac ads always present in your magazines, I thought you might like a gander at this car refurbished by Nudie, the famed designer and maker of western wear for movie stars.

The car is a stripped-down white Pontiac Bonneville convertible. Hand-tooled leather lines the interior; the top of the dash is encrusted with 150 silver dollars (approximately 540 silver dollars are used throughout).

The pull of a trigger on the gearshift works the gears; other pistols open the door and sound the horn. A derringer releases the emergency brakes and another one works the directional lights.

A silver saddle, silver-stocked rifles, chromed longhorns, miniature chromed models of quarterhorses and boots complete the lavish decoration.—Rae Lynn, 1418 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood 28, California.

Frontier Aunts

Dear Joe and All,

Speaking of sod houses (February 1962 TRUE WEST), how about this? These four women, my father's sisters, homesteaded in the Goheen Valley, Custer County, Nebraska, each proving up a quarter section. They lived in this soddy (I was born in a sod house, but one that had a good shingled roof). From left to right, they are "Aunt Hattie" (who named me), Aunt Lizzie, Aunt

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Lutie, and Aunt Babe (who still does her own cooking although she's ninety years old now!).

Thanks for reviewing my *Lost Trails of the Cimarron*. I've had a hundred letters from it!—Harry E. Chrisman, Liberal, Kansas.

Longest Snake?

Dear Editor,

While working in Colorado during 1959, I killed a rattlesnake eighteen-feet, four-and-one-half inches long. It had at least twenty-two rattles.

I killed the snake near Pawnee Buttes, about sixty miles east of Fort Collins, Colorado. The skin of this snake is now in the museum in Fort Collins.—John Ball, Fairbanks, Alaska.

Thanks!

Dear Sirs:

As a reader who started his subscription to TRUE WEST right after it first came out and as a charter subscriber to FRONTIER TIMES, I would like to say that Milt Hinkle in his recent story in TRUE WEST ("The Earp and Masterson I Knew," December 1961 issue) gave us more honest-to-God information than all the "claptrap" and debunking we have ever had before on these two men. I sure liked the straightforward, unbiased way he wrote.

Of course it goes without saying that I place a lot of faith in the accuracy of your stories or I wouldn't have been a constant reader so long.—Kenneth Doud, Route No. 1, Revere, Missouri.

? ? ?

Dear Readers:

Who remembers when the first town marshal was killed at Midland, Texas? —Bob Boone, 1821 Chandler, Burbank, California.

Read and Appreciate

Gentlemen:

My boyhood years were spent in northeastern Montana during the years 1924 through 1941, first on a cattle ranch, then on a 320-acre homestead. This was open, rolling, hilly cow country with some farm land. All our travel was by saddlehorse or by team and wagon or bobsled. The conditions out there at the time were much the same as they had been for the first quarter of the century. One of our neighboring towns, Plentywood, was at one time one of the roughest, toughest towns in the West right along with Deadwood, South Dakota, and Virginia City, Montana.

Having actually lived the rough, hard Old West life, I can read and appreciate your truly the finest of the few fine publications of the Old West. May God grant you the power to continue your present course without deviation. Those of us who lived and were part of the West and the cattle and wild horse roundups know how accurate you are and we revere the magazines that carry us back awhile and let us re-live, in memory, the old life we now hold so dear.—Arthur E. Johnson, 506 West 128th Street, Chicago 28, Illinois.

Editor's Note: We ain't fool-proof accurate, Art, and never will be, but we'll continue doing our double-dangest!

Roman Nose

Gentlemen:

Author Bill Judge in his article "Muzzling the Dog Soldiers" (TRUE WEST, December 1961) states that Roman Nose was killed at the Beecher's Island fight in 1868.

Author George D. Wolfe states in his article, "The Indians Named Him Bad Hand," that Roman Nose was killed during General Mackenzie's attack upon the village of Dull Knife. Unless there were two Roman Noses, someone is wrong. I believe author Wolfe was referring to an Indian by the name of Yellow Nose.—B. Wapner, 12629 Stagg Street, North Hollywood, California.

Editor's Note: Author Wolfe wrote us in reply, "The man is correct! It should have been Yellow Nose, a Cheyenne chief. And what prompted the error was Captain Bourke's statement that "Roman Nose" was killed when undoubtedly he also meant Yellow Nose. I fell into the same error."

Iron Man of the Hoh

Dear Mr. Stout:

Powerful men up in the logging area of the Pacific Northwest are the rule. But there died recently on the Olympic Peninsula of the State of Washington a strong man who was a standout. His name was John Wege.

John owned a little ranch up the wild Hoh River, a noted steelhead stream twelve miles south of the logging town of Forks. His thrifty German wife had wanted a kitchen range for a long time so John went into town, bought one and started for home with the kitchen range on his back, along with some other supplies.

At Kalaloch, he stopped at another store. "I'd like to pack along a twenty-pound sack of rye flour," he told the owner, "but I got no room for it."

"Why, put it in the oven, John," the dealer teased, knowing John already had too much to carry.

"I got no room," said John, and opened the oven door. "You see?"

Inside the oven was a 100-pound anvil!

Thereafter, John was called the "Iron Man of the Hoh."—Frank Ariza, 534 Duane Street, Astoria, Oregon.

Nellie Cashman

Dear Joe:

I think Milt Hinkle made an honest mistake when he stated that Nellie Cashman had been a partner of Wyatt Earp in the operation of Alaskan "hotels" (December 1961 TRUE WEST). One of Hutchinson's Bird Cage Nightingales bore a similar name, i.e. "Nellye Cushman."

She seems to have been quite a gal. She was an acrobat of sorts, and on more than one occasion delighted the habitues of the Crystal Palace by traversing the entire length of the barroom floor on her hands! She was in the news briefly when she was charged with assaulting Oscar Brottle, a drummer who peddled "Ladies' Porous Red Vests." Oscar, however, though slightly perforated with hatpin jabs, refused to press charges. He left town on the next stage.

Not much seems to be known about Nellye, but she did receive a mention in an old out-of-print book entitled *Wanton Women of the Wild West* by Percy L. Coffindale. Doc Holliday is alleged to have remarked that he would "rather face a whole corral of Clantons and McLowerys than spend an evening in the company of Nellye Cushman armed with nothing more lethal than a soda straw."

It is a pity we do not know more about

WANTED—

100 INDIAN FIGHTERS!

Have you ever said to yourself, "I'm gonna get me a big hat and run away to be an Indian fighter!"? Well, you'll have to bring your own hat, but right now we'd like to sign you on as a genuine INDIAN FIGHTER!

Nope, the "pesky redskins" haven't risen, nor are we about to try by force to get them to take back the country. The way taxes are these days they would really fight that idea.

The brand of INDIAN FIGHTERS we're enlisting are fighters for the Indians, not against. In particular, a tremendous lot of help is needed right now by the Navajos who are trying to live on the barren lands of their reservation north of Flagstaff, Arizona. The need is so immediate and so great, it is difficult to start a list. The comfortable, and all too popular, belief that "The Great White Fathers in Washington" provide a bountiful life for our "red brothers" is simply not true. There is just as much want and need among these fine people from whom we "took over" this land of plenty as there is among the "faraway helpless" who now receive so much of our official bounty.

So, in a person-to-person, non-governmental crusade, we seek to enlist 100 INDIAN FIGHTERS who will fight for a people who fought the world's most hopeless battle—the American Indians. They desperately need such everyday things as aspirin, eye drops, salves, band aids, gauze, adhesive tape, rubbing alcohol, mentholatum, vaseline, vitamins, iodine, baby powder, talc, toothpaste, toothbrushes and soap. They will be very happy to receive and wear any odds and ends of new clothing or shoes or boots in children's or adult sizes. Canned goods, dried foods, pens, pencils, tablets, crayons, paints, paint books, good books for young people—in fact there is no limit, either in quantity or kind, as to what the Navajos do need and can use right now.

All help will be channeled direct to the needy Navajos through the field service of THE FLAGSTAFF MISSION TO THE NAVAJOS, P.O. Box A.A., Flagstaff, Arizona. This is a non-profit, non-denominational foundation. They will be happy to mail receipts for the value of gifts to all donors for income tax purposes. If you want a tax deduction receipt, enclose a note with your name and address and the value of the gift. If you wish to send money, the Mission will use it for direct relief to the Indians. Make all checks or money orders payable to FLAGSTAFF MISSION TO THE NAVAJOS.

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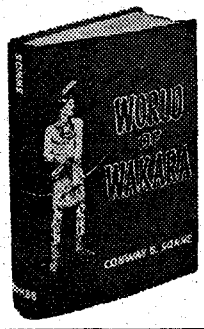

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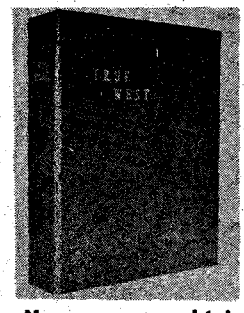

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this remarkable woman.—Z. B. Schramm, 604 North Sergeant, Joplin, Missouri.

Battle Over Billy's Bones

Hi Pardner:

It looks like Billy the Kid will not ride again. In a recent ruling, District Judge E. T. Hensley, Jr., denied a petition by Mrs. Lois Telfer of New York City, who claims to be the closest living relative of The Kid, and the Lincoln County Commissioners to remove Billy's bones from their present burial place in Fort Sumner, De Baca County, to Lincoln County.

The court battle was quite an affair (it lasted ten months) and aroused reminders of times past by a feud featuring legal and verbal sparring between the commissions of the two counties. Louis Bowdre, of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a relative of Billy's sidekick Charlie Bowdre, was present for the trial.

The Clovis *News-Journal* reported that the judge upheld De Baca County's motion to dismiss the petition on grounds that: (1) due to lapse of time and natural causes it is no longer possible to locate the grave of Billy the Kid and that (2) the search for the Kid's grave would inevitably lead to disturbing the remains of numerous other persons buried in the graveyard (including, of course, the bodies of Bowdre and O'Folliard, who supposedly were buried side by side beneath a common headstone marked "Pals").

Judge Hensley said, "This court suggests that the wishes of the deceased might have been reasonably ascertained by his actions at the time of his death and from these actions, as a matter of history, it is apparent that Lincoln County was the place where he least desired to live or die."

The plaintiffs had contended lack of care of the grave and over-commercialization of it as reasons to justify removing the body.—Carl A. Miller, 712 Mitchell, Clovis, New Mexico.

Bravo!

Dear Joe,

I have read many times that so much has been written about the Lincoln County War that no more could possibly be dug up. For a while I thought that perhaps this statement was true, but thanks to Philip J. Rasch this belief has been proven false (April '62 TRUE WEST).

I felt that John Tunstall could not have possibly been as neutral in the disagreements as pro-McSween, Chisum authors such as Nan H. Harrison and Walter N. Burns have pictured him, and still deserve the brutal end he met.

I say, "Bravo, Mr. Rasch!" for putting the finishing touches on a story many times told which other authors either neglected or didn't have the material at hand to ferret out concerning the true story on Tunstall.

Keep up the good work. The other day I was rummaging through all my back copies of TRUE WEST. One sure can see the marked improvement in the magazine from quality of paper to pictures used, even the advertisements. TRUE WEST has always been and will always be top on my list of magazines. It's one you can let your children read and your neighbors see on your desk.—C. E. McGee, Na Ah Tee Canyon Trading Post, Holbrook, Arizona.

Charley Utter

Hoofbeats West

(Continued from page 27)

sold the Pony Express Service to a party named Clippenger, who operated it so badly the people of Deadwood Gulch demanded the company stop carrying the mail. A move was made to establish a stage line, the Sidney and Black Hills.

The new line's first coach out of Deadwood was ambushed, the driver killed, the horses cut loose and the coach burned. Not until September 25, 1876, more than a month after the line began operations, was the first round trip between Deadwood and Sidney completed. After this, more and more passengers began to travel on the mail stages and all went fairly well until the ever increasing richness of the Deadwood gold shipments being carried by the stages became a lure that drew many notorious outlaws to the region.

During the next few years, stage holdups became so frequent that travelers went to great pains to outwit the bandits, concealing their favorite valuables before starting out. A pretty young lady traveling from Deadwood to Sidney, Nebraska, tried to conceal her watch in the coils of her hair. One of

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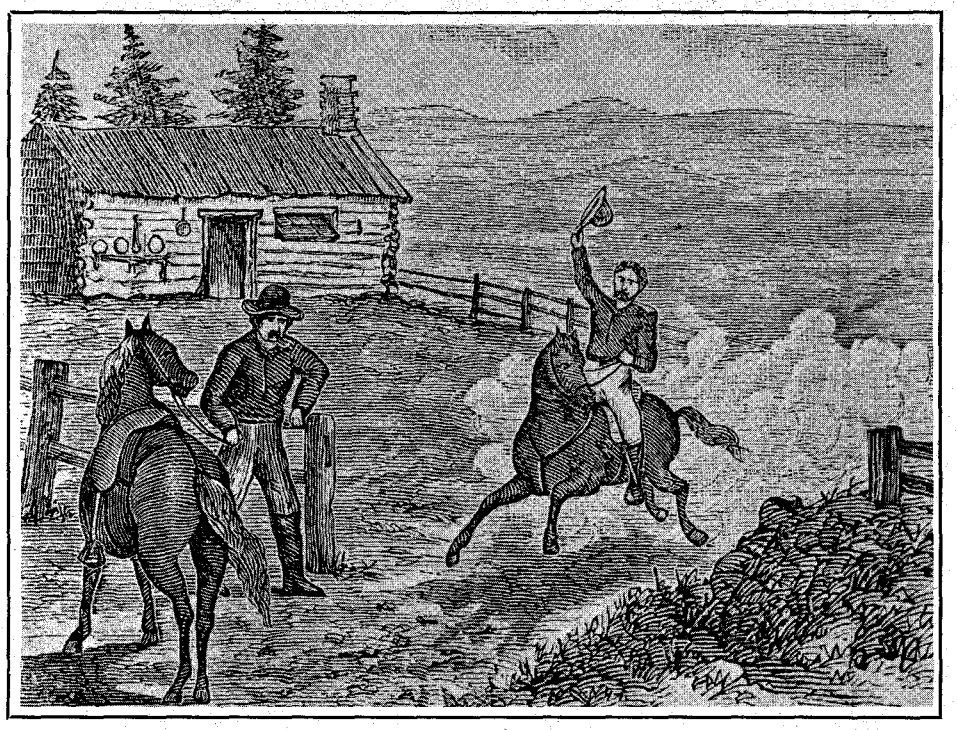
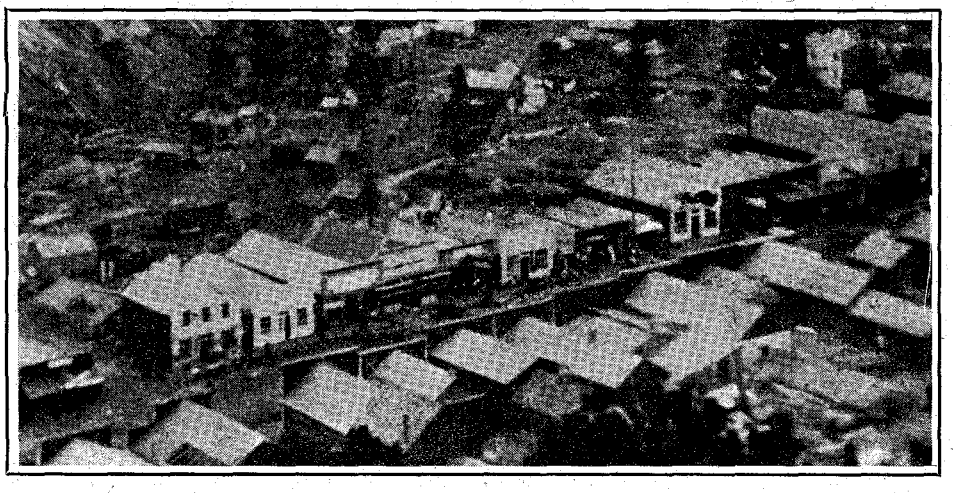


Above, an old sketch of a rider arriving at a Pony Express station. Below, Deadwood in 1879.



the bandits, evidently on to the tricks of his trade, saw the watch and demanded that she hand it over. Her long hair (which she undoubtedly knew to be beautiful) fell about her shoulders as she loosed the watch from its hiding place and beseeched, "Oh, Mr. Robber! Please, Mr. Robber, don't take my watch!" The bandit, of course, graciously returned it.

The most sensational and bloodiest hold-up occurring on the Sidney and Black Hills Stage Line took place at Cold Springs, about forty miles south of Deadwood Gulch. The stage was loaded with $45,000 worth of gold bullion. A five-man guard armed with shotguns and revolvers rode the stage, but the bandits managed to take the guards by complete surprise.

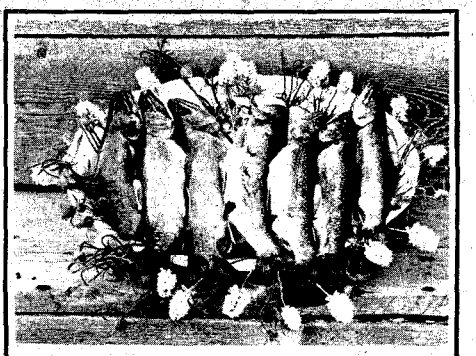
It happened when the stage pulled into the Cold Springs Station. As the guards were climbing down from the coach, a volley of shots killed one man and seriously wounded another. The rest escaped into the nearest timber, but the driver was captured by the bandits and forced to open the gold bullion box. These bandits were captured later, and some of the treasure recovered.

To curb these hold-ups, the line's Superintendent Voorhees designed a special stagecoach, lined with iron plate. This bullet-proof construction, together with the efforts of noted lawmen like Sheriff Bullock of Deadwood, gradually succeeded against the menace and the mail stage began a safe and regular schedule.

AN ESTIMATED 40,000 pounds of mail and freight was carried on the Sidney and Black Hills Stage Line annually. Another line, known as the Northwestern Express, Stage and Transportation Company, began running between Bismarck, North Dakota, and Deadwood in 1877 and transported approximately 5,000 passengers annually.

For eleven years the two lines kept their stages rolling regularly to and from Deadwood. Finally, on November, 1887, the Northwestern Railroad reached Deadwood.

But the end of the hoofbeat mail routes had not yet been reached. Every day until 1912, a line ran from Deadwood north through the mountains to Spearfish, a distance of only fifteen miles, but



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over mountain trails that were steep and treacherous, especially during the winter.

Harvey Fellows, probably one of the greatest of all stagecoach drivers, drove the Deadwood-Spearfish stage for twenty-five years and 300,000 miles without a hold-up or serious accident. Ironically, he was fatally injured while exhibiting an old stagecoach at a rodeo celebration in the 1930's.

In March, 1942, pioneer John S. McClintock, long-time operator of this last stage line, died. His death sounded taps on a great and romantic period in the history of stagecoaching in the Dakotas.

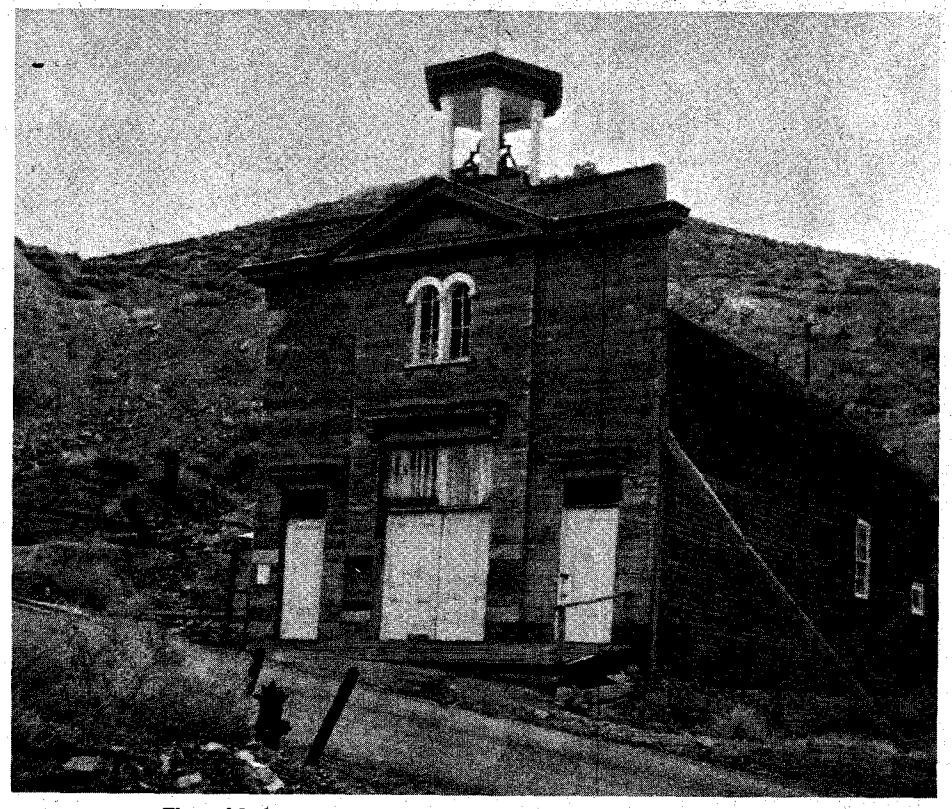
Save Our Ghost Towns!

(Continued from page 11)

Second, we can patronize those parks and businesses that utilize ghost towns.

Third, we can inform our local colleges, our historical societies and our chambers of commerce of possibilities. These organizations are often instrumental in rescuing, publicizing and stimulating interest.

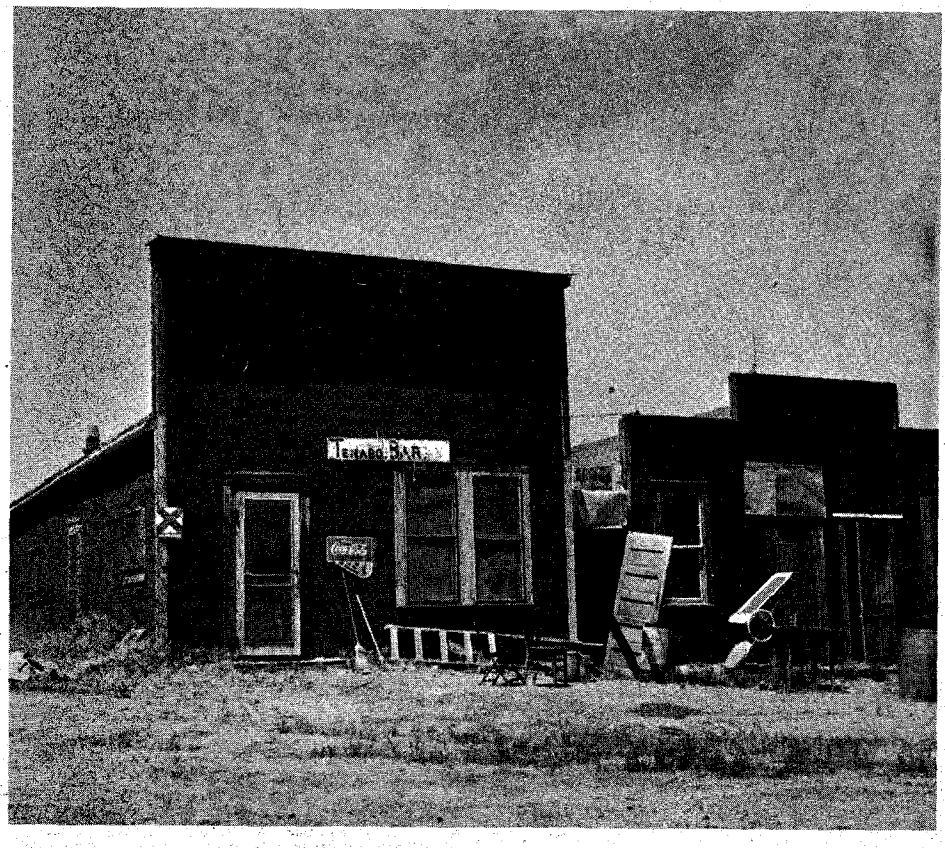
Fourth, we must believe and perpetuate the knowledge that preservation is of value economically, historically and educationally. Speaking on behalf of Sacramento's original railroad and Pony Express buildings which are threatened by freeways, Stewart Udall said, "These buildings offer an opportunity to recreate and preserve a significant segment of the pioneer western scene for the inspiration, education and enjoyment of future generations. Many thousands of these sites and buildings have something to say to the present and future. They throw light upon our history and the development of our culture. They bring history to life by presenting the only possible authentic environment. This nation simply cannot afford to lose its buildings, objects or environment of substantial historical or cultural importance."



The old fire station in Gold Hill, Nevada. This building has collapsed and been carted away for firewood since the photograph was taken in May, 1948. *(Nell Murbarger Photo)*

Beyond all logic is that deep thrill of standing in the shadow of time, smelling the dust that pioneers trod, knowing that yesterday is but a touch away. It is the awareness that we are but the products of our forefathers' failures and triumphs. To stand in the heart of a ghost town, to relive the cycle of conception, growth, glory, wisdom and passage is to comprehend the wealth of our heritage. But time is fleeting. If we are to save our western ghost towns, now is the moment, for the last of the ghosts are disappearing day-by-day.

Tenabo, Nevada, in 1957. *(Nell Murbarger Photo)*



Editor's Note: Let's DO save our ghost towns! Author Roe has kindly consented to assist WESTERN PUBLICATIONS in acquiring as much information as possible about existent ghost towns—information which we'll pass along to you readers in a follow-up article later. If you know of any ghost town that you think needs to be saved—or that could be purchased—send as much information about it as possible to: Kenneth Sherwood Roe, 2406 Eureka Way, No. 3, Redding, California. Please be specific about the location of the town, accessibility to usable highways and roads, and try to give as EXACT a description of the buildings remaining etc., as possible. Information concerning present owners and their addresses is also important. Photos of the buildings and area would be extremely helpful also.

We hope, with your cooperation, to be able to present an accurate portrayal of what the situation is in as many specific old towns as possible and tell you what you can do, as private individuals and as members of community or national organizations, to keep these treasures of the past from total decay. DON'T DELAY! By the end of this summer dozens of buildings will have been destroyed, dozens of landmarks eradicated. If anything is going to be done, it MUST be done NOW!

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ARIZONA MINES

Richard J. Hinton's *1000 Old Arizona Mines* (Frontier, $2) is a reprint of 102 pages of *The Handbook of Arizona* issued in 1878. It is encyclopedic in its coverage of silver and gold mining in the Territory and a must for the lost-mine seekers of today. Publisher Bartholomew has enhanced the booklet with 24 pages of early day Arizona photos from his extensive collection.

RANGE LIFE

Ace Reid's *Cowpokes Wanted* (Privately printed by the author, Harper Road, Kerrville, Texas, $1) is another salty true-to-life book of range country cartoons. Fred Gipson explains the pull of Ace's pictures in a brief introduction. The wry humor of the modern cowhands as they perform their daily chores tabs them as a breed apart. Ace is their historian—worth the money.

William Timmons scores dead center hits with his recollections of cowpunching days—*Twilight on the Range* (University of Texas Press, $4.95). Willie broke in as a cowboy at age fourteen on Charlie Goodnight's Panhandle ranch where he soaked up sound experience that came in handy years later as a cattle foreman in North Dakota. Goodnight was a kind stepfather to Willie who venerated the older cowman, kept in touch with him and returned to help lay the old rancher in his grave.

Goodnight sent Willie as caretaker of four buffaloes that he shipped by rail via St. Paul to help stock Yellowstone Park. After delivering the humpbacked critters he strayed into Dickinson, North Dakota, and rooted down for many years. He cowboyed for awhile, tried running a country beanery and ended up ramrodding a ranch, the job he was cut out for and liked. He nearly died in a northern blizzard and saw fortunes wiped out as cattle by the thousands starved in the chilly snowbanks. Cowboys had their fun at country hoe-downs and ranch rodeos. They rarely took weekends in town. There was little shooting, robbing or killing where Willie rode the range. He did meet a younger member of the Dalton gang and once some hoodlums dumped out a load of booze when North Dakota went dry. Generally he worked hard and had little time for play.

Timmons rode hundreds of horses; some were mean as Satan but many were top mounts and he describes them like a knowing man with a sharp eye for good horse flesh. At first he rode the range when it was free open country but later saw the big ranches break up when the nesters and barbed wire put an end to free grass.

The Chickasaw Rancher (Redlands Press, Stillwater, Oklahoma, $5) by Neil R. Johnson is the story of the pioneer cattle raising ventures of Montford Johnson, his grandfather. It is based on "The Memoirs of Montford T. Johnson" written by his son, Edward T. Johnson, shortly before his death. Neil's mother, after reading Edward's memoirs of his father, supplemented them by writing her early-day experiences as the wife of a Chickasaw rancher. Thus Neil had the help of both his father and mother plus many other old-timers in piecing together this fascinating book on ranching in the Chickasaw Nation. This is also the story of Edward B. Johnson who was long his father's trouble shooter in his numerous range undertakings as well as a highly repected rancher and business man on his own.

The Johnsons were one of the outstanding mixed-blood families of the Chickasaws—Montford Johnson was the son of Charles N. "Boggy" Johnson, an English actor turned Indian trader, and a half-breed Chickasaw girl, Rebekak Courtney, whose father was a Scotchman. Boggy became a citizen of the Chickasaw Nation when he married Rebekak and he and his children were entitled to share in the land bounty of the tribe when it was moved from Mississippi to Indian Territory. The social side of pioneer life in the Chickasaw Nation is duly recorded and the trials and tribulations of the frontier Indian settlers get appropriate attention.

This is, however, mainly a book about cattle and horse raising on a big scale long before Oklahoma was opened for white settlement. Montford Johnson and his clan and other members of the Five Civilized Tribes had tamed a big part of the Territory before the run. An index would be helpful and for one, this reviewer would have enjoyed additional photos (there is only a frontispiece portrait of Montford) of the Johnsons, their partners and hands, their horses and their cattle. Without such enhancements it is still a highly entertaining and informative book.

GREAT MOUNTAIN MEN

The young fry of the nation have long claimed Kit Carson as one of our greatest heroes of fact and legend. Bernice Blackwelder has retold the Kit Carson story in the delightful book, *Great Westerner* (Caxton, $6).

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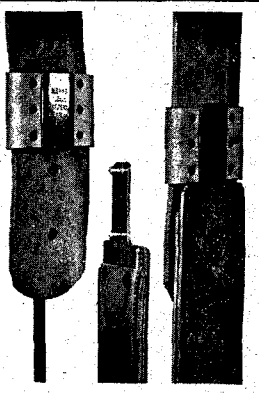

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WANTED—"The Bannock Indian War of 1878." Author, George F. Brimow; publisher, Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho. "On the Border with Crook." Author, John G. Burke; publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons; reprint edition, 1950. State condition and prices wanted. Bill Judge, 2154 South Box Elder, Casper, Wyoming.

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juvenile trade. We note she failed to include Will Drannan's book in her bibliography. Will is the only one who would notice the slight. The congenial old liar claimed to have been a protege of Kit's, but wasn't.

A story on Carson is in reality almost a history of the Early West. This author has turned out a work of merit.

Old Bill Williams, Mountain Man by Alpheus H. Favour, a scarce book long out of print, has again been published by the University of Oklahoma Press ($4). This masterly biography of the old trapper and squaw man will appeal to Western readers (who now are greater in abundance than when the book was published 26 years ago).

While faily well educated, Bill chose the solitary life of a trapper and guide. He became a circuit rider among the Oklahoma Osages, first attempting to save the souls of his newly found redskin friends. In his case, conversion backfired and the Indians converted Bill to their ways. He married an Osage girl and took to the Rockies where he became one of the best trappers in the West. A compulsive boozer, Old Bill's drunken sprees and riotings became choice tattle in the cantinas, jacals and fur camps of the Southwest.

Sibley hired him as guide on his survey of the Santa Fe Trail in 1825 and Fremont used him as guide on two of his surveys twenty years later. In 1848, Fremont's California-bound survey party was helplessly trapped in the snow in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Several men died and much of the equipment was stolen by Indians. Old Bill was killed by Utes when he returned to gather the abandoned survey baggage. Fremont charged Bill with incompetence, cannibalism and deliberate and premeditated treachery.

Historians generally believe Old Bill was falsely accused. Fremont was blamed for his foolishness in trying to cross the high Rockies in mid-winter—a task that Williams, Dick Wootten and others warned him against. While Old Bill could not defend himself against Fremont's charges, others cleared him of blame. A mountain and river in Arizona were named for him. This book provides convincing evidence that he was one of the greatest of the mountain men.

Western art fans will enjoy the nice illustrations by Frederic Remington, Alfred Jacob Miller and Charles Bodmer.

WYOMING SOUL SAVER

The life of a pioneer circuit-rider was long on hardship and short on cash and comfort. From 1888 to 1896, Parson Frank L. Moore served ranchers, miners, cowboys, sheepherders and railroaders on the Red Desert, Upper Green River Basin and Big Horn Basin in Wyoming. His pony carried him over faint trails in the gumbo desert land where folks who lived there either dried out or bogged down, depending on the season.

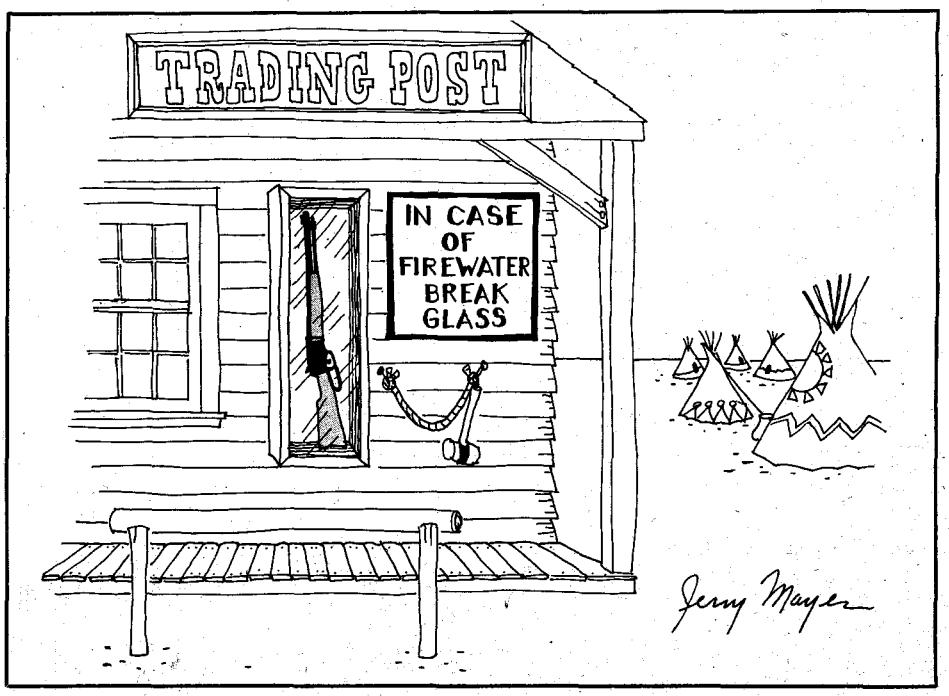
Moore's clearly written story, *Souls and Saddlebags* (Big Mountain Press, $4.50) edited by Austin L. Moore, comes from diaries and family correspondence written while he was a western missionary in Wyoming. His services were too thinly spread over this arid empire for him to save many souls but he was always a key man at birthings, weddings and funerals. He met and gave solace to many of the long riders who darted in and out of their desert hideouts. Moore served the Henry's Fork area when Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch gang hung out at Brown's Hole. Jim Averill, Cattle Kate's lover and partner, was once his host at the Hog Ranch on the Sweetwater.

The editor has included many sprightly historical incidents which help continuity and enliven the text.

DIABOLICAL UTE

When the Mormons settled the Sevier River Basin in Utah, Ute Chief Wakara was the undisputed aboriginal chieftain in the lower Great Basin. His gaudily dressed militia was the most feared and efficient band of slavers, murderers and robbers in a domain that reached to Sonora, Los Angeles, Fort Bridger and Fort Hall.

The diabolical old rascal enslaved the helpless foot-Indians—Paiutes and Goshutes—and swapped them to Mexican caravan owners who traded on the Old Spanish Trail from Sante Fe to Los



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Angeles. Wakara's band was in cahoots with Pegleg Smith, Jim Beckwourth and other ex-mountain men who helped the Utes raid the Spanish dons in California and Sonora. The stolen horses were trailed north to the Overland Trail and peddled at outrageous prices to westbound travelers.

Wakara's Utes heaped trouble continuously on the Mormons. He and his brother, Arpeen, were induced to join the Mormon church, but apostatized when Brigham Young forced the Indians to abandon slavery. A war ensued and the victorious Mormons forced the Utes into a sullen peace. Wakara soon died and was buried with great ceremony on a high mountain near Fillmore. The major Ute trouble was over.

Conway B. Sonne presents a compelling, well-documented history about the Ute chieftain in *World of Wakara* (Naylor, $4.95) which exploits the savage contest between invading Christians and pagan redmen for the homeland of the Utes.

SOLDIERING IN THE WEST

We should be grateful to Sol Lewis of the Antiquarian Press for reproducing the extremely scarce book, *On the Border with Mackenzie* ($17.50) by Capt. R. G. Carter. Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes, owner of many of Carter's letters and papers, has written a very instructive introduction about the Captain and his writings. Issued in a small edition in 1935, it has been one of the most sought-for modern books on the West.

Dykes says that the Captain's book contains the most complete account of the Indian Wars of the Texas frontier in the 1870's available to date. Carter was brevetted Captain for "gallant services in action" when Mackenzie raided deeply into Mexico to smash a renegade band of Kickapoo Indians who preyed on Texans, plundering their property, killing adults and enslaving children.

Carter presents interesting galleys of detail about Ranald Mackenzie's campaign against Texas savages who had successively hexed early settlers. The story of Mackenzie's knockout punches are vividly narrated in a style that makes history a pleasure to read. There are excellent descriptions of the land, vegetation, people, towns and animals. Newly married, Carter tells of his jolly honeymoon trip from West Point to San Angelo via train, boat, stagecoach and horseback. In their youthful zest for living, the newlyweds frisked through frontier hardships with refreshing optimism.

This is a handsome edition limited to 750 copies which soon will disappear. Karl Brown prepared the excellent index which appears for the first time in this reprint. We recommend this highly to those interested in the West, Texas, Indians and early army life.

Stephen Watts Kearny, Soldier of the West (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Dwight L. Clarke, Western Americana buff and serious student of Western history, is the first full-length biography of one of the country's most distinguished soldiers of the first half of the nineteenth century. There was little of military interest that happened between Kearny's appointment as a Lieutenant of Infantry in 1812 and his death, in which he didn't have a hand. He was wounded and captured in an abortive invasion of Canada in the War of 1812. He had a part in both the unsuccessful (1819) and the successful (1825) Yellowstone Expeditions. He supervised the building of Jefferson Barracks and was the first commandant. He was in the Winnebago War in 1826. Kearny was the first Lieutenant Colonel of the First Dragoons and is generally regarded as the father of the U.S. Cavalry. He did a great job in the bloodless conquest of New Mexico at the beginning of the Mexican War and made a long forced march to California where he led his forces into battle at San Pasqual. The California collision with John C. Fremont, the young Pathfinder, was undoubtedly responsible for Kearny's historical eclipse. That Kearny was right, as shown by the court martial conviction of Fremont, made not a whit of difference to Fremontites—the most violent being his father-in-law, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, the fiery Missourian, and his daughter Jessie, Fremont's wife. They did everything possible to build up Fremont and discredit Kearny—and quite successfully. Kearny, the able soldier and administrator, was virtually forgotten for a hundred years. Author Clarke followed a dim trail in digging out the material for this biography—and he did a good job. Western collectors owe Clarke and the late Bernard De Voto, who put him on the trail, a debt of gratitude.

MYSTIC WONDERLANDS

We have many notable books about deserts, but a brand new one by Randall Henderson is outstanding, perhaps the best on the subject of nature's mysterious wonderland. His book, *On Desert Trails—Today and Yesterday* (Westernlore, $5) takes the reader on a fascinating odyssey over the arid basins and mountains in southwestern United States. Also there is a chapter on the Sahara, a foreign land where Henderson served in the United States Air Force during World War II.

Henderson dispels the image of desert treachery, tells how to survive there and describes it as a magic land with myriads of Kodachrome scenes, a country populated with unique plants and animals adapted to a rainless environment over-endowed with sunshine.

A newspaperman, the author writes knowingly and with great feeling about the desert. He introduces much enlightening information about the white explorers including the Conquistadores, Christianizing padres, the mountain men, explorers, military men, miners and settlers. The writer makes you want to join him on a jeep ride through Death Valley and Morongo Basin. There clusters of cabbage trees mark the presence of refreshing tinajas where desert animals and travelers may drink and rest. There you can bake out your accumulated frost, hunt in ghost mining towns, visit Scottie's castle in Death Valley, or climb the Colorado River Plateau to Kayenta where John Whetherill and Louisa ran a pioneer trading post among the Navajos. Farther north in Monument Valley you'll find Harry and Mike Goulding, benevolent Indian trading post operators. Those who enjoy horseback riding will like the story of the cavalcade that left Monticello, climbed dizzy trails over the Blue Mountains, rode westward through oak brush vistas into eroding Dark Canyon in the Scorup-Somerville cattle empire to the Bear's Ears of Elk Mountain and on to Uncle Zeke Johnson's elegant natural bridges in White Canyon.

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Battle of Big Dry Wash

(Continued from page 41)

Roosevelt Dam now stands. There they found the tracks of the hostiles turning north, and joined in the pursuit.

Brevet Colonel A. W. Evans, in command of this column, ranked the other officers in the field and nominally would have been in command, but actual battle leadership fell to the officer who first located the enemy—hence their hurry. In the Army of the 1880's, the best way for an officer to demonstrate his courage and thus win recognition and maybe promotion was to find and fight one of the increasingly rare bands of hostile Indians on the frontier.

Evans sent a courier to identify the troops ahead of him. The messenger returned after dark with Chaffee, who reported he was hot on the trail with Sieber and First Lieutenant Charles H. Morgan, in command of the Indian scouts. Morgan had not been with Chaffee and Sieber at Sigsby's, since he had to bring up the packtrain, but now had rejoined them.

Both Evans and Morgan were having trouble with their scouts. Evans' Indians had no stomach for war with the hostiles, whom they greatly feared. Their lack of courage threatened to infect Morgan's Apaches until Sieber cracked heads together and sent them out on the trail, more frightened of him than of the enemy.

Not far to the north was the great cliff of the Mogollon Rim. Al figured the enemy would seek to ambush the commands at the point the tortuous path wound down into the gash known as Big Dry Wash. As usual, Sieber was right.

About three hours after noon, July 17, 1882, Morgan's scouts, with Sieber in charge, crept out on the rim of Big Dry Wash Canyon. Their sharp eyes somehow discerned the renegades on the opposite cliff, 700 yards distant. The problem was to get to them. Chaffee was right behind the scouts, and Lieutenant George L. Converse, farther back on the trail, had been given a note from Chaffee urging him on because he was "close on the Indians & would strike them soon & need help in a hurry." Converse hastened forward and his troop reached Chaffee just as that officer was deploying his men along the rim.

Evans arrived then and courteously turned the fight over to Chaffee, his junior in rank, because, "You have found the Indians and they belong to you." This was particularly generous, since the officers belonged to rival regiments.

With his men deployed along the edge of the chasm, apparently with the hostiles still ignorant of their presence, Chaffee sent parties to right and left flanks to try to cross the canyon above and below the trail, and get in behind the Indians who were busy laying their own ambush, little suspecting they were about to be stuck with it.

UNFORTUNATELY, a nervous recruit couldn't resist temptation and fired at a hostile, thus precipitating the battle before Chaffee was ready. The renegades returned the fire sharply and Converse was among the first to fall. A .44 slug split on a rock and one piece penetrated his eye. Cruse, as he moved out with an attack party, passed by the injured man who dazedly said something was wrong with his eyes, "But it will pass." It never did.

Cruse was too pressed to tarry longer. He and Sieber and their party, ordered to cross the canyon below the trail, worked a mile or more to the southeast, found a way down the precipitous cliff to the very bottom of the gorge, where one man looked up and pointed. So deep and narrow was the canyon that from its bottom, stars could be seen shining brightly in the afternoon sky framed between its steep vertical walls!

Meanwhile, Morgan had been sent with other troops around the left flank. He found a way down into and up out of the canyon and was trying to get behind the hostiles. The Indians, however, were also trying to round that flank and fell upon him. A torrent of fire resulted. Just as this phase of the battle erupted, Sieber and his Indians, well down in the canyon, spied the enemy pony herd, stole it, then rejoined Cruse and his troopers. They puffed and heaved themselves to the top of the canyon, raced through the open pine forest, and fell upon the enemy's rear at the moment Morgan's detachment arrived.

The Indians now were surrounded, by fire at least, although both the upper and lower reaches of the canyon were unprotected, since there were not enough men to plug them. Panicked, the hostiles milled backward to where they had left their pony herd—but it was gone.

"We fired into them and saw some fall and others jump to hunt cover behind the pines," Cruse recalled, years later. "Shadows were thickening in that forest, and it was not easy to see. I had the left flank of our F Troop at the canyon rim, some 200 yards in front of what had been the main camp of the hostiles. Al Sieber was at my side."

Morgan was not far off, firing rapidly from behind some fallen logs, but without effect so far as he could tell. This was frustrating, for that very month he had won a gold medal for marksmanship. To his considerable glee, he finally dropped an Indian for everyone to see.

"Got him!" he cried. "I got him!"

He raised himself from behind his cover for a better view and an Indian bullet crashed through his arm and into his body. Al Sieber shot the Indian who had wounded the Lieutenant, then turned to steadier work. Sergeant Daniel Conn, a Boston Irishman who had been a ration sergeant at the Agency and was known to the hostiles as "Hog Sergeant," was spotted by the jeering enemy and teased until he exposed himself. He was shot through the neck. An officer saw him fall and shouted to another that "they got poor Conn."

"Sure, I heard him say I was kilt," he laughed, later. "But I knew I was not. I was only *spa-a-a-chless!*"

Tommy Cruse was having the fight of his life. Alongside the veteran Sieber, he saw how hostiles should be killed. Three times in succession Al picked off renegades whom Cruse could not even see.

"There he goes!" Al would grunt, either to Cruse or to himself.

Bang! would go his Henry.

"With the report of the rifle an Indian I had not seen would suddenly appear, flinging up his arms as if to catch at some support. Then, under the momentum of his rush, he would plunge forward on his head and roll over and over. One man, shot at the very rim of the canyon, plunged over and it seemed to me that he continued to fall for many minutes," Cruse wrote.

BY THIS TIME it was 5:30 p.m. Shadows were lengthening. Cruse feared the remaining Indians might slip away through the pines. About seventy-

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five yards separated his men from a knot of hostiles at the trail head.

"I'm going into the camp," he told Sieber, half rising.

"No! Don't you do it, Lieutenant! Don't you do it!" the veteran scout protested. "There's lots of Indians over there and they'll get you, sure!"

"Why, Al," Cruse shouted, "you've killed every one of them!"

He leaped to his feet, yelled to his men to come along, and charged directly at the Indian position, covered by heavy fire from Sieber and the troopers.

Too late he discovered that Sieber had been right. There were still lots of Indians—all shooting at him!

A hostile jumped up within two yards of the Lieutenant, leveled his rifle and fired. "He was so nervous and jerked just enough as he pulled the trigger to send the bullet past me," Cruse recalled. The bullet struck a young Scot trooper just behind him, and he dropped. Cruse shot the Indian and flopped for cover himself. But his charge had had the effect of forcing the hostiles from their places of concealment. Several were shot and others put on the run—the gallant feat broke the resistance and turned the course of the battle. As his troopers pushed forward to clean up the position, Cruse, still under heavy fire, dragged the Scotsman back to safety, covered him with a blanket and made his last two hours on earth as comfortable as possible, then rejoined his other soldiers.

It was now too late to do much more. Darkness had come, and with it a raging hail and rainstorm, accompanied by lightning and thunder more severe than even the old-timers could remember. Everyone was too cold and wet to shoot and it was too dark to see a target anyway. Under cover of the storm what hostiles remained slipped away and the hail and rain washed out their tracks.

A quick survey of the battle scene in the morning revealed twenty-two dead Indians, with, no doubt, others lost in the ravines and gorges and over the cliffs. Among the dead was Na-ti-o-tish. Among the living was a fierce little squaw discovered shielding her papoose with a piece of her blanket and eager to fight to the very death for its life, and her own, as she supposed.

Drawing a knife, she battled like a tiger with the soldiers until they overpowered and disarmed her.

Then they discovered that she was wounded. A bullet had smashed her leg just above the knee. They rigged up a makeshift stretcher and lugged her by way of the horribly rough trail to the other side of the canyon, where they had made camp. The trip took two hours of what must have been the utmost agony, but she never once groaned. The surgeons looked at her leg and sadly shook their heads. They would have to amputate. There were no anesthetics, not even a drop of whiskey. Yet she stoically endured the painful operation without a murmur.

When camp was broken, the boys saddled a quiet pack mule and boosted her up on it. She clung to its back for the week it took to reach Fort Apache, "rather excited and pleased by the attention she attracted" there. A kindly trooper had brought along her papoose—only to be guyed unmercifully by those at the fort as he rode in with the baby cradled in his arms.

Tommy Cruse won a Medal of Honor for having "gallantly charged hostile Indians and, with his carbine, compelled a party of them to keep under cover of their breastworks, thus being enabled to recover a severely wounded soldier."

But he won an accolade that to him was still more valuable. A week or so after the return to Fort Apache, Tommy wandered into the sutler's store in time to overhear Al Sieber, yarning with a coterie of scouts and troopers, blurt out, "And I told that damfool Lieutenant not to go over there, that the place was full of Indians. He charged right into them—and it was the bravest thing I ever saw!"

Cruse later commented, "You might think I'm bragging to mention that, but such a tribute from a scout I think of as second only to Kit Carson was the finest commendation I ever received."

Second Lieutenant Tommy Cruse went on to bigger and better things. By the time he retired in 1918 he was a Brigadier General. But he never forgot the tribute Al Sieber bestowed upon his winning the Medal of Honor.

Vanished Tribe

(Continued from page 21)

Snake River, and the monster sturgeon which often weigh several hundred pounds or more. Their transportation evidently was some kind of dug-out canoe.

Not a single horse is depicted in any of the picture writings, which would indicate the Indians inhabited the region before the horse was brought to this continent by the Spaniards.

Most of the carvings seem to show fish and other water creatures. A few carvings show goats, deer and elk, however.

These carved picture-stories were probably not intended to be works of art. They were recordings of events and messages of guidance for the generations yet to come, describing the history of the lost people. Some probably indicate directions of travel; others tell of plagues, hunts and wars. Some may be symbols of warning.

Unfortunately, no key, no Rosetta stone, exists to translate the writings of this lost tribe. The legends of the Nez Percé, who inhabited the region for perhaps centuries before the arrival of the white man, do not refer to them. They arrived, prospered, and disappeared, leaving only the mysterious carvings on the side of a canyon for posterity.

Frontier Sister of Courage

(Continued from page 31)

Other episodes were not so pleasant. Once the Apaches, enraged after a white had shot one of their band just for the "sport," descended on Trinidad. Sister Blandina's first impulse, she recorded, was to flee, but she remembered the words of her bishop. Black habit flying, crucifix held high above her head, she went to meet them. The astonished Indians halted.

"Good evening," she greeted them breathlessly in Apache.

They listened gravely when she told them the man they sought had fled from Trinidad. The Apaches believed the brave woman and rode quietly away. Sister Blandina fainted.

On another occasion, a member of a New Mexico outlaw band was shot in a gun battle in Trinidad and left to die. He lay in an old adobe house, alert to any sound of footsteps. When he heard the nun approaching, he threatened to kill her, but she entered quietly, dressed his wounds and gave him food.

In 1881, after General Lew Wallace, famous author, statesman and soldier, was appointed territorial governor of

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New Mexico, Billy the Kid was captured and thrown into the Santa Fe jail, where he was chained to the floor. Sister Blandina visited him there and was touched to tears when, with a grin, he apologized for being unable to get her a chair.

THE SISTER was transferred to Santa Fe in 1877, where she managed in her own inimitable way to build a hospital, orphanage and even a brick-making plant. During her stay in Santa Fe she wielded a powerful influence over the legislature. Then, in 1881, while the Iron Horse was making its way to California, she was transferred to Albuquerque.

The arrival of the railroad had split the town into two parts, separated by a mile-wide stretch of land. The parent town was established about 1706 by a handful of Spanish colonists. Wild and rough, it was clustered around a plaza and situated on the east banks of the muddy Rio Grande. But there was a venerable church in the town, more than 200 years old, a convent and a very good school.

The new town that mushroomed beside the depot was even rougher and wilder than the old. It called itself Albuquerque, too, much to the dismay of the other village.

Sister Blandina knew that schools would have to be established in New Albuquerque so she began to spread the word among religious leaders that it behooved them to secure building sites before land prices skyrocketed. After much persuasion, she succeeded in securing funds to buy sixty-four lots in a choice neighborhood. Here, it was decided, a girls' school would be built—St. Vincent's Academy. Of course, the little nun was chosen to supervise its building.

Sufficient money was raised to build only one wing, however, and it was soon crowded to overflowing. Sister Blandina could, she told herself, build an adobe addition, apart from the new building, but close to it. Adobe did not cost much and she would be her own architect. All she needed, she told the other nuns, was the service of one laborer, preferably a native New Mexican. Permission from her superiors was granted and she immediately put her plan into effect.

Sister Blandina recorded in her journal, "Your fit-into-any-situation sister and a Navajo by the name of Jose Apodaca are to be the architects and builders." That they were, literally, for the black-robed Sister of Charity made adobe bricks and lent a hand with the hammer and trowel whenever it was necessary.

Often, she wrote, she and José quarreled violently over such points as a pitched versus a flat-topped roof and sawed joists instead of barked logs.

Finally the building was finished. It was so well constructed that today, seventy-nine years later, it still serves the sisters who run St. Vincent's Academy as a private kitchen, dining room and sewing room. There is also a private dining room for visiting priests. Though cracked in places, the thick adobe walls are staunch if not entirely true. The floor, sagging in spots, contains the original boards. It is still called "Sister Blandina's House."

The nun was later transferred back to Trinidad, where she stayed for a while before being sent to Pueblo, Colorado. She closed her journal in Trinidad with the words, "Adios, Trinidad, of heart pains and consolations."

Her work in the Southwest ended when she went back to Cincinnati in 1894. She was appointed probation officer for the juvenile court and lived in the Ohio city the rest of her life.

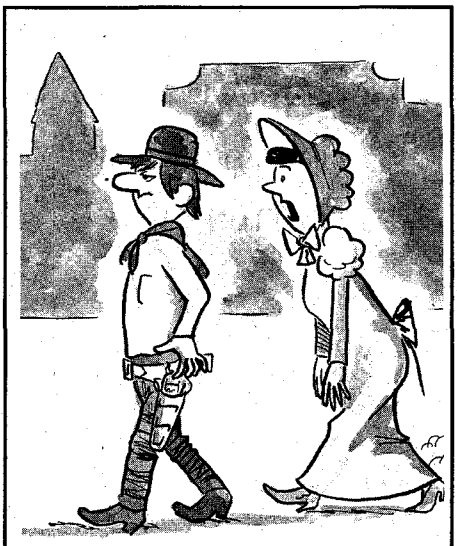
Sister Blandina, the little Rosa Maria Segale of Italy, died in Cincinnati in 1941, a month after her ninety-first birthday.

Murder at Toulon

(Continued from page 39)

the District and Kansas Supreme Courts confirmed the verdict and sentence and William Stackhouse languished in Lansing.

Almost forgotten by the people of Ellis County, the case was again revived on March 31, 1882, when Charles Stackhouse was located in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. David Rathbone was County Attorney and ordered Charles brought to Ellis County to stand trial. Upon his arrival in Hays, Charles visited the law office of Nellis and Reeder and engaged them to defend him. He had in his pockets $1,500.43 and he urgently solicited them to "hold the $1,500 for him for ninety-nine years" and he said he would keep the forty-three cents to buy tobacco and chewing gum. The law firm was glad to accommodate him.



"Try to get your back to the sun. Watch his left hand. Don't let his eyes fool you. Try to make him panic. Let him . . . ."

Charles Stackhouse was brought to trial on the same charge on which his brother had been convicted nearly three years before. Testimony was practically the same, but Charles was acquitted. After the acquittal, he went to the office of Reeder and Nellis, where Reeder asked him, "Now, Charley, you are a free man. Tell us in confidence, did you shoot at the time Kipple was killed?"

Charles answered, "Yes."

NELLIS, in the inner office, paled. Had he prosecuted the wrong man? Had he helped acquit the wrong man? In order to square his conscience, he determined to get William Stackhouse pardoned.

He went to Lansing and conversed with William. As Nellis was leaving, William stood up and raised his hand as though being sworn in court and told Nellis, "As God hears me, I did not shoot Kipple."

Determined to rid himself of the guilt he felt, for seven years he worked for William's pardon. Governor Glick refused, but in 1889, Governor Lyman Humphrey pardoned the convicted murderer. He had served nine years, two months and seven days of his sentence.

The case continued to plague Nellis until his death. Charles Stackhouse had gone back to Wilkes-Barre and died there a few years after his trial, believing he had unintentionally killed Kipple. William Stackhouse was living in Wilkes-Barre, an exemplary citizen. The Rauchs, Smiths and Wilcoxes had all moved away from Toulon. Most of the defending attorneys were dead. Justice Brewer, who had written the opinion in the Kansas Supreme Court, had become a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Although his doubts were never completely allayed, Nellis, after hours of weighing and re-weighing the evidence, came to the conclusion, based on testimony by one of the witnesses, that both brothers must have fired at Kipple, each thinking they had killed him. Charles, nervous and excited, had fired into the air, perhaps accidentally; William, an instant later, had fired with true aim and dropped Kipple. Then William carefully reloaded the extra chamber of his rifle, knowing he could explain the one empty chamber by the rabbit episode. Confiding to a friend, Nellis admitted it was the only logical conclusion he could reach.

Driving on Highway 40, passing the Toulon grain elevators at dusk on a summer evening, the traveler can see mist rising from the pasture hollows. Looking closer, he can see a dark cloud. Perhaps it is only the shadow of the elevators—or could it be the ghost of Samuel Kipple, standing there with his broomstick cane viewing the spot where the "trespasser's" soddy once stood?

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 43)

ever. She was an excellent cook and housekeeper and she paid so much attention to "Dad" that he was always happy to get back to the ranch and have her look after his comfort.

One day the old man was away for some time during a round-up. Riding up to the ranch, he looked for Mary but did not see her anywhere. He put his horse in the corral and started for the house, wondering why the girl had not run to meet him as usual.

When the son rode up, the old man's first question was, "Where is Mary?"

The young man buried his face in his hands. "Oh, Dad," he moaned, visibly heartbroken.

The memory of that tragic moment when his own wife had deserted him so many years before flashed through the father's mind.

"Tell me, son, what's happened?" he demanded. "Who was it? Tell me! I'll go to the ends of the earth to get the s-o-b!"

"Oh Dad, I, oh, oh!"

The old man grabbed his son and jerked him out of the saddle.

"Tell me quick, I say," he demanded.

Sobbing, the inexperienced son finally blurted, "Last Monday Mary was totin' water from the spring to do the washin'. An', an' . . . she fell . . . an', an' . . . she, she broke her leg . . . an' I had to shoot her!"

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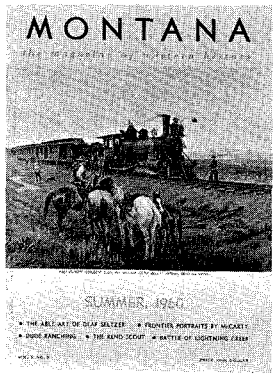

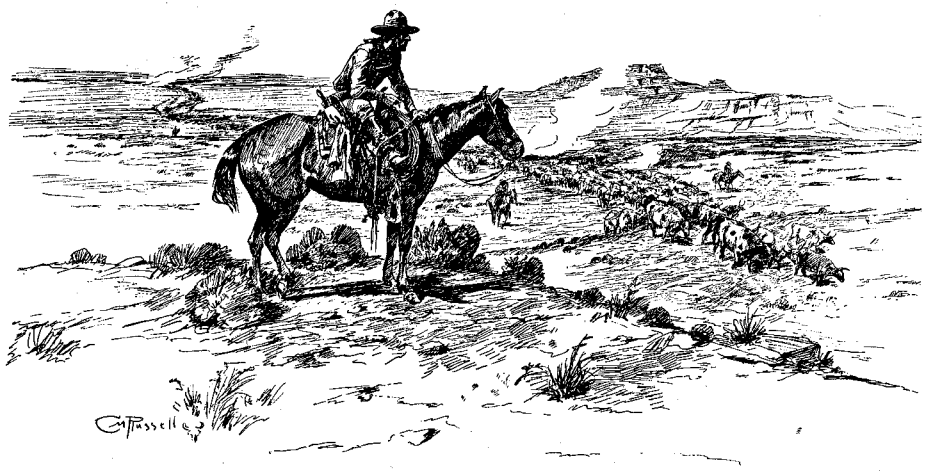

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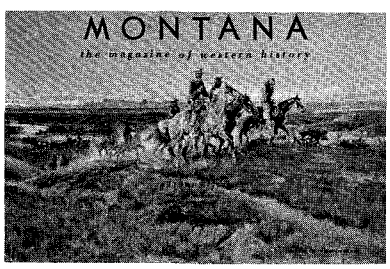

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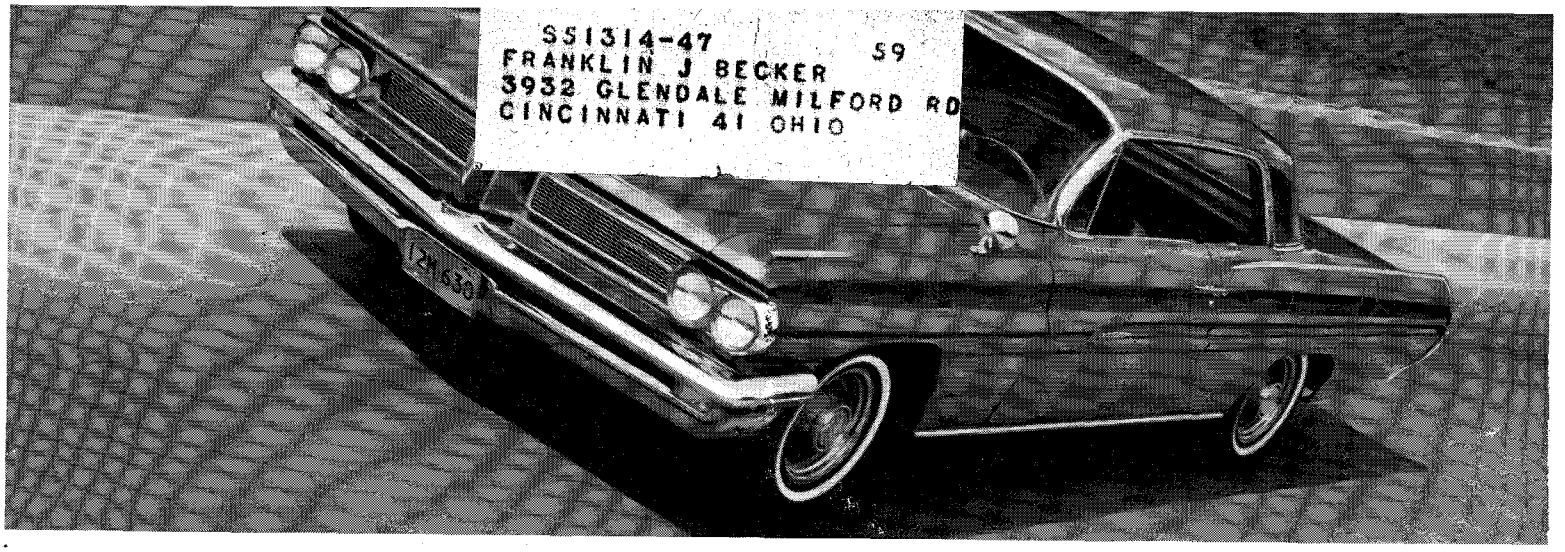

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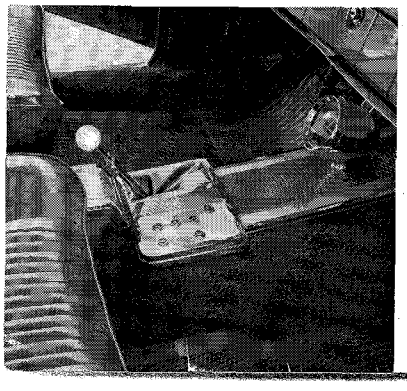
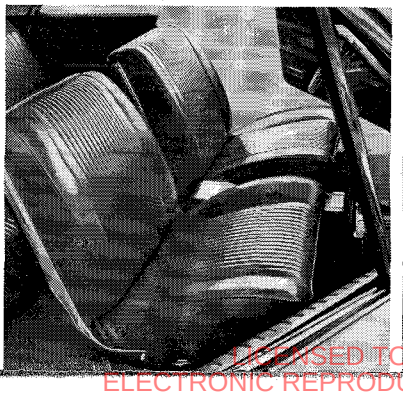
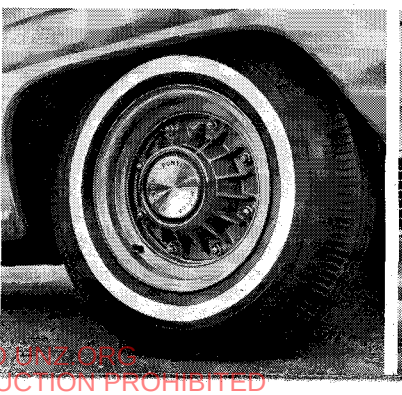
GP

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